

# SMITH'S MAGAZINE



Publisher

AMERICAN ART STUDIOS 40 PAGES PRINTED IN COLOURS

# SMITH'S MAGAZINE

Vol. II A PUBLICATION FOR THE HOME No. 2

## CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER, 1905

|   |                                     |     |
|---|-------------------------------------|-----|
| <b>Art Studies</b> . . . . .  |                                     | 171 |
| Frances Ring, Percita West, Louise Rutter,<br>Ivy Troutman, Dorothy Holt, Marie Cahill,<br>Flora Zabelle, Adele Carson, Virginia Staun-<br>ton, Dorothy Paget, Lovell Taylor, Ida West,<br>Eva Francis, Pauline Huntley, Nellie McCoy |                                     |     |
| <b>Whom God Hath Joined—A Sermon</b> . . . . .  | Emory J. Haynes . . . . .           | 189 |
| <b>Frontispiece to Among the Nihilists</b> . . . . .  |                                     | 192 |
| <b>Among the Nihilists</b> —(Serial)—Illustrated . . . . .  | Mary J. Holmes . . . . .            | 193 |
| <b>The Adulteration of Food</b> —With Table . . . . .   | Charles H. Cochrane . . . . .       | 213 |
| <b>To Keep You in Good Humor</b> . . . . .  |                                     | 220 |
| <b>The Snobs</b> —Illustrated . . . . .   | George Bronson Howard . . . . .     | 221 |
| <b>The Wisdom of the Experienced</b> . . . . .  |                                     | 231 |
| <b>A New Milky Way</b> —Illustrated . . . . .   | Ray Hamilton . . . . .              | 232 |
| <b>The Honorable James Martin</b> —Illustrated . . . . .  | Frederick Walworth Browne . . . . . | 237 |
| <b>Why Men Remain Bachelors</b> —Illustrated . . . . .  | Lilian Bell . . . . .               | 245 |
| <b>The Adventures of Major Corker</b> —Illustrated . . . . .  | Vincent Harper . . . . .            | 251 |
| No. VI—The Siege of the South Wing  |                                     |     |
| <b>The Passing Hour</b> . . . . .   |                                     | 258 |
| An Illustrated Chronicle of the World's Doings  |                                     |     |
| <b>Curiosities of American Commerce</b> —Illustrated . . . . .  | Alexander Hume Ford . . . . .       | 267 |
| <b>Diana's Destiny</b> —(Serial)—Illustrated . . . . .  | Charles Garviee . . . . .           | 276 |
| <b>The Reading and Writing of Plays</b> —Illustrated . . . . .  | Channing Pollock . . . . .          | 291 |
| <b>The Squelching of Squinch</b> —Illustrated . . . . .   | William Alfred Thompson . . . . .   | 301 |
| <b>The Out-of-Town Girl in New York</b> . . . . .   | Grace Margaret Gould . . . . .      | 305 |
| Illustrated   |                                     |     |
| <b>Ruperta</b> —(Serial)—Illustrated . . . . .  | Sir William Magnay, Bart. . . . .   | 310 |
| <b>What Americans Are Thinking</b> . . . . .  |                                     | 327 |
| <b>The Latest Fashions for Limited Incomes</b> . . . . .  |                                     | 329 |
| Illustrated   |                                     |     |

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# Increased Salaries

**From Clerkships and Mechanics to Advertising Managers—From Small Salaries to \$1,200.00—\$6,000.00 a Year.**

**BY GEORGE H. POWELL.**

The most remarkable business condition today is the continued growth of advertising.

As a vocation, probably no other line can compare with it, since it promises rich rewards for those who are ambitious and willing to qualify.

As a matter of fact the demand for competent ad writers and managers is now much greater than in 1904 or any previous year.

The years of flood tide in every branch of commerce and trade are largely responsible for the enormous advertising increase, and this alone would make room for new workers, but of even greater importance is the added fact that the business world is rapidly finding out that modern advertising, backed up by an intelligent knowledge of money-making management, is the surest way to quick wealth.

All authorities practically agree that from 60 to 70 per cent. of all money spent for advertising is largely wasted because the copy is badly prepared and generally unattractive.

Year by year this percentage of loss is decreasing, but it is still several times more than it should be, and until the corps of trained specialists is greatly multiplied, there will be countless opportunities for young men and women to enter the field at salaries from \$25.00 to \$100.00 a week and even more.

Another remarkable fact is that while business colleges everywhere train young men and women for bookkeeping and other positions at small salaries, yet not one of these institutions is prepared to create skilled ad writers.

More than that, the Powell System of correspondence instruction gives at a minimum of expense far better and more practical advertising skill than would be possible in any other way.

Powell graduates fill the best positions in every state, and

scores of them are conducting their own offices. Men formerly drudging for \$20.00 a week as mechanics now earn \$5,000.00 a year as ad writers. Clerks and other subordinates formerly toiling for \$10.00 and \$12.00 now enjoy advertising incomes from \$25.00 up.

For those who long to conduct offices of their own, it will be interesting to note that a young lady completed my system of instruction last year and was soon doing about \$1,000.00 worth of work per month. This year she is doing over \$4,000.00 in the same period, which shows the ever-increasing and substantial importance of this great vocation.

Ambitious workers desiring to investigate the great opportunity and the superiority of the Powell System—the only one enthusiastically endorsed by the great publishers and experts—should send for my two free books—

My Prospectus and "Net Results," the most explanatory in existence, merely address me

**GEORGE H. POWELL,**  
1603 Temple Court, New York

## TAUGHT TO BEAT EXPERTS.

Naturally it takes quite an extended stretch of imagination to believe that one is able in one year to take up the study of advertising, take part in an advertising contest, and win out in competition with noted men in the business, conduct two successful advertising campaigns and become advertising manager of a daily paper.

These are the actual accomplishments in my case, and due entirely to the Powell System. It is my belief that any person who makes up his mind to study advertising, and who "hustles while he waits," can do as I have. Sincerely yours,

W. H. SATTELBERG, Washington, Pa.



*When writing to advertisers, please mention SMITH'S MAGAZINE.*

*If you will lend your copy of THE POPULAR MAGAZINE to some friend who is not already a reader of it, or if you will tell him of its merits, you will be conferring a favor on both your friend and the publishers; and you will also feel that sense of satisfaction which comes to everyone who has done a good deed.*

# The Popular Magazine

FOR NOVEMBER will be so uniformly strong that it is hard to pick out any stories worthy of special mention. Among numerous other interesting features, however, you will find

**The Western Ocean Pirate, - - - by Cutcliffe Hyne**

One of a new series entitled "The Trials of Commander McTurk," by the author of the "Captain Kettle" stories.

**The Man Who Did Not Commit Suicide, - by Edward Marshall**

A Novelette. How a gang of Wall Street buccaneers caught a Tartar.

**The Mysterious Heathwold, - - - by Howard Fitzalan**

A Serial (new). The tale of a man with a motor boat, who considered himself superior to the law and proceeded to act on that theory.

**The Emancipation of Slim, - - - by B. M. Bower**

The first of a new series of fascinating tales of ranch life, by the author of "Chip, of the Flying U."

**The Law and the Lawless, - - - by Richmond Arundel**

A Novelette. The intensely dramatic story of a struggle with the Steel Trust.

**The Girl of the Third Army, - by George Bronson-Howard**

A war correspondent's adventures in Manchuria.

In addition to the foregoing, there are three other fine serials and a wide variety of short stories. You can't afford to miss the November POPULAR MAGAZINE.

**THE POPULAR MAGAZINE**  
*can be obtained from newsdealers  
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# Ainslee's

'THE MAGAZINE THAT ENTERTAINS'

## FOR NOVEMBER

The November number of AINSLEE's will be the best that we have published this year. It has been made up chiefly with the idea of furnishing our readers a wide variety of short stories of the kind in which a strong, vital, full-blooded interest predominates. Our aim every month is to present a list of fiction in which there is not a single dull page. Of the November number we are sure that it will be said that every page is brimming over with interest.

We wish to add here that we are almost ready to make announcement of some matters that will be of the highest importance to magazine readers. These announcements will probably come in the December number.

In the November number *Miss Marie Van Vorst's* new serial, "**The Warreners**," will be continued. The second installment fully sustains the extraordinary interest in this remarkable study which the opening chapters aroused.

The author of the novelette is *Miss Geraldine Bonner*, who has the distinction of having written "**The Pioneer**," one of the best selling books of the year. The new story, "**The Castle-court Diamond Case**," is a mystery tale, with a striking plot, well developed and most interesting.

The number will also contain another of *Joseph C. Lincoln's* characteristic stories, "**His Native Heath**"; an absorbing automobile story by *Robert E. MacAlarney*, entitled "**In the Garage**"; a remarkably strong and original story by *Eleanor A. Hallowell*, "**The Second Best**"; a fine story of the West by *Joseph Blethen*, "**The Journalists**"; one of Alaska called "**The Test of the Wilderness**," by *Ada W. Anderson*. *Mrs. Wilson Woodrow* will continue her brilliant "**Conversations with Egeria**."

One of the special features will be a delightful Thanksgiving tale entitled "**Not According to Schedule**," by *Mary Stewart Cutting*.

*Julien Gordon* (Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger) will have a timely and striking essay on "**The Social Power of Ambassadors**," and *Lady Broome* will discuss some new phases of American and English society.

## What the Editor has to say

YOU have all probably experienced the pleasure of a drive in the country on a crisp morning in fall. You can remember how fresh and sweet the air was, how beautiful the woods on either side of the road, blazing in all their autumn finery, what a brave, exhilarating music the jingling harness made, and what a delightful thing life was at such a time. If you think, you will also remember other things not so delightful—a little white sign gleaming through the trees, two shining steel rails that crossed the road. You will remember how you checked your horse just in time, perhaps. How it stood there, festive and trembling, while you listened to a dull, thunderous rumble in the distance, rapidly growing louder. You remember the furious train that roared past you, with its trail of dust and smoke and flying cinders. For a moment you held hard on the reins, listening, as the roar of the flying monster grew fainter, reflecting what would have happened had you not heeded the distant rumble in time; chilled and shuddering in spite of the brightness of the morning.

THIS is a common experience. No one can drive much along the country roads in the United States without meeting it, for grade crossings are everywhere. And everywhere in the United States they take their yearly toll of flesh and blood. You do not know, perhaps, how heavy that toll is, what a

menace to life the grade crossing is. The United States and Russia have this in common—that they permit them. What a sacrifice to human life they mean will be realized if you read the article dealing with the subject in next month's issue of SMITH'S.

SOME time ago we told you that SMITH'S would never attack individuals; that we believed that it could best serve the public by pointing out ways for advancement rather than tearing down established reputations. This article points out an evil and how it may be remedied. It will bring home to you the fact that the grade crossing is a relic of barbarism, and will show you that its abolition from the face of the country involves no political questions, no new doctrines, no changes that could possibly harm anyone. If Mr. Cochrane's article arouses a real interest and feeling on the subject in even a small percentage of its readers, the grade crossing is doomed, and SMITH'S will have done more real service to the public than if it had shown a dozen public men to be scoundrels or proved that any number of mine owners had lied to the people about the value of their property.

FICTION, as regards its power to hold and interest the reader, may be divided roughly into two classes. One kind depends for its drawing force

WHAT THE EDITOR HAS TO SAY—Continued.

on the charm and humanity of the characters and atmosphere. The other kind holds through the sheer power of a mysterious and intricate plot. When a story turns up that combines both these qualities, you may expect for it an instantaneous and widespread popularity. We are going to give you such a story in SMITH's for December. Kate Jordan, the author, is already well known to everyone who reads magazines, and her novel, "Time, the Comedian," published this fall, has won distinction among a throng of rivals. It was the merit of this story that led us to secure some of her work for SMITH'S MAGAZINE. In "Rosanna Eden, Bookseller," which she has written for us and which will appear in two parts, commencing with the December number, you will meet with a charming woman, whose sole possession is a library, a number of people in all stages of society, ranging from a groom to a wealthy gentleman engaged in a mysterious and eager quest for an old copy of "Swinton's Atlas of the World." Why they wanted the geography, where it was, what happened in the struggle for its possession, and how the woman fared in her business as bookseller—to tell you these things would be to spoil a treat. "Rosanna Eden, Bookseller," is a story that everyone will be discussing in a month or so.

THERE will be a number of splendid short stories in the December number of SMITH's, but two of them we wish to call your attention to. "The Little Old Maid of the Brunswick," by Edmund Russell, is something that no

woman can read without a thrill of pity and interest. It presents the problem of the unselfish woman who is elbowed to one side and treated cruelly because of her qualities of self-effacement and altruism—and it solves the problem, too, and shows how one woman, at least, avoided such a condition. The other story, "Katie's 'Manuscript,'" by Edward Fitz-Gerald, is the tale of a poor little waif who found the manuscript of a celebrated author. It has in it real tenderness and real humor, for it will move as well as amuse you.

FOR many years the project of building a flying machine and navigating the air has been regarded as altogether chimerical and impossible. In the meantime, various people have been silently and diligently working at the problem. When, at the St. Louis Exposition, and still more recently in New York, people actually saw dirigible airships navigate the ether above them, their sense of the probable received a shock, and they realized that an age of wonders is at hand. How near that age of wonders is, and how practical flying machines have become, is told in the article, "Flying Machines That Really Fly," to appear next month in this magazine. The article will contain a great many surprises for you. Besides this, there is an interesting astronomical paper, entitled "Photographing the Heavens."

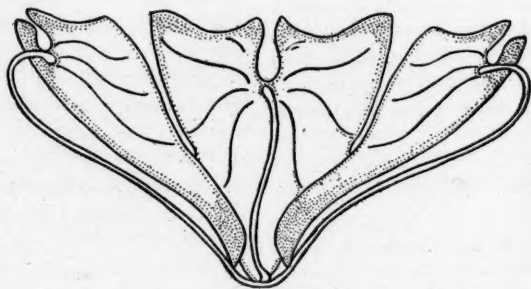
"THE BROKEN ENGAGEMENT" is the subject that Lilian Bell has chosen to write about

**WHAT THE EDITOR HAS TO SAY—Continued.**

in next month's SMITH's. It is a serious and delicate subject, and whether you have been a party to a broken engagement or not, you will appreciate the practical wisdom and understanding displayed in this paper. For those women who are happily engaged, or still fancy-free, or married, there is an article on "The Molding of Beauty from Within," and a fashion department which is one of the prominent features of the magazine. To institute a good fashion department is no light task. It means getting hold of the latest modes from Paris at the earliest possible date. It means securing an expert who can describe the garments and tell how they are made, so that they will be within the reach of every woman with a sewing machine. It also means the securing of special artists who can show our readers what the garments look like when they are made. Next month we will present the latest and most exclusive designs for the winter, and our dressmaking specialist will tell how the

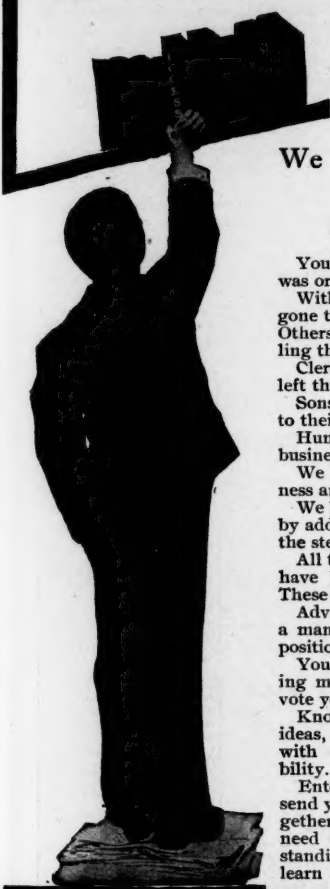
gowns can be secured at reasonable prices.

WE have no joke department or funny page in SMITH's MAGAZINE; but, at the same time, if you glance through it, you will find a great many paragraphs to make you laugh. They are all original with SMITH's. We don't borrow from other publications, but we are in touch with every humorist of note in the country, and we get the best and newest jokes and witticisms. Lying on the editorial desk at this moment is a little pile of clippings, all cut from periodicals devoted to humor exclusively. They all contain jokes borrowed from recent numbers of SMITH's. You will get the jokes much sooner, when they are still fresh, by looking for them in SMITH's. We have no space to tell you much more at present, but there are pictures, serials, stories and articles galore, all worth talking about, coming to you in the December issue.



# LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

## Reach Out For Success



Don't blame anyone but yourself if you are in the same position you were a year ago.

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### Of What Use is Advertising to the Average Man?

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With our training young men from small towns and villages have gone to large cities to fill positions in the advertising departments. Others have remained at home and increased their salaries by handling the advertising of home merchants.

Clerks held down for years by routine work in large stores, have left their "stuffy positions" and become managers.

Sons of successful merchants have made themselves indispensable to their fathers' businesses.

Hundreds of merchants now better know how to build up their business through correct advertising.

We have taught men and women already in the advertising business and made their claim on the profession more secure than ever.

We have helped bright young men in every position of importance by adding the knowledge of this important factor, which has proved the stepping stone to every future success.

All this is the result of the proper instruction in advertising. We have been doing it thoroughly, practically, exclusively by mail. These benefits should be taken advantage of by you.

Advertising is both a calling and an education. It not only helps a man in his present position, but it is a big help to a better position.

You need this instruction, regardless of what your calling may be, and regardless of whether you intend to devote your life to its practical application or not.

Knowledge of publicity helps to broaden your ideas, qualifies you to grasp your present duties with more intelligence and with greater capability.

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Hernando Cortez  
King Philip  
Louis Philippe  
Queen Elizabeth  
Cleopatra  
Margaret of Anjou  
Richard II.  
Darius the Great  
Peter the Great  
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Mary Queen of Scots

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It is understood you send both sets of books, the "Makers of History," in 32 volumes, and the 8-volume "Shakespeare," to me upon approval, and if I decide not to keep the books I am to return them to you, charges collect. If I decide to keep the books, I am to pay you for the "Makers of History" and you are to present the "Shakespeare" to me free of cost.

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CITY OR TOWN \_\_\_\_\_

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SMITH'S NOV.

Harpers History Club, 16 East 17th St., New York, N. Y.

# SMITH'S MAGAZINE

VOLUME 2

NOVEMBER, 1905

NUMBER 2

*Glimpses  
of  
Loveliness  
that beams  
behind  
the*

*Footlights*



Photo by Hall, N. Y.

MISS FRANCES RING  
In the "College Widow"



Photo by Baker Art Gallery,  
Columbus, Ohio

MISS PERCITA WEST



Photo by Baker Art Gallery,  
Columbus, O.

MISS PERCITA WEST



Photo by Baker Art Gallery,  
Columbus, Ohio

MISS PERCITA WEST

Last season Robert Edson's leading lady in "Strong Heart"



Photo by Baker Art Gallery,  
Columbus, Ohio

MISS PERCITA WEST



Kitty Hall, N. Y.

MISS LOUISE RUTTER  
In the "Heir to the Hoorah"



Photo by Saroni, N. Y.

MISS IVY TROUTMAN  
The "Athletic Girl" in "The College Widow"



Photo by Armstrong, Boston

MISS DOROTHY HOLT  
In "Woodland"



Photo by Hall, N. Y.

MISS MARIE CAHILL  
In "The College Widow"

V  
N  
C  
V  
C  
XU



Photo by Marceau, Boston

MISS FLORA ZABELLE

This season with Raymond Hitchcock in "Easy Dawson"

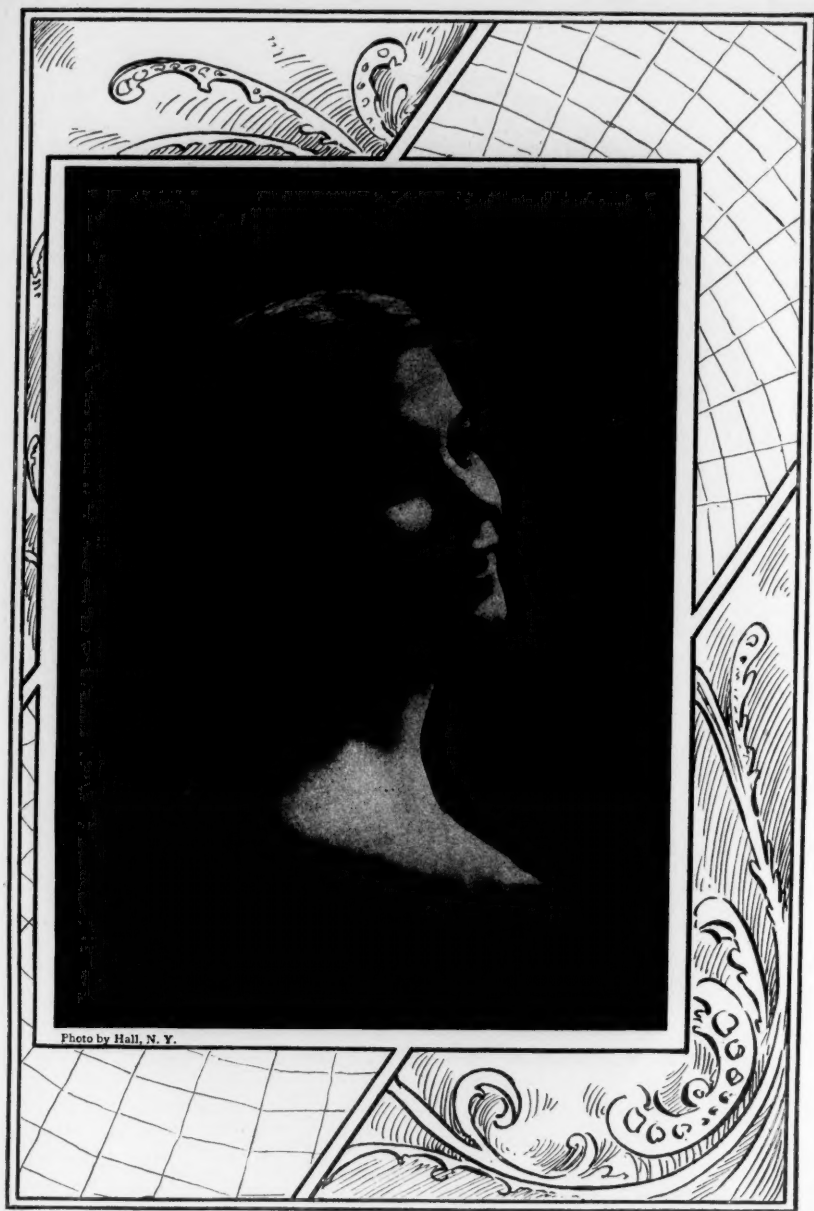


Photo by Otto Sarony Co., N. Y.

MISS ADELE CARSON

A member of Miss Edna May's Company in "The Catch of the Season"

V  
A  
M  
50  
XU



MISS VIRGINIA STAUNTON  
A smiling member of the "Rollicking Girl" Company



Photo by Otto Sarony Co., N. Y.

MISS DOROTHY PAGET  
With McIntire and Heath in "The Ham Tree"

X  
V  
C  
X



Photo by Windeatt, Chicago

MISS LOVELL TAYLOR

With "Easy Dawson," a new comedy, in which Raymond Hitchcock is starring



Photo by Pach, N. Y.

MISS IDA WEST  
One of the New York Hippodrome beauties

XL



Photo by Otto Sarony Co., N. Y.

MISS EVA FRANCIS  
As "Lieutenant Sparrow" in "Woodland"



Photo by Murillo, St. Louis

MISS PAULINE HUNTLEY  
With "The Prince of Filsen"



Photo by Morrison, Chicago

MISS NELLIE M'COY  
With the "Earl and the Girl"

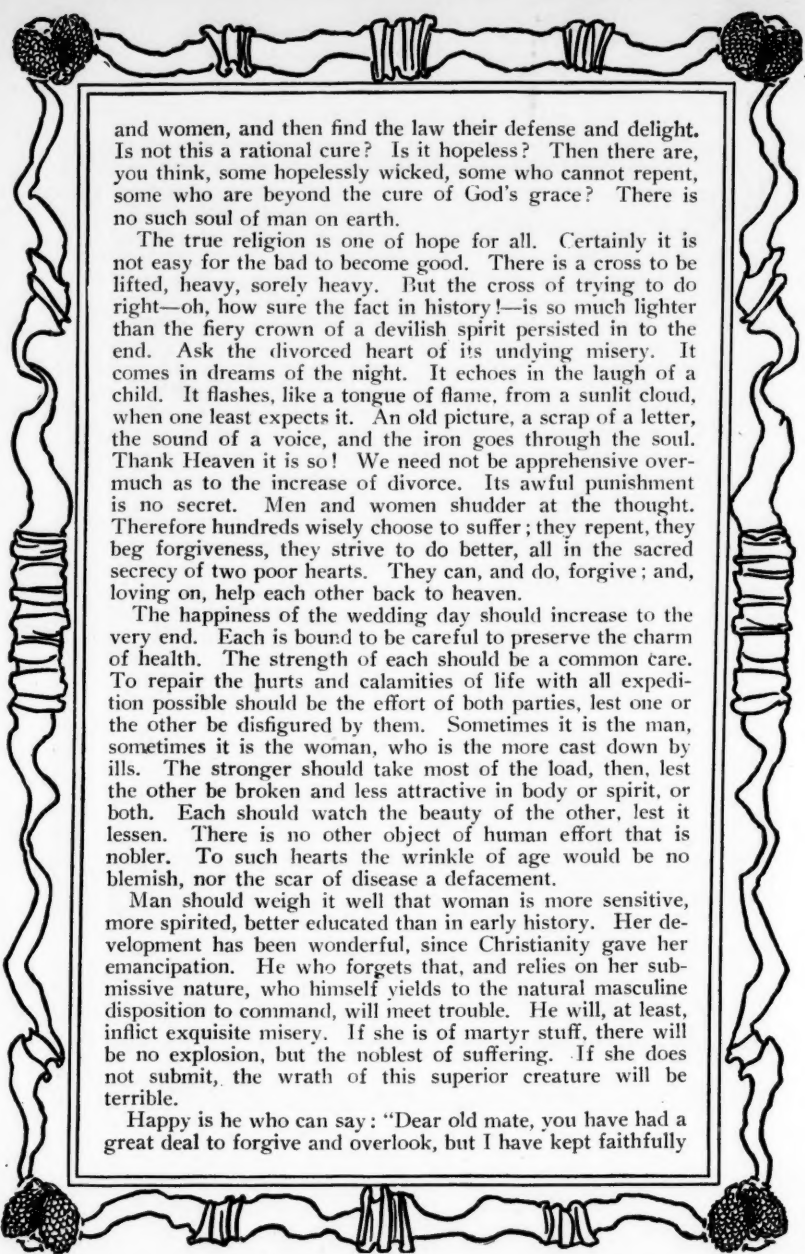
## WHOM GOD HATH JOINED

By Emory J. Haynes, D.D.

**R**ARELY, very rarely, does a clergyman attend a sad wedding. It is all laughter and song as he in later years reviews the thousand couples trooping along memory land. The glow of those happy hours lingers on his sunset sky, to make his age glad without regret. Well-nigh the whole race, and in every age, has regarded a wedding as a religious occasion, the rejoicing as a worshipful pleasure in which gratitude to God had a large place. Few are they who have been wed without a prayer. The sudden turn from the festal to the devout thought, the laughter hushed and the soul quickly reverent, is a most impressive sight. And few are they who have begun life's journey from that altar but have left behind a mother, a father, a sister, a brother, still bowing, maybe sobbing, at that altar, asking God's blessing on the pair.

A wedding is as far removed from the mating of birds and beasts as this creature with a soul is above the animal who has no soul. There are, the naturalist tells us, lairs and dens in the jungle, but these are not homes. Man can understand the lion, who is true to his mate, they say. But the lion cannot comprehend man's loyal love for the woman whom God gave him. To this tremendous force—the mightiest thing on earth except the moral sense—the Creator chose to intrust the life of the race. He surely could not have left such a weighty thing without its laws. The moral sense is its rightful master. Is it not perjury to break that oath of love, the wedding vow? Did they not plainly vow, calling God to witness, to take each other “for better, for worse”? They made oath that, “forsaking all other,” they would keep to each other until death parted them. Can we respect a liar? The faithless do not seem to look at things as they are. The man who should call him a liar at his club he would strike. Let us print it for his eye, the untrue husband: “You are a liar, and a mean liar. It is to a woman's heart that you lie.” And it is a most wholesome duty to the State, just now, to call gallantries by the Puritan, not Cavalier, name. The great Teacher of ethics put it so, only absolving the innocent victim from the sacred vow. By what lesser authority shall we go? What tinker of morals has ever improved on His morals? Shall God's law be adapted or adopted?

What shall the unhappily wed do? Try to be better men



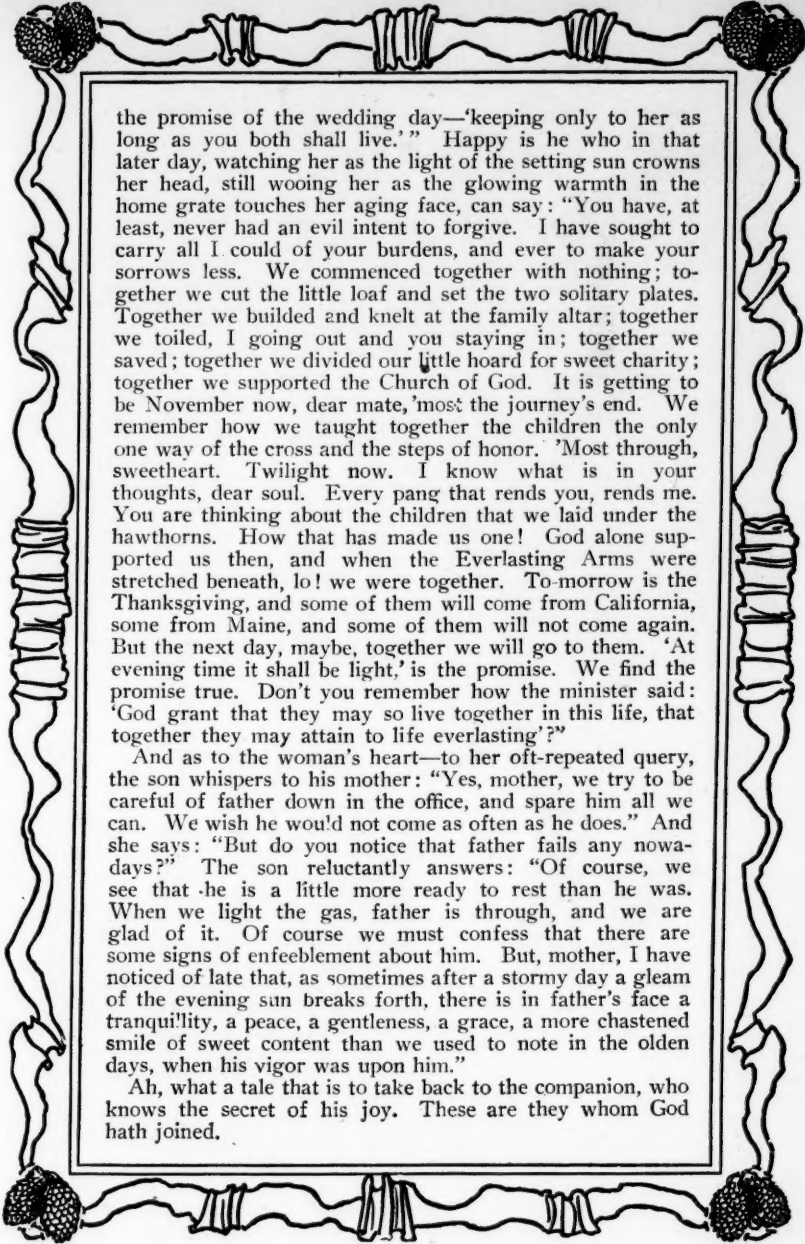
and women, and then find the law their defense and delight. Is not this a rational cure? Is it hopeless? Then there are, you think, some hopelessly wicked, some who cannot repent, some who are beyond the cure of God's grace? There is no such soul of man on earth.

The true religion is one of hope for all. Certainly it is not easy for the bad to become good. There is a cross to be lifted, heavy, sorely heavy. But the cross of trying to do right—oh, how sure the fact in history!—is so much lighter than the fiery crown of a devilish spirit persisted in to the end. Ask the divorced heart of its undying misery. It comes in dreams of the night. It echoes in the laugh of a child. It flashes, like a tongue of flame, from a sunlit cloud, when one least expects it. An old picture, a scrap of a letter, the sound of a voice, and the iron goes through the soul. Thank Heaven it is so! We need not be apprehensive overmuch as to the increase of divorce. Its awful punishment is no secret. Men and women shudder at the thought. Therefore hundreds wisely choose to suffer; they repent, they beg forgiveness, they strive to do better, all in the sacred secrecy of two poor hearts. They can, and do, forgive; and, loving on, help each other back to heaven.

The happiness of the wedding day should increase to the very end. Each is bound to be careful to preserve the charm of health. The strength of each should be a common care. To repair the hurts and calamities of life with all expedition possible should be the effort of both parties, lest one or the other be disfigured by them. Sometimes it is the man, sometimes it is the woman, who is the more cast down by ills. The stronger should take most of the load, then, lest the other be broken and less attractive in body or spirit, or both. Each should watch the beauty of the other, lest it lessen. There is no other object of human effort that is nobler. To such hearts the wrinkle of age would be no blemish, nor the scar of disease a defacement.

Man should weigh it well that woman is more sensitive, more spirited, better educated than in early history. Her development has been wonderful, since Christianity gave her emancipation. He who forgets that, and relies on her submissive nature, who himself yields to the natural masculine disposition to command, will meet trouble. He will, at least, inflict exquisite misery. If she is of martyr stuff, there will be no explosion, but the noblest of suffering. If she does not submit, the wrath of this superior creature will be terrible.

Happy is he who can say: "Dear old mate, you have had a great deal to forgive and overlook, but I have kept faithfully



the promise of the wedding day—"keeping only to her as long as you both shall live." Happy is he who in that later day, watching her as the light of the setting sun crowns her head, still wooing her as the glowing warmth in the home grate touches her aging face, can say: "You have, at least, never had an evil intent to forgive. I have sought to carry all I could of your burdens, and ever to make your sorrows less. We commenced together with nothing; together we cut the little loaf and set the two solitary plates. Together we builded and knelt at the family altar; together we toiled, I going out and you staying in; together we saved; together we divided our little hoard for sweet charity; together we supported the Church of God. It is getting to be November now, dear mate, 'most the journey's end. We remember how we taught together the children the only one way of the cross and the steps of honor. 'Most through, sweetheart. Twilight now. I know what is in your thoughts, dear soul. Every pang that rends you, rends me. You are thinking about the children that we laid under the hawthorns. How that has made us one! God alone supported us then, and when the Everlasting Arms were stretched beneath, lo! we were together. To-morrow is the Thanksgiving, and some of them will come from California, some from Maine, and some of them will not come again. But the next day, maybe, together we will go to them. 'At evening time it shall be light,' is the promise. We find the promise true. Don't you remember how the minister said: 'God grant that they may so live together in this life, that together they may attain to life everlasting'?"

And as to the woman's heart—to her oft-repeated query, the son whispers to his mother: "Yes, mother, we try to be careful of father down in the office, and spare him all we can. We wish he would not come as often as he does." And she says: "But do you notice that father fails any now-days?" The son reluctantly answers: "Of course, we see that he is a little more ready to rest than he was. When we light the gas, father is through, and we are glad of it. Of course we must confess that there are some signs of enfeeblement about him. But, mother, I have noticed of late that, as sometimes after a stormy day a gleam of the evening sun breaks forth, there is in father's face a tranquillity, a peace, a gentleness, a grace, a more chastened smile of sweet content than we used to note in the olden days, when his vigor was upon him."

Ah, what a tale that is to take back to the companion, who knows the secret of his joy. These are they whom God hath joined.



*See page 139*

"GOD BLESS YOU!" HE SAID . . . AND THEN HE WAS STARTED FOR THE GLOOMY FORTRESS

# AMONG THE NIHILISTS

BY MARY J. HOLMES

Author of "Tempest and Sunshine," "Lena Rivers," "The English Orphans,"  
"The Homestead on the Hillside," Etc.

## SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

Lucy Harding, who tells the story, is one of a party of Massachusetts women on visit to St. Petersburg. Miss Harding has been taught the language by a young Russian named Nicol Patoff, who openly sympathized with the nihilists. She tries to find him, but learns that he disappeared from St. Petersburg many years before. His old home is owned by Michael Seguin, a gen-darme, who exercises a strange influence over Miss Harding. Entering the house at his invitation, she finds Patoff's desk and among his relics a curl which she saved him years before. After this Seguin is never far from the Americans. He and his dog Chance come to Miss Harding's rescue when attacked by thieves; but she feels that he is the enemy of Nicol Patoff, and so is suspicious of his every act.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE WATCH.

I CHANGED my mind with regard to leaving St. Petersburg in three days, and decided to stay a week longer. For this change I made no explanation, except to Mary, whom I took into my confidence, telling her of my intended visit to Ursula, and asking her to go with me. At first she shrank from the idea in alarm, but finally consented, and on the afternoon of the second day after our adventure, we started again for what Mary called the thieves' quarters. To save time we took a *drosky* nearly to the end of the Nevsky and walked the rest of the way. It was a warm afternoon, and the street was swarming with children, who, at sight of us, set up a clamor. "She's come again—the madame who talks as we do," and they began to gather around us, but I waved them off so imperatively that they did not even touch us with their hands as I went forward to where Ursula was again sitting in her door mending some garments which I knew intuitively belonged to her scapegrace nephew. She looked surprised when she saw us, but arose at once and asked us to come in instead of sitting upon the steps, as we had done before. Her room was neat and clean and homelike, al-

though poorly furnished and showing signs of poverty.

"Please keep them out," I said, motioning to the children, some of whom followed us in. "My business with you is private."

An expression I did not quite like came upon her face as she sent the children away, and then, speaking in English, said: "What is it? Why have you come again?"

I told her very briefly that everything pointed to Carl as the thief who had entered Michel Seguin's house, and why I was interested to get the watch, if possible. "Do you think Carl has it?" I asked.

Her needle came unthreaded just then, and, after biting the end of her thread several times and making several jabs at the eye of her needle, she took up the poor old coat, patched in many places, and replied: "I don't think. I never know what he has, nor what he does, except as I hear it. I'll not deny that the police have been here after him, but they didn't get him. He's cute;" and she smiled in a proud kind of way at the boy's cuteness in eluding the vigilance of the gen-darmes.

"Do you see him often?" I asked; and she replied: "Yes, and no; if he is hard pressed, he stays where they can't

find him. Late at night he comes in to see me."

"Can you communicate with him when you wish to?" I asked next, and she replied: "Yes, we have ways and means—a kind of underground railroad, such as your people used to have when you had a slavery not half as crushing as ours."

"You are a nihilist," I said, and in-

stantly her face flamed up, then grew pale as she replied: "Of course I am. Half of us are nihilists at heart. Not that we want to kill the czar. That's murder. We want a freer government like yours, where we dare call our souls our own, and are not watched at every turn."

We were getting away from the object of my visit, and I came back to it

by saying: "Will you see Carl and ask him to bring you the watch? I don't care for the silver; it is the watch I want. I let him go when I might have kept him till the gendarme came. I think there is enough good in him to do me this favor."

"He may do it for you. He was very grateful. Paul Strigoff is a devil," she said; then she added, suddenly: "You and Michel Seguin are great friends?"

I did not know whether we were or not, but it was safe to answer in the affirmative, and that he had been very kind to us all since we first met him.

"He is of a good family and ought to be something better than a hunter of criminals. People wonder he took it up. Would you marry him?" was her next question.

"Marry him! Marry a Russian! Never!" I exclaimed, so loud



"I thought you would come alone. I am afraid of that dog."



X  
C  
V  
C  
5  
X



that she started in her chair. Her spectacles fell off, and her needle came unthreaded again.

"They are not so bad if you get the right one," she said, adjusting her glasses and making more jabs at the eye of her needle.

I threaded it for her, and as there was nothing to gain by stopping longer, I took my leave, after bidding her let me know at once if she had good news for me.

"To-morrow," was her reply, and I left her patching the old coat, which made me faint to look at, it spoke so plainly of poverty and the scenes it must have been in, for I believed it was the one Carl had worn when I met him, and that the rent which Ursula was mending was made by Chance's big paws.

Quite a retinue of children attended us for a way, and among them my old hat was conspicuous again, worn this time right side before, with a piece of an old veil twisted round it and round the girl's face. That night seemed interminable as I waited for the to-morrow and what it might bring from Ursula. It brought a note addressed in a fair hand and containing only the words: "Come this afternoon at two o'clock, and alone."

I did not quite like the word "alone," but did not hesitate a moment. But how should I manage it? What excuse should I make to my friends, who were already looking upon me as something of a crank? At last I decided to make no excuse except that I was going out on business and alone, with the exception of Chance, who was already waiting outside the hotel, as he had waited every morning since my adventure with Carl. Mary suspected where I was going, but said nothing, and at a little before two I was driving along the Nevsky till I reached a point where I alighted, telling the driver I would walk the rest of the way. Chance was in high spirits, sometimes running far ahead of me and then bounding back to my side. The moment I turned into the street, or square, where Ursula lived, his whole attitude changed. His

fur seemed rough and his head was lowered to the ground as he started on a racing gallop, as if in pursuit of something. He was usually obedient to my call, and I succeeded in getting him back, and kept my hand upon his neck until I reached Ursula's house. There were not as many children in sight as usual. They had gone on a picnic, and the street was very quiet. Ursula was watching for me, but her countenance fell when she saw Chance pulling to get free.

"I thought you would come alone," she said. "I am afraid of that dog."

"He is harmless if there is nothing to be harmed," I replied, taking the chair she offered me, and still holding Chance, who tugged to get away from me, and finally did so, beginning to run in circles around the room and to scratch at a door which, I think, opened into a bed-chamber, and in which I heard a rustling sound, as of some one moving. "Carl is in there," I said to Ursula, who replied, after listening a moment, while Chance continued banging at the door with his huge paws: "He was there. He is not now, thank God. He has a way of leaving the place unknown to anyone but ourselves. And he has taken it. He saw the dog coming with you, and was afraid, like myself. I sent for him last night and told him what you wanted. He had the watch, and promised to bring it this afternoon and give it to you himself. He wanted to thank you personally for letting him go that day, and to tell you he was not all bad and was going to do better. He brought the watch, but dared not face the dog."

She arose and went into the bedroom, followed by Chance, who acted as if he would tear up the floor and ceiling, until I quieted him by the first blow I had ever given him.

"Do you recognize it?" Ursula asked, putting the watch in my hands. "It has a name and date on the lid."

I knew it was Nicol's without the name, and the touch of it was like the touch of a vanished hand not dead in reality to my knowledge, but dead to me except so far as memory was concerned,

and the sight of it brought Nicol as vividly to mind as when I was the pupil and he the teacher—young, handsome and strong in all that makes a man strong mentally and physically, and I could hear his voice calling me *Lucy*, as he did once or twice when we were alone and his soft brown eyes looked at me as no other eyes since had ever looked. Where was he now, and what the mystery surrounding him? And——

There came over me a flash of heat which made my blood boil, as I thought: "Could Chance find him from this clew?" Then as quickly I answered: "No. I will get the truth from Michel Seguin when I give him back his property."

As I turned to go I offered Ursula money for Carl. But with a proud gesture she refused it. "He thought you might do it, and said he should not take it. He was not as mean as that," she said, giving me a box in which to put the watch, which was ticking as loudly and evenly as it had done years ago in the schoolhouse in Ridgefield. I wanted to give the woman something to show my gratitude to her, and offered her the stick pin which held my scarf. But she declined it; then, with a wistful look at the knot of red, white and blue ribbon which I always wore, she asked if I had another like it. I had, and at once gave her the knot, which she took with thanks.

"It is the badge of a free country," she said, "where I once thought to go. It is too late now for me, but if Carl could get there it might make a good man of him. Here he can do nothing but *hide, hide*—till he is caught again, and then Siberia or a dungeon!"

I was sorry for the woman, whose dim old eyes were full of tears as she bade me good-by, saying: "You will not betray my boy by telling where he was when you got the watch?"

"Never!" I answered, and kissed the tired white face, which I might never see again.

I did not know what Mrs. Grundy would say when she saw a lone woman stop at Michel Seguin's house, nor did I care. I was at a point where Mrs.

Grundy's opinion did not matter, and I bade the driver of the *drosky* leave me at Monsieur Seguin's door, after ascertaining that he was at home. His face was one of intense surprise when he saw me, and mingling with the surprise was a look of pleasure as he came forward to meet me.

"What is it? What has happened?" he asked, for I was shaking with excitement.

"Let me go to your room—Nicol's room—and I will tell you," I said.

He led the way to his den, and, opening the box, I put the watch upon the table without a word.

"*What!*" he exclaimed, springing forward and taking it up. "My watch! Where did you find it?"

"I didn't find it," I said. "I got it through Carl. No matter how, nor when. He brought it to me, but the silver I did not get."

"I don't care for the silver," he said, a little impatiently. "It was the watch I prized, because——"

He stopped abruptly and seemed to be thinking, while I was nerving myself for what I meant to do.

"You would make a splendid detective," he said, at last. "How can I thank you?"

Here was my chance. "You can thank me first," I replied, "by letting that boy alone for a while, and if he is arrested again don't be harsh or cruel with him. There is good there which the knout will never improve."

"Promised!" he said. "I'll look after the lad myself, for your sake."

The tone of his voice said what his half-shut eyes could not express, and I felt the blood tingling in my veins as I went on hurriedly:

"You can also tell me the mystery surrounding Nicol, and why he is in hiding where even you cannot find him. You are a man and I am a woman—no longer young, and so I do not mind telling you that I liked Nicol Patoff very much, and I should be so glad to see him, and——and——"

Here I began to choke, but I swallowed hard, put aside all shame and went on: "You have a lock of hair

which he left when he went away. You said it was *black*; I know better; it is *red*, bright red—the color mine was when a young girl. It is darker now. He asked me for it, and I gave it to him. I want it back. It is mine, not yours. Will you give it to me?"

His eyes were wider open now than I had ever seen them, and startled me with an expression I could not define, but which made me wish I was not there talking to him.

"As Nicol's property, I must keep it with the watch until such time as he can claim them openly," he said, at last. "I know he thought more of the hair than of the watch. I cannot give it up."

His manner was decided, and I felt my temper rising, but forced it down, for there was one more favor I would ask, and then I would say good-by to him forever.

"You have refused to give me the hair, but you have promised to be kind to Carl for my sake. Will you be equally lenient toward Nicol, should he be arrested and under your authority? Do you think you could do anything to help him? They say you are all powerful with your friends. Will you try to have Nicol's punishment a little lighter? I don't know what he has done, but don't let them give him the knout, nor the dungeon, nor Siberia, nor anything."

I was choking now, and standing up, with my hands clinched so tightly that my nails hurt my flesh, while he, too, stood, with his eyes closed, his chin quivering and his teeth pressed tightly

over his underlip. When he spoke his voice was strained and unnatural as he said: "Pardon me for what I am going to say. Do you love Nicol Patoff? Would you marry him if he stood high in St. Petersburg?"

He had asked me a similar question once before; and, as then, I now answered quickly: "No, I could not marry a Russian. I hate your government machinery. I should be a nihilist in a month, and my house would be a rendezvous for them."

"Yes," he replied, "but you have not answered my most important question. Do you love Nicol Patoff? I have no right to ask you, but do you?"

He seemed terribly in earnest, and I recoiled a step from him as I answered: "No! I esteemed him as a friend—nothing more—and since I have known he was in danger I have felt a great interest in him, but love him—marry him—I couldn't. I have answered you, and now tell me, can you shield him if he is found?"

"I think I can," was his reply.

"And will you?"

"I will."

"And will you tell him that I have not forgotten him?"

"I will," were the replies and answers which followed rapidly as we walked side by side to the street, where I gave him my hand and said: "We shall certainly leave in two or three days, and I may not see you again. I must thank you for all the kindness you have shown us, helping us over rough places and in many ways, but most I thank you for



*He stopped abruptly and seemed to be thinking.*

Chance, who has been invaluable at times."

He was still holding my hand and looking at me, as if there was something he wished to say and was struggling to keep back. Whatever it was, he did not say it, but, dropping my hand quickly, hailed a *drosky*, into which he put me, and, with a simple "good-by," turned back to his house. I made no explanation to anyone as to where I had been, I was too tired; my head ached, and I did not wish for any dinner, I said, and went to bed early, deciding to leave St. Petersburg as soon as possible. With a woman's instinct I felt tolerably sure of the nature of M. Seguin's feelings for me, but could not analyze my feelings for him. He both fascinated and repelled me. I liked him and feared him, for something in his personality always influenced me more than I cared to be influenced, and I wished to get away from it.

"We will have just one more day of looking around, and then let's go," I said at breakfast to my friends, who acquiesced readily, for they longed for new scenes.

St. Petersburg was monotonous and vexatious. They had shown their passports and sworn to their nationality and ages and occupation until they were tired of it, and were quite ready to leave.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE BEGGAR ON THE COURT QUAY.

That day we kept together until late in the afternoon, when Mary and I went for a short walk on the Court Quay. I had seen a few beggars, and had nearly always given them something, until, I believe, I was pretty well known to them as one who could easily be imposed upon, and now, as I saw one coming toward me, I began to harden my heart, and involuntarily put my hand upon the bag Carl had wrenched from me.

But something in the man's face and attitude struck me as different from the ordinary beggar; and into the outstretched palm I put a few kopecks, and

was asking where he lived and his name when a hand was laid roughly on his shoulder and a harsh voice said: "I can tell you, madame, it is——"

I did not catch the name. I only knew I was standing face to face with Paul Strigoff, the gendarme whom I had met after my encounter with Carl Zimosky.

There was a taunting sneer on his face as he said to me:

"So madame is playing the charitable? But it is not necessary. She is mistaken in her man. He is no beggar. We have been looking for him, and have found him at last. His disguise is pretty good, but it did not deceive me."

He spoke with the utmost pomposity and self-conceit; and I wanted to knock him down, while I pitied the poor wretch who had fallen into his clutches, and in whose appearance a great change was taking place. His face grew pale, but took on a very different expression from the one it had worn when he asked me for alms. Then it had been the face of a hungry peasant, with little intelligence in it. Now it was that of a man resolute and defiant, but refined and educated. He had evidently been playing a hazardous game, and had lost. His disguise was detected. He was a prisoner, with no way of escape, unless——

There was a quick glance toward the Neva, as if help lay in that swift stream, if he could only reach it. But the gendarme's grip was firm, and the man seemed half his size as he cowered in his rags.

Extending his hand to me with the kopecks I had given him, he said in fair English:

"Thank you, lady, but take them back; I shall not need them. We have little use for money where I am going. Please write to No. — Nevsky, and tell her I have been arrested, and tell Sophie and Ivan——"

He did not finish the sentence, for the gendarme shook him roughly, commanding him to stop, or speak Russian. As he could not understand a word of English, he evidently suspected

we might be hatching some plot, and sternly demanded to know what we were saying. I told him all, except that I was to write to No. — Nevsky. It was well to withhold this, I thought, and there was a gleam of intense satisfaction in the man's eyes, which thanked me more than words could have done.

"God bless you!" he said, in much the same tone of old Ursula when she bade me good-by, and then he was started for the gloomy fortress.

In my excitement I stepped in front of him, and, stopping him for an instant, grasped his hand and said:

"Good-by and God pity you! I shall pray for you every day."

It was a bold thing to do in the teeth of Paul Strigoff, who scowled at me threateningly, and asked again what I had been saying, and if I knew I was sympathizing with one of the most notorious nihilists alive.

"He is more dangerous than your thief, Carl Zimosky," he added.

The prisoner made no sign that he heard or cared until Carl was mentioned; then he looked up quickly, with a flash of resentment, it seemed to me, at being classed with a thief. It was then that I noticed more particularly his finely cut features and dark, expressive eyes, which, in spite of his courage, had in them such a look of terror and despair as I shall never forget.

I made no reply to the gendarme and walked away, not knowing but I might be arrested as a suspect and sympathizer with anarchists.

Arrived at our hotel, I wrote my promised letter, with no clew to guide me except the number, "Ivan," "Sophie" and "her." The "her" was probably his wife, and I addressed her as madame, and told her the particulars of the arrest, and that the man had evidently wished to send some word to "Ivan" and "Sophie." I would not trust my note to the mail, but sent it by a private messenger from the hotel to the number on the Nevsky, which, I found, was in a more fashionable quarter than M. Seguin's house.

The excitement of the last few days,

added to the heat, which was intense, proved too much for me, and instead of leaving St. Petersburg the next day I was in bed with what would have proved a case of nervous prostration if I had not fought it with all my will power. At first I rebelled against the detention, for I was anxious to leave St. Petersburg behind me; but as the days went by I was glad of the illness which brought me so many unknown friends. These were not tourists—they were too busy with sightseeing to do more than ask how I was and pass on—but the citizens, people whom I did not know, who surprised me by their frequent inquiries and the profusion of flowers they sent, until my room was like a great garden, and the doctor ordered some of them to be taken out, as the perfume was so strong. No name ever came with the flowers but once, and that touched me closely.

Around a bunch of pinks a paper was twisted, and on it was written:

Carl is doing better. He has sent the silver back and seen the gendarme.

URSULA.

I cried when Mary read me the note, which I still have, together with a few of the faded pinks pressed between the leaves of my Bible. I cried again when another bouquet came, this time beautiful hothouse roses, tied with a broad white ribbon, to which was attached a card with the words: "*To our friend. A. N.*"

"*A. N.*," I repeated. "Who is '*A. N.*'? I know no one with those initials."

"I have it!" Mary exclaimed, after a moment. "*A. N.*, a nihilist! That is what it is, and all these flowers are from the same source—nihilists, I mean. They have heard a lot about you, and wish to show their gratitude."

"But I am not a nihilist," I said.

"No," Mary replied; "but you have got your name mixed up with them. Defying Paul Strigoff to his face, and letting Carl somebody go, and calling on an old lady who was once in prison, and a lot more we have heard, until I believe the hotel people begin to think

they are harboring a suspect, and will be glad when we are gone."

"Not more than I shall be!" I exclaimed, while Mary went on:

"I have not told you that Chance comes every morning and looks at me so inquiringly that I give him a card, with the words 'About the same,' 'Improving,' or 'Better' on it, and he goes off on the run, with the card held in his mouth. The first time I gave it to him a miserable censor happened to be outside, and demanded to see it. I motioned him to get it if he could. He tried, but the dog held on till the card was torn in shreds, and I am not sure that the censor's hand was not scratched a little. I wrote another at the desk, and held it up to the censor, who, of

course, could not read it, but he pretended he could, and nodded very patronizingly, while Chance growled at him and then set off on a gallop for home. M. Seguin has not been here that I know of, but he has sent you flowers every day—expensive ones, too, the best he could find—and, oh! I came near forgetting, a frowsy-headed girl, wearing your old hat, came bringing a few violets she must have gathered in



*They were talking so low that I could not catch a word.*

the country, and an old *drosky* driver, looking like a barrel, inquired for 'little madame' at the office, saying he was the first to drive you in the city. He seemed to think it an honor. I did not tell you all this at the time, as you were too weak to hear it."

I turned my face to the wall and cried, until Mary became alarmed and sent for the doctor. I did not know what I was crying for, but, as a thunder shower clears the sultry atmosphere, tears did me good, and I was better the next day, and the next, and was soon able to start on the long overland journey to the frontier. Many kind wishes were expressed by the people in the hotel, and I was the recipient of so many flowers that I was obliged to leave some of them behind. The old barrel-shaped man who boasted of having given me my first drive in the city stood outside, smartened up with a new wadded garment tied around the waist with a piece of red cord, like that with which we sometimes hang pictures.

Would little madame do him the honor to let him drive her to the train? He would promise to go slowly, and not break her bones.

I could not refuse, and so it came about that in the same old rattletrap in which I first rode through the streets of St. Petersburg, I was driven to the station, the old man stopping occasionally to ask if the little madame was comfortable, and was he driving too fast.

"No, no," I cried. "Go on; we may be late."

"All right!" and he shook the strips of leather, which could not have restrained his horse a moment, had he chosen to use his strength.

Near the station there was quite a motley crowd of people; some well dressed, some otherwise. My hat was bobbing up and down in the midst, as if the wearer were trying to get a sight of me, and I caught a glimpse of Ursula, and, near her, Carl, who boldly waved his hat. A moment after, my old hat went up in the air, showing two streamers of some soiled stuff at the back.

What did it mean? Had they come

to see me off, and were these the people who had sent me so many flowers? The possibility brought a big lump into my throat. Then I wondered if M. Seguin would be there to say good-by, not caring to confess how disappointed I should be if he were not.

He was there with Chance, who put his big paws on my shoulders, with a low kind of *woof*, as if he knew I was going, and was sorry. In my weak state tears came easily, and they fell like rain as I put my arms around the noble brute's neck and bade him good-by. M. Seguin was there ostensibly on official business, but he attended to our tickets and passports, and made it very easy for us to leave.

"Do you know you are having a unique send-off?" he said. And when I asked what he meant, he replied:

"Do you notice that group of people in the streets? They are your friends. I saw the tangle-haired girl to whom you gave your hat among them, with Ursula and Carl Zimosky. He brought back the silver himself, knowing the risk he ran. He said he was trying to do better, for your sake, because you kept him from Paul Strigoff. I believe every mother's son and daughter there in the street is a nihilist at heart, and they think you are one with them, and are showing their gratitude."

I could not answer for that lump in my throat, but at last I put a limp, clammy hand into his broad, warm one, and tried to thank him again for all his kindness to us.

"Don't, please," he said, very low. "For anything I have done I have been more than repaid in knowing you—the fearless American woman who dares say what she thinks. I shall not forget you, and some time you will come again."

I shook my head and hurried toward my companions, who were motioning me to make haste. There was not much need of haste, I thought, as the trains seldom start on time, but this one did, and in a few minutes we were on our long journey of five hundred and sixty miles to the frontier. It was monotonous and wearisome, with nothing to

interest us or to look at except the brown plains and forests of pines and silver birches, and at rare intervals a village of twenty mud cottages or more, with a few peasants working in the fields. It was very tiresome, and when at last it ended, and we crossed the frontier into Germany, eight women

simultaneously said: "Thank God!" And yet in the heart of one of the eight there was a lingering regret for all she was leaving; and she felt, too, a throb of sympathy and gratitude for the strangers in the street who had waved her a farewell, and sent after her, she was sure, a fervent "God bless you!"

## PART TWO

### CHAPTER I.

SOPHIE SCHOLASKIE.

Three years later I was again in Europe, traveling with my nephew and niece, Katy and Jack, the motherless children of my only sister. We had seen a great deal, for the young people were full of life and health, and eager to see everything—not once, but twice, and sometimes three times. I was getting tired and glad of a rest in Paris, where at the Bellevue I was taking my breakfast one morning in our salon, while Katy and Jack were looking up some route, presumably to Italy, our next objective point. They were evidently greatly interested, and even excited, but were talking so low that I could not catch a word, as I sat and watched them with feelings of pride and half envy of their youth and spirits, which could enjoy everything and endure everything.

Katy was a beautiful girl of eighteen, with large blue eyes and a sweet, flower-like face, and hair something the shade mine had been when young, but much darker, with glints of reddish gold showing on it in the sunlight. I was very proud of Katy and of her brother Jack, with his frank, handsome face, and a manliness about him one would hardly expect in a lad of fifteen. He had constituted himself the leader of our party, and usually had the best route and trains and hotels picked out, and I felt sure the subject of their discussion now was the journey to Italy. It was the last of November, and the wind was blowing cold and raw through the boulevards, and the basket of wood Louis brought us gave but little heat.

I was always cold, and was longing

for Naples and Sorrento, and was upon the point of suggesting that we start at once, when Katy, whose dead mother looked at me through her blue eyes, and to whom I seldom refused a request, startled me by saying, a little hesitatingly, as if she did not quite know how I would take it:

"Jack and I have been looking up the route and how long it will take, and we want to go to Russia. You remember those people from Boston, whom we met last week at the Louvre. Well, we met them again yesterday, when you were not with us. They were in Russia last winter, and say you might as well not come to Europe at all as not to go there in the winter. I don't care for Rome, and the Pope and the Vatican and the Forum and the house where Paul lived. I want to see Russia!"

"See Russia!" I gasped. "Have you any idea how cold it is there, or will be soon?"

"Oh, yes," she replied; "the Boston people told us ever so much, and loaned us a book. Jack and I read up about it last night after you went to bed. You wondered why we were up so late. We read till midnight, and, like the girl who had been in Rome eight days, and knew it thoroughly, we know Russia pretty well—St. Petersburg, I mean. That's where we want to go; the place where your hat freezes to your head, your veil to your face, and if you shut your eyes when they are full of water, your lids freeze together. That's what some writer says, and I want to know if it is true, and see St. Isaacs and the fortress and the Winter Palace, and skate on the Neva. It's such fun, the Hales said. That's the name of the Boston family—Hale."

"And I," Jack began, coming forward with a map in his hand—"I want to see the czar and his wife, and the grand dukes, and all his folks, and the funny old coachmen, stuffed till they look like barrels, and I want an adventure with a gendarme and a nihilist, such as you had; and oh! I want to see Chance, if he is still alive. And I want to see the three houses so big that it takes you half an hour to walk past them. I don't believe it, but I want to see them just the same. Russia will be jollier than Italy. Will you go? It will cost a lot, I know, but father will send us the money. I heard him tell you when we left home to let us see everything, as it was a part of our education, and we might never come again. Will you go?"

I was too much surprised to give a direct answer.

"I will think about it," I said. "Go to the Louvre, or where you like, and when you come back I will tell you."

"All right," Jack said, in the tone of one who has won a victory, while Katy stooped and kissed me, saying:

"Auntie always means 'yes' when she says she will think about it; so think hard and fast."

Then they left me, and I was thinking hard, not so much, I am afraid, of the proposed trip to Russia as of the incidents of my former visit there, and I was surprised to find how my heart went out to that far-off city, which I had never expected to see again, and from which I had heard but once since my return to America, three years ago. Not long after Christmas there had come to me a package containing eight photographs of Chance, looking just as he had looked when waiting for me at the hotel. There was also a letter from M. Seguin, which I read with an eagerness of which I was ashamed. It was written in a cramped back hand, not very plain, and began:

DEAR MISS HARDING: I send you eight pictures of Chance—one for each of the Massachusetts women who were here last summer and made a little diversion in my life. I hope you will like the picture. I had some difficulty in making him keep still, until I spoke of you, when he quieted down at once

and assumed the attitude he used to take when waiting for you. I believe that at the sound of your name he thought he was waiting again, and that you would soon appear. For three or four days after you left he went regularly each morning to the hotel, and sat for an hour or two watching everyone who came out, and when you did not come he started for the station where he had last seen you, and where he waited until, growing discouraged, he came home and stretched himself out upon the floor with his head between his paws. Poor, disappointed Chance! I was sorry for him, for I knew how he felt.

I see I have mentioned the dog first, when I ought to have spoken of your friend, Nicol Patoff. He remains in *statu quo*, and I have given him up. I often see the old *drotsky* driver, and two or three times have taken his rattletrap. He always asks for the little madame whom he drove first and last in the city, and says you were a "frisky little thing"! I think he meant nervous. Occasionally I see your hat on the head of that tangle-haired girl. *Zaidee* is her name. Perhaps you never knew. The last time I saw her she was sporting a long blue veil, picked up in some quarter. Ursula has gone to Siberia to join her husband, and Carl, her nephew, has gone with her. He brought back the silver himself, and said he was going to turn over a new leaf and be a man, and all because you called off the dog and did not let him fall into the hands of Paul Strigoff. How they all hate that man! I gave Carl a ruble, more for your sake than his, although he has not a bad face. I saw them at the station when they went away. Ursula had a knot of tri-colored ribbon on her dress, such as you used to wear. I asked her where she got it. She bridled at once, and replied: "I didn't steal it. It was given me by the best and sweetest woman the Lord ever made." I nodded that I fully agreed with her, as she continued: "If you ever see her, tell her I have never forgotten her kindness to Carl, and I shall pray for her every day in Siberia."

"What will you take for that knot of ribbon? I'd like to buy it," I said; and she fired up like a volcano, telling me I had not money enough, nor the czar either, to buy it!

I have a good deal of respect for Ursula, and the last glimpse I had of her the tri-colors, red, white and blue, were showing conspicuously on her black dress. My mother returned home in September, and I am no longer keeping bachelor's hall. I have told her of you and your interest in Nicol Patoff, in whom she is also greatly interested.

There were a few more commonplace sentences, and the letter closed with, "Your sincere friend, Michel Seguin."

There was no intimation that he ex-

pected an answer to his letter, but common courtesy required that I should acknowledge the receipt of the photographs, which I did, directing my letter to "M. Seguin, Nevsky Prospect, St. Petersburg." Whether he received my letter or not I did not know. He did not write again, and with the passing of time my visit to Russia was beginning to seem like a dream, when I found myself trying to decide whether to go there again, and wondering why my inclination leaned so strongly to that ice-bound city, and why the tall figure of a gendarme always stood in the foreground as an attraction. He might not be there, and as Nicol Patoff had disappeared, or was dead, I could have no hope of seeing him. Why, then, was I willing to go? I asked myself, and answered as quickly: "To see Chance, if he is there still."

And so the die was cast; and two weeks later we took the train in Paris en route for St. Petersburg. We were hoping to have our compartment to ourselves, for a while, at least, and had each taken possession of a corner, when at the last moment a tall, fine-looking young lady came hurrying to the door, which was still open, although Jack, who was nearest to it, had wished to shut it. There was a close, searching glance at each of us, and then the young lady entered with her cloak and grip-sack, while Jack scowled a little. He always scowled if he did not like anything, and he evidently did not like the companionship of this young lady, who took her seat by the window opposite him, after greeting us with a smile which lighted up her face wonderfully and smoothed the scowl from Jack's forehead.

She had put her bag on the seat beside her, and then glanced up at the rack opposite. Jack, who was always a gentleman, rose at once for her. Of course she was French, he thought, and so did Katy and I, her dress was in such perfect taste, while there was about her an air altogether Parisian. Summoning his best French, which was pretty bad, Jack said: "I will put up your bag, if it is in your way."

The words were jumbled together in an atrocious manner; but the young lady understood, and thanked him in perfect French, and with a smile which showed her white, even teeth and brought into play a dimple in her cheek. Then she relaxed into silence, and, leaning back in her corner, closed her eyes and drew down her fur cap, as if she were asleep. But when we passed the city limits, and were speeding through the country miles from Paris, she became very much awake, and her eyes flashed upon each of us, resting longest and very admiringly upon Katy, who certainly made a pretty picture in her suit of brown with a scarlet wing in her hat. I had impressed upon my nephew and niece that they were not to talk to strangers unless spoken to first, and then to be rather reticent. This rule Katy carried to an extent which sometimes made her seem haughty and cold, while Jack was always ready to talk and ask questions, and "find out about things," as he expressed it. On this occasion, as the day wore on, I often saw him casting glances at the young lady, who slept a good deal, or seemed to, and who, when awake, paid no attention to what we were saying.

"She does not understand us," I thought; but when at last we began to speak of Russia, she roused up, and I felt sure she understood and was interested.

Still she remained silent, and we talked on—or Jack did—of St. Petersburg and the Nevsky and the Neva and the nihilists, whose acquaintance he hoped to make, wondering if there was any way by which he could tell one. Then he spoke of the dog, Chance, hoping he was still alive, and finally of his master, M. Seguin, wondering if we should meet him.

"You and he were quite friendly, weren't you, auntie?" he asked; but I did not reply.

I was fascinated by the expression of the young lady's face, or, rather, of her eyes, which from brown seemed to have turned to black, and were blazing with a fierce, angry light. Did she



"Oh!" Jack said. "You speak English? I thought you were French!"

know Michel Seguin, that she was so excited at the mention of his name, and who was she? My curiosity was roused, and still I said nothing, except to answer Jack, who finally asked if I had ever heard what became of the poor wretch who asked alms of me on the Court Quay, and who proved to be a notorious nihilist and was arrested.

"You wrote a note to his wife, didn't you?" Jack continued. "Do you suppose he was sent to Siberia?"

The window on Jack's side had been shut, but now the young girl opened it quickly, and thrust her head out for air. Then, withdrawing it, she electrified us by saying in excellent English, although with an accent:

"Excuse me if I keep the window open a moment. I have sudden spells of being faint, and it seems rather close."

"Oh," Jack said, "you speak English? I thought you were French."

"Oh, no"—and she laughed, showing her white teeth again—"I am not French, I am a Russian from St. Petersburg."

"A Russian!" Katy and Jack repeated, in a breath.

"I'm so glad," Jack went on. "We are going to Russia—to St. Petersburg, and you can tell us a lot."

She smiled at the boy's enthusiasm, and smiled more as, forgetting that he was not to talk to strangers, he continued: "We—that is, Katy and I—are Katy and Jack Barton. She is Katy and I am Jack. Mother died when I was born. We live in Washington, where father, who was a colonel in the army, has something to do in the Pension Office. Aunt Lucy Harding is our aunt. She has been in St. Petersburg and speaks the language like a native. She had lots of mix-ups with nihilists and things, and a big dog, Chance."

He stopped to take breath, while the young lady put her head from the window again to get the air. She was very white when she sat back in her corner and closed her eyes, in which I was sure there were tears, for she held her handkerchief to them for a moment. Then she recovered herself, and smiled very brightly upon the loquacious boy, who rattled on: "That dog Chance must be a case. Auntie has a picture of him. Did you ever see him?"

"I have heard of him as a remarkable dog, who, once on the scent of a fugitive, seldom fails to find him; but I don't think he is often used for that purpose. Indeed, I know he is not," she replied, and I was sure her fine face darkened for a moment, as if Chance were not an interesting topic.

The air was getting chilly and damp, for a rain was coming on, and the young lady closed the window; and, after a moment, during which she seemed to be thinking, she said, addressing herself to me:

"Your nephew has introduced your party, and as we are bound for the same destination, I will present myself."

Then she told us that her name was *Sophie Scholaskie*; that she was born in St. Petersburg, where her mother, who was a widow, was now living. Her grandmother lived in London, where

Sophie had been at school two years; and this accounted for her good English. She had a twin brother—Ivan—who at present was employed at the Bon Marché in Paris.

"You have been there, of course?" she said.

I had a very vivid remembrance of many hundred francs spent at the Bon Marché, and said so, while she continued:

"You may have seen him, then. He is at a silk counter—an English-speaking clerk, as well as Russian. He meets many Americans, and is, I believe, quite popular with them. We look very much alike. If we changed clothes you could hardly tell one from another, although he is rather small for a man—five feet seven—and I am big for a woman—too big! We can wear each others' clothes and gloves;" and she laughingly held up two large white hands. "Number seven, and very strong!"

Now that she had commenced to talk, she was very communicative, and seemed anxious to tell us about herself and family. Her grandfather, on her father's side, had been one of the minor nobility before the emancipation act, by which he lost his serfs and a large portion of his land. After that, with many others, he migrated to St. Petersburg, where he received an office under the government. His home was on the Nevsky, where her father and grandfather lived together until—

She stopped a moment and looked out upon the dusky landscape with an expression I did not like; it was so full of resentment and hatred. Drawing a long breath, she continued:

"My father, who was one of the best and noblest of men, and would scorn to do a mean act, died—in—Siberia, where he was sent!"

"Oh, jolly!" Jack exclaimed, springing to his feet. "He was a nihilist! And you are one! I am so glad! I wanted to see one; but did not suppose they were like you."

"Sit down, Jack, and be quiet," I said.

Sophie's face underwent many col-

ors, but finally subsided into a pallid hue as she tried to laugh, and said:

"My father was a nihilist, though not the murderous kind. He did not believe in that. He was not an anarchist, and when the czar was killed, in '81, no one regretted it more than he did. I scarcely know of what he was suspected. It takes so little to put one under a ban, and when the bloodhounds are on your track you are doomed. For a time my father eluded them, but he was caught at last and sent at once to Siberia, with scarcely a hearing and no chance to defend himself. I believe the dreadful journey was made as easy for him as possible, and he was not put to hard labor; indeed, he did not labor at all, for he died within three months. He was the idol of his father, who died of a broken heart soon after hearing the sad news that his son was dead. Pride, I think, had something to do with it, for the Scholaskies are a proud race; and the dear old man, with his long white hair and majestic appearance and courtly manners, sank under the blow which had humiliated him so much. We lost the greater part of our money and our handsome house on the Nevsky, where Ivan and I were once so happy, with no care or thought for the morrow. Now we live in an apartment house on another street, and Ivan and I work for our living. He is a salesman and I am a teacher of music—German, Russian and English—in Paris, so that we keep our mother in comfort, if not in the luxury to which she was once accustomed. I have told you my history in brief, and shall be glad to be of any assistance to you while you are in the city."

She seemed tired and heated, and took off the fur cap she wore and wiped the drops of sweat which had gathered so thickly upon her face. She was handsomer with her cap off, for one could see her white, well-shaped forehead and mass of soft brown, wavy hair, which was brought up just over her ears and twisted in a large, flat knot on her neck.

During her recital, which had taken

some time, as she stopped often, as if talking were painful, Jack had given vent to many exclamations of anger and disgust, and had once clinched his fists, as if ready to fight some one. Katy sat perfectly still, and scarcely gave a sign that she had heard; but when the story was finished, she left her seat by the window and sat down beside Sophie, whose hand she took in hers, pressing it in token of her sympathy.

"I am so sorry for you," she said; "and I don't know that I want to go to Russia."

"I do!" Jack exclaimed. "I want to lick 'em."

This created a diversion at which we all laughed, and no one more heartily than Sophie.

"Better keep quiet, my boy," she said. "You can do no good. No one can help us but God, and sometimes it seems as if He had forgotten. But He will remember; there will be a change. I don't know how or when, but old men and women who pretend to read the future see a heavy cloud over Russia—a cloud red with the blood of her children, yet with a silver lining, which means liberty to the oppressed. May I live to see it!"

Her face glowed with intense excitement as she talked, and the hand which Katy had taken withdrew itself from her grasp, and Sophie's arm went across the young girl's shoulder with so firm a grip that she winced under the embrace. Releasing herself as soon as possible, Katy went back to her seat in the corner, where she sat very quiet the rest of the day, while Sophie and Jack had the most of the conversation, Jack asking questions and Sophie answering them to the best of her ability.

When at last we reached the frontier, the first word we heard was "passports," spoken rather peremptorily by a tall, uniformed soldier, who motioned us into a side room, where our baggage was brought with that of the other passengers. I was glad now for Sophie's help. My first entrance into Russia had been by water, and with comparatively little trouble. I had been met by M. Seguin, and I found myself

looking round involuntarily in hopes of seeing him now, although I knew the hope was futile. The officers were very different in looks and manner from him. They were rather cross, and there were a good many passengers clamoring for their passports to be returned and their baggage to be examined and *viséed*. I was tired, like the officials, and impatient at the delay, as I saw no reason why business should not be dispatched as it is in America, instead of the leisurely way natural to the Russians. Jack was very much excited, and if he could have spoken the language, he would have given the lazy officials fits, he said. As it was, he caught hold of one who was leisurely inspecting my trunk, and said: "Look here, you, sir; that is my auntie's, and there's nothing in it, and she wants it some time to-day. Do you speak English?"

The officer stared blankly at him and shook his head, while Jack, who felt himself the man of the party, continued: "*Parlez vous Français*, then, if you don't speak English?"

There was a second head shake, and Jack went on: "*Sprechen sie Deutsch?*"

A third shake of the head, with a laugh which exasperated the boy.

"Confound you!" he said. "What do you speak? I tell you we are in a hurry to get out of this stuffy hole into the next room, and we are Americans—Americans!"

He screamed the last two words as if the man were deaf, and somehow they had their effect, or would have had without my help, for the word American goes a long way toward insuring respect from a Russian. The room was crowded with first, second and third-class passengers, and my head was in a whirl, aching badly, and this had kept me quiet for a time while the babel went on. Now, however, I rallied, not knowing how much the officials could understand, or to what lengths Jack might go. He had been rather free during all our journeyings to inform people that he was an American, from Washington, where his father, who was a colonel, held an office; and



*We stood watching her as she moved along.*

I was expecting him to give this last piece of information to the crowd when both Sophie and I went to the rescue! She had been attending to her own trunk, and I was very sure that more than one or two rubles had changed hands. Her baggage was examined, or pretended to be, her trunk *viséed*, and then she turned toward us. What she said I don't know, it was spoken so low, but I heard the word America, and our passports were at once given to us, our trunks examined in a perfunctory way, and we were free to enter the waiting room. Some of Sophie's friends had

come to meet her, both men and women, and that she was held in high favor was shown by their evident delight at meeting her. I heard Ivan's name, and supposed they were inquiring for him, but did not hear her reply, as she stood with her back to me. We were to separate here, as she was to go with her friends, while we were to have our own private compartment telegraphed for in advance.

"I shall see you soon again," Sophie said to us as she bade us good-by, and stood for a moment with her fur-lined coat wrapped round her and her cap drawn down upon her face.

There was something about her which puzzled me and made me think it might be safe not to be too intimate with her. I believed her a nihilist of a pronounced type, who might unwittingly get us into trouble; but I did not say so, for Jack and Katy were full of her praises. They lamented greatly that she was not to be with us in the long, dreary journey to St. Petersburg, with nothing to look at but snow, snow everywhere, and more coming—first in large, feathery flakes, which gradually grew smaller, until they came sifting down in

clouds which the wind sometimes took up and sent whirling across the bleak plains in a blizzard. Whenever we stopped, and there was time, Sophie came to our section, bringing with her a world of cheer to the young people, who, without her calls, would have found the journey depressing. As it was, it seemed interminable, and we were glad when we at last rolled into the station at St. Petersburg. I had recovered from my headache, and was able to see to my own baggage without Jack's loud assurance that we were Americans and Sophie's offer of as-

sistance. There seemed to be a good many of her friends to meet her here, as there had been at the frontier, and she was attended like a princess to the smartly equipped sleigh waiting for her. For a moment we stood watching her as she moved along holding up her cloth skirt to avoid the snow, and showing her tightly fitting boots with their French heels.

"Almighty big feet for a girl, but then she is big all over," was Jack's comment as we turned to the sledge which was to take us to our hotel.

It was the same where I had stopped three years before, and as I had telegraphed for the room I had then occupied, I found it ready for me, with a small one adjoining for Jack, who insisted upon registering, and made a great flourish of Washington, D. C., U. S. A., as if that would insure us attention. We did not need it, for the employees were ready to serve madame, whom they remembered, while Boots, who was still at his post and not much grown, nearly fell down in his eagerness to show me to my room, which was warm and comfortable, and brightened with a bouquet of hothouse flowers standing on a little table near a window.

The feeling of homesickness and dread of some calamity I was to meet, which had been tightening around my heart ever since I reached the snow-girt city, began to give way.

I was ashamed of myself for having felt disappointed at not seeing M. Seguin either at the station or in the street or at the hotel. He did not know I was coming, and how could he be there? Besides, why should he be there, anyhow? I was a mere acquaintance of three years ago. I had passed out of his life and he out of mine. The memory of those in whom I had been interested in St. Petersburg had faded. Probably Nicol Patoff was dead, and if he were not my heart did not beat as rapidly at thought of him as it once had done. Of all the crowd who had waved me a good-by when I left the city, there was not one to greet me on my return, and I had felt a positive ache all the way from the station to the hotel, and

wanted to cry when I entered the old familiar room which brought back so many memories. But the flowers changed everything. Somebody had thought of me. Somebody had sent me a welcome. Who was it? I asked Boots; but he did not know. They had come a few hours before for the American lady, Madame Garden; that was all he knew, and I was left to my own conjectures.

Katy and Jack were delighted with the hotel, and wanted to go at once into the street. But I was too tired to go with them. Jack would have gone alone, armed with Washington and America, and possibly Abraham Lincoln, as defenses against any danger. But I kept him in, and was glad when the short wintry afternoon drew to a close, and the night came down upon the great city and its gay, animated streets.

## CHAPTER II.

### A WEEK IN ST. PETERSBURG WITH SOPHIE.

We had been in St. Petersburg nearly a week, and during that time Jack and Katy had seen a great deal under the guidance of Sophie, who, true to her promise, came to us the day after our arrival, and offered to take us wherever we wished to go. I had thought I knew St. Petersburg well, but with its dress of snow and ice, and the thermometer twenty below zero, it seemed to me a new city, and I was glad of her escort. I had, however, taken the precaution to ask the landlord confidentially if he knew the Scholaskies.

"Oh, yes," he answered. "Madame Scholaskie is well known. Her husband died in Siberia," and he gave his shoulders a shrug. "They are fine people; once among the first—that is, the medium first. I hear Mademoiselle Sophie is home for a little visit. Splendid looking girl!"

After this I felt quite at ease when Sophie took the young people out sight-seeing, while I stayed at home by the fire, for I was cold in the open air and glad to keep out of it. St. Petersburg

was not much like what it had been in summer, when sometimes scarcely a person was to be seen on its long, wide streets. Now these same streets buzzed with life, and no one seemed to mind the cold any more than they had the heat. The czar was at the palace, and the Nevsky and Court Quay were full of gay equipages, driving at a headlong pace. The tinkle of the bells filled the frosty air with a kind of monotonous music not altogether unpleasing. The Neva, which in winter is the great highway of the city, was frozen solid, and, although the Blessing of the Waters had not yet taken place, it was crowded with the best and worst people in town. There were spaces for skating, race courses for sledges, and artificial hills down which bold persons could guide their sledges alone, to the imminent peril of their lives. And all this Katy and Jack saw, and much more, and came home crammed with knowledge, and unloaded it to me—for I was supposed to know nothing whatever of all they had told me. Jack had commenced keeping a journal, in which, boylike, he jotted down incidents as they came to his mind, without much attention to order. This he frequently gave me to read when I was shut in by the cold, saying it would amuse me, and it did. This is how he began:

"St. Pe—Russie," he began. "Most thundering cold day you ever knew, and they are all just like it. Wednesday Sophie came for us at eleven o'clock. That's early here. The sun doesn't get up till nine. Nobody gets up. The gold ball on St. Isaacs is over three hundred feet from the ground. It's an all-fired big building; built on piles driven into the mud; had to bring a whole forest of 'em from the country. All the houses are on wooden legs, and sometimes the legs give out, then they tip.

"Saw the emperor to-day. Not much to see more than any man. Didn't look as if he enjoyed his drive. I believe he was all the time thinking there might be a bomb somewhere. I wouldn't be Emperor of Russia. No, sir! I'd rather be Jack Barton, from Washing-

ton, D. C., U. S. A. Yes, sir! They say he has six hundred rooms at his palace, in Gatschina, and only lives in six for fear of being killed. Poor emperor! I don't wonder he looks sorry and scared. Has to have two hundred cooks to prepare a meal, they say. What a lot he must eat! And at Tsarsko Selo he has six hundred men to work his farm. Must take something to pay 'em! I tell you the Nevsky is a case; and the Neva is bigger, and Sophie is about as big as both of 'em! She knows the city, root and branch, and the people, too, and they know her, but sometimes she acts queer, as if in a hurry to get away from them. I saw a gendarme looking at her pretty sharp, and told her so. She laughed and said: 'Let him look!' Well, she is something to look at; she is so tall and big. I like her, and so does Katy, and she likes Katy, and once or twice, all on a sudden, she has hugged Katy as if she wished to eat her, and Katy is awful pretty in her scarlet hood with the ermine trimming. People look at her hard. Men, too, and then Sophie gets angry and hurries us along.

"Chance is not at home. Sophie found that out for me. He is in Moscow with his master. I hope he will come pretty soon. To-morrow we are going to drive, Sophie and auntie, Katy and I. Auntie don't go out much; just sits by the fire and mopes. She isn't half as up and coming as she used to be. I wonder what ails her!"

The day after Jack made his last entry we took the drive in a smart turnout, for we were Sophie's guests for the time, and she did nothing small. All along the crowded Nevsky we went until we came to the street where I had my encounter with Carl.

"Would you mind driving down that way a little?" I asked.

Sophie looked her surprise, but was too well bred to refuse or ask why I wished to go into so unfashionable a quarter.

"I knew an old lady who lived in that house," I said, pointing to the door where Ursula had sat when Carl made his attack on me.

It was closed now, with no sign of life about it, and the untrodden snow was piled high against it.

"No one lives here. She is in Siberia still. We may as well go back," I said.

At the mention of Siberia Sophie became excited at once, asking who Ursula was and how I came to know her. I told her all I cared to, keeping back as much as possible the part M. Seguin and Chance had played in the matter. On our return, I asked if she knew Madame Seguin.

"Only by reputation," she answered. "They say she is very aristocratic—sees few people, but sits in her great house nursing her pride in what she used to be before they lost so much property when the serfs were emancipated. We lost, too, but we kept up a brave, cheerful heart till father was arrested. There is Madame Seguin now, just returning from her drive," she continued, nodding toward a handsome sledge drawn by two spirited horses.

The lady in the sledge was wrapped in the richest of furs and sat up as erect as a young girl. She did not glance toward us, but held her head high as we passed each other.

"They say she does not like her son's occupation," Sophie said. "Not that she is unwilling to have people arrested, but she wants some one to do it besides her son. No one knows why he took it up. There was no need of it, as they have money enough, I am told, outside their losses."

Somehow I did not like to hear Sophie talk of Michel or his family, and was glad when she changed the conversation by saying, as we approached a large building:

"This was once our house, where we lived until father was sent away and grandfather died. We were very happy there."

At her command the coachman was driving slowly, that we might have a better look at her old home. It was larger and more pretentious than the Seguins', and I could understand what

Sophie's feelings were as she looked at it and knew it had gone from her forever. Withdrawing her hand from her muff, I saw Katy put it into Sophie's, and knew the two hands had met in a warm clasp of sympathy.

After a moment she added, with a laugh:

"I believe you Americans have a saying: 'It is of no use to cry over spilled milk,' and I don't cry now, though I did at first till I was nearly blind. Mother never cried; she couldn't, and that made it harder for her. By the way, I had nearly forgotten my message from her. She sends her compliments to you, and hopes you will waive the ceremony of her calling, as she seldom goes out, but she will be very glad if you will take supper with us to-morrow night at six o'clock. You will come?"

"Of course we will!" Jack spoke up, promptly, while I hesitated a little, not knowing whether to accept or not.

Sophie's magnetism had conquered Katy's shyness, and they were fast friends, and when she said, "We'll go," I assented, after asking if we were to meet any strangers.

"You will meet no one but my mother, who is very anxious to see you," Sophie replied, and with that we bade her good-by at the door of the hotel.

That night Jack wrote in his journal:

"Had a drive with Sophie in a dandy turn-out. Everybody was out and everybody looked at us, especially at Sophie.

"I tell you what, that girl is a brick! And what a lot of people she bowed to on the Nevsky, and down in that street where we went hunting for Ursula. Everybody seemed to know her. I'll bet she's a real nihilist and has a whole crowd of followers. I'm glad that gendarme is not at home. He might be nabbing her. We are going there to-morrow night to supper. Auntie does not act as if she wanted to go; says she feels as if something was going to happen. What rot! I'm afraid she's getting old and nervous. I wish something would happen."

TO BE CONTINUED.

## TABLE OF COMMON FOOD ADULTERANTS

(COMPILED FROM OFFICIAL SOURCES)

| FOOD.                 | FILLING.  | HARMFUL ADULTERANT.  |
|-----------------------|---|--|
| Flour.....            | Weeds, poor grain.....                                  | Alum, to improve looks. Powdered stone.  |
| Bread.....            | Sand, adulterated flour..                               | Alum, copper and zinc sulphate.  |
| Milk.....             | Water .....   | Formaldehyde, borax.   |
| Condensed Milk..      | Cane sugar, and hog fat substituted for the butter fat. |  |
| Cream.....            | Skimmed milk thickened with condensed milk.             |  |
| Butter.....           | Oleo .....  | Borax, coal tar dyes.  |
| Eggs*.....            |   | Salicylic acid.  |
| Meat.....             |   | Borax, sodium sulphite, calcium bisulphite, sulphurous acid, alum salts.               |
| Smoked meat.....      |   | Pyroligneous acid.   |
| Sausage.....          |   | Borax, sodium sulphite, saltpeter, dyes.   |
| Fish and oysters..... |   | Borax.   |
| Peas.....             |   | Borax, alum salts, copper salts (for coloring).  |
| Beans.....            |   | Saccharine, salicylic acid, benzoic acid.  |
| Canned corn.....      |   | Saccharine and sulphite.   |
| Jellies and jams..    | Refuse apples, pumpkin, gelatine .....                  | Salicylic acid, coal tar dyes.   |
| Catsups.....          | Pumpkin .....   | Benzoic acid, coal tar dyes.   |
| Cocoa.....            | Cereals.  |  |
| Coffee.....           | Cereals.  |  |
| Spices.....           | Flour, meal, hulls.....                                 | Coal tar dyes.   |
| Prunes.....           |   | Sulphurous acid, sulphites.  |
| Dried fruits.....     |   | Borax, sulphites.  |
| Pickles.....          |   | Salicylic acid, coal tar dyes.   |
| Honey.....            | Glucose .....   | Saccharine.  |
| Olive oil.....        | Cottonseed oil.   |  |
| Cream of tartar.....  |   | Alum, phosphites, sulphites.   |
| Maple sugar.....      | Burnt sugar, glucose, molasses.                         |  |
| Grape juice.....      |   | Salicylic acid, benzoic acid.  |
| Soda water.....       |   | Acid ether, saccharine, salicylic acid, benzoic acid, coal tar dyes.                   |
| Lemon extract.....    |   | Wood alcohol.  |
| Florida water.....    |   | Wood alcohol.  |
| Bitters.....          | Twenty-four to forty per cent. alcohol.                 |  |
| Cider.....            | Alcohol .....   | Borax, salicylic acid, beta-naphthol, sodium benzoate.                                 |
| Beer.....             |   | Salicylic acid, ammonium fluoride, sulphurous acid, benzoic acid.                      |
| Wine.....             |   | Sulphites for bleaching, benzoic acid, salicylic acid, sulphurous acid, coal tar dyes. |

\*These are broken and mixed in cans for bakers' use.

# The Adulteration of Food

By Charles H. Cochrane

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*'Twixt canned dyspepsia and embalmed beef the average citizen of this republic is condemned to slow death by the absorption of preserving compounds never intended for the human stomach. There is hardly a common article of food that is not liable to be dosed with something, from borax that clogs the digestion, to aniline dyes that are rank poisons. It is time that public sentiment forced a regular inspection of foods, and advertised the merchants who profit by this wicked practice.*

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THE common adulteration of foods has become a national calamity.

The evil has spread silently and insidiously, like a monstrous snake in the grass, until it enwraps us all in its loathsome coils, and threatens the comfort and health of millions. The extent to which adulteration has encroached upon our tables is truly alarming; even the menus of the wealthy are not exempt, while in the households of the poor the woeful results of doses of coal tar, salicylic acid, benzoic acid, boric acid, sulphites, alum and phosphates are noticeable every day to the trained eyes of physicians.

The lust for gain, the desire to make money, no matter how, has stimulated the manufacture and sale of adulterants until there is hardly a common edible that is without suspicion; even eggs are subjected to treatment with harmful preservatives. Canned goods are frequently canned dyspepsia, potted meats are apt to be cheap hash flavored to suit, while jellies and jams all too often come from the factories that buy up apple peelings, cores and all sorts of apple refuse fit only for the pigsty, and, after coloring liberally with aniline dyes and flavoring with chemicals, are palmed off on the poor as delicacies. No wonder so many of these are cheap; no wonder so many invalids fail to recuperate on such diet! If they escape the bright green coloring of the pickle, they may fall victims to the brilliant red of the canned meats or the golden yel-

low of the butter—all of which are rank poisons.

In justice to the retailers, it should be stated right here that they are often as uninformed as the general public as to the villainous stuff they are dealing out, in all the glory of multi-colored labels, as pure foods. Of course every meat packer and fruit canner who knows his business is aware what goes into the goods he furnishes the public, though it is possible that in some cases they have purchased preservative mixtures under such names as "freezem," "preservaline," "iceine," etc., without knowing what were their chemical constituents. Yet it is the duty of every dealer in foods to know what is on his shelves, and whether he is selling the wholesome or unwholesome. Nearly all the cheap stuff on the market is adulterated, sometimes only by adding cheaper material to its bulk, as in the substitution of oleo for butter, but frequently with most harmful chemicals designed to give the proper flavor and color, and thus conceal the cheap filling.

Before me is a copy of a letter written to the State chemist of North Dakota by a physician who lost a case of a child poisoned by drinking from a can of butter coloring, made from coal tar. The Anti-Adulteration League of Brooklyn is at this writing exercised over the poisoning of Tessie McBride, a five-year-old tot who succumbed to adulterated candy. The sufferers from em-

balanced beef are as numerous now as they were in the days when our soldier boys fell like flies when condemned to a diet of canned meats around Santiago. An officer of the National Consumers' League calls attention to the fact that a firm is selling canned corn at forty-eight cents a dozen cans, and as the cans cost thirty cents, and the labels, and canning, and soldering involve more expense, while the wholesaler and the retailer must have a profit, he asks, pertinently: "What is left to buy the corn?"

Our health laws are seldom operative, and the press is silent too often, perhaps because the names of large advertisers are frequently coupled with the stories of adulteration that they might print to warn the public. It is an incontrovertible fact, demonstrated by the chemists of a dozen States, that much of our bread is overdosed with alum, and sometimes colored with sulphate of copper; butter is colored with the same poison; cheap candy is universally colored with aniline dyes; honey is fixed with cane sugar, glucose and saccharine; lard contains caustic lime and cottonseed oil; milk is dosed with formaldehyde preservative, as well as chalk and water; the jams are loaded with gelatine and colored with aniline, while the jellies, if possible, are worse; preserves are based on the mighty pumpkin and refuse apples, colored and essenced; sugar sometimes yields dangerous marble dust; vinegar may contain sulphuric acid and hydrochloric acid; lemon extract is often made with wood alcohol; soda water is flavored with deleterious chemicals, while canned meats are universally preserved with boric acid, which also forms the basis of an embalming mixture.

And as if this list were not bad enough, Prof. H. W. Wiley, chief of the United States Bureau of Chemistry, tells us that there is no restriction placed on the amount of lead that may be used in making cans for food, and that in the laboratory tests they have found as high as thirteen per cent of lead where there should be but one in the coating of the can.

What are we going to do about it?

Are we going to sit down and lament that such things should be, or shall we do our part like men and women to stamp out this crime that is literally ruining the health of millions? Shall we not demand of legislatures that they secure from the State chemists the names of the firms that foist this damaging food upon the public, and advertise liberally all who have to do with adulterated goods? I have written for all the public documents that I could learn of, covering this question of food adulteration, and I have found one State official who speaks right out and calls things by their right names, and who, with a trifling appropriation of one thousand five hundred dollars, started a wave of agitation all over the State of North Dakota that promises to result in pure foods for that section for many years to come. E. F. Ladd is the name of this honest man, and he deserves a niche in the Temple of Fame for the fearless and energetic way in which he has attacked this problem. His address is Fargo, North Dakota, and the bulletins written by him for the North Dakota Agricultural College tell the story of his struggle for pure food and his fight against the powerful interests behind adulteration.

That his outspoken course has brought him trouble is evidenced by the following from his last annual report. He says, on page 20:

In connection with my duties as food commissioner and chemist, under the food law, it became necessary to expose the methods which were being pursued by certain companies in trying to gain a foothold in the State, and for what seemed to be an attempt to lead to the overthrow of the food law. The press, being interested in the success of our food law, desired to know the actual facts, and a letter of information was issued to the public. As a result, the Association of Manufacturers and Distributors of Food Products of the United States of America, through their attorneys, have started a libel suit in the United States court, claiming personal damages to the extent of one hundred thousand dollars. This case is still pending in the courts.

When manufacturers go so far as to form an association to try and put down a pure food law, and to harass food

commissioners who do their duty, it is about time that the public took a hand in the matter. The influence of the association is probably seen in the contradictory reports that find their way into print on this question of adulteration. Is the association working the press to influence public opinion? Read the following opposing statements:

#### UTTERANCES AGAINST ADULTERATION.

Senator Porter J. McCumber, in *The Independent*, January 5, 1905: The Secretary of Agriculture, some years ago, estimated the sale of adulterated articles of food in the United States in a single year at \$1,175,000,000, or about fifteen per cent. of our entire commerce in foods. . . . My judgment is that the results should be doubled rather than diminished.

Prof. E. F. Ladd, Food Com., N. D., in March, 1905, bulletin: During the past year meats were very generally found to contain chemical preservatives and to some extent coloring matter, usually of coal-tar origin. The use of chemical preservatives was general among the large packers of meats. All of these products thus far examined have been found to contain boracic acid, sulphites, formaldehyde, etc.

Prof. H. W. Wiley, chief of the Bureau of Chemistry, in Circular No. 15, commenting on government tests on the effect of foods containing borax as preservatives: The results show that one-half gram per day is too much for the normal man to receive regularly. . . . It appears, therefore, that both boric acid and borax, when continuously administered in small doses for a long period, create disturbances of appetite, of digestion and of health.

Prof. E. F. Ladd, in the fifteenth annual report: In the meat, preserves and corn eaten at a single meal, a person might take as follows: Hamburger steak, 22.5 gr. boric acid; corn (canned), 16 do.; strawberries (canned), 16 do.; total, 54.5 gr. boric acid.

Paul Pierce, Supt. Food Exhibit, St. Louis Exposition, in *Public Opinion*, April 22, 1905: America is the only

#### THINGS SAID TO CALM THE PUBLIC MIND.

Editorial, *The Independent*, January 5, 1905: It may be safely said that our food is now, on the whole, purer and more wholesome than that of our ancestors. Many more infants have died from drinking spoiled and germ-laden milk than have been poisoned by borax or even formaldehyde. . . . Dr. Wiley's long and thorough experimentation with his squad of Washington clerks gave nothing to indicate that the use of borax in moderate quantities was injurious to the health of the normal person. . . . There is no proof of the poisonousness of the aniline dyes most in use. Yet foods and drinks containing them are always branded with the opprobrious name "adulterated," and often prohibited. . . . Prof. Pavloff has shown that good-looking food is not only more appetizing, but more digestible, than the same food in an unattractive form. Who will say, then, that a table set with green pickles, red catsup, yellow butter, and with candles, ice cream and jellies of all the colors of the rainbow, is less wholesome than with more homely food?

Prof. H. W. Wiley, in the *American and Journal*, July 2, 1905: The use of preservatives in all canned foods has almost entirely ceased. In butter the use of coloring matter is rapidly diminishing by reason of the education of the public taste. The brilliant red and green tints that formerly were employed by our food manufacturers in their canned fruit and vegetables have been voluntarily abandoned in many cases and restricted by law in others. I believe that at the present time the great majority of the best manufacturers of the United States have

civilized nation in the world that has no national law to protect its people from food adulterations. . . . The fraudulent and deleterious food manufacturer, as a rule, is a man who amasses wealth stealthily and silently. The kind of food laws existing in America, with few exceptions, is just the kind adulterated food manufacturers want.

How strange it is that any kind of food adulteration is permitted in America, while nothing but the purest products are permitted importation to our shores from abroad!

For one I admit freely that I have no patience with those who lend their talents or reputations to the defense of the adulterators of foods. It is interesting to note that the two apologists quoted in the right-hand column contradict each other vitally. The *Independent* would have the public believe that the admixture of preservatives and dyes is not harmful, even beneficial as productive of a cheerful mind, and reaches a conclusion as to the borax experiment that is opposite to that of Prof. Wiley, who conducted the test. The professor, who knows just how poisonous these adulterants are, and who is on record in scores of government reports showing the exact nature of the dangerous stuff that is mixed with our foods, tries now to smooth over the whole situation by expressing the belief that the practice has been generally stopped, and in many cases restricted by law. As if it was not a matter of common knowledge that the few pure-food laws we have in some States are as little enforced as are the Ten Commandments!

In most States the man who buys impure food can go and hunt up a health officer and have it analyzed, and a small fine is imposed on the dealer, usually a small grocer who is ignorant of the adulteration—but he almost never does. The real criminal, the manufacturer, is not reached at all by the law. No prosecution for homicide will hold against the adulterating manufacturer in the case of the Brooklyn girl who died of eating poisoned candy,

or that of the North Dakota baby that succumbed to butter coloring, so much admired by the editor of the *Independent*. As Paul Pierce says: "It would seem that America has just such laws as the fraudulent food manufacturer desires, and only such laws as he desires; that our pure-food legislation is absolutely and unconditionally in his control." Sad is the condition when a national pure-food law has knocked at the doors of Congress every year for twenty years and been refused passage every year through the influence of the third house!

Of course the worst and most harmful articles are those sold at the lowest prices, and for this reason the crime of adulteration operates most strongly against those who can least afford to bear up against it—the poor of the large cities. Living mainly in close, ill-ventilated, unsanitary tenements, these poor creatures are prone enough to disease without having their systems systematically poisoned by impure foods. Yet it is probably true that a very large share of what they buy is drugged or doped—these are the proper words—with harmful dyes and acids, rendering robust health almost an impossibility. It would be really cheaper for these unfortunates to buy the higher-priced foods, usually free from injurious adulteration, for the little money they have to spend will give them more nutriment than when invested in the deleterious mixtures that are marked at such small figures per pound. But what can be expected of the mother of a family, say five or six in number, living in a city on ten dollars a week? She cannot possibly spend more than four or five dollars on the table, and so she goes to the cheap grocery and the peddler's wagon for all the food she buys, and she, her husband and the children all suffer from the continued doses of boric acid, salicylic acid, formaldehyde, benzoic acid, sulphites, coal-tar dyes, and so forth, to which they are subjected. It is pitiful that such things can be in an enlightened land. Even in Turkey and Russia, where they massacre and shoot down the helpless on oc-

casions, there is no systematized method of poisoning the poor to add a few dollars to the balance sheet of some corporation engaged in food manufacture.

The annexed table affords a fair idea of the common harmful adulterants. The average adulteration consists of a filling of cheaper material, in itself perhaps harmless, but colored with an aniline dye made from coal tar, to disguise the substitution of cheaper material, with artificial flavoring that may or may not be harmful, and preserving mixtures, used to save ice or cost in refrigeration, that damage the health by continued introduction into the system. The reports of chemists who have at various times examined and analyzed foods sold in the open market do not differ materially in results. It is fair to say that nearly half the foods they report upon are adulterated. This must not be taken as implying that half the food offered for sale is adulterated, as only suspected articles are given them for examination, but it probably represents the actual condition of the average food sold at low prices. In Prof. Ladd's last annual report, it appears that with his small appropriation of one thousand five hundred dollars he managed to analyze over one thousand sample articles of food, nearly half of which proved to be adulterated. The report contains hundreds of entries like those below.

Label No. 2005.

Brand, currant jelly.  
Producer or jobber, \_\_\_\_\_ Co.,  
Chicago, Ill.  
Retailer, \_\_\_\_\_  
Contains sulphites, coal tar dye, and not  
currant jelly.

Label No. 2682.

Brand, pork sausage meat.  
Retailer, \_\_\_\_\_  
Contains borates in considerable amount.

Label No. 1782.

Brand, blackberry brandy.  
Retailer, \_\_\_\_\_  
Contains coal tar dye, saccharine and  
salicylic acid.

Label No. 1520.

Brand, early June peas.  
Producer or jobber, \_\_\_\_\_ Co.,  
Buffalo, N. Y.  
Retailer, \_\_\_\_\_  
Contains saccharine.

Label No. 2672.

Brand, sugar corn.  
 Producer or jobber, \_\_\_\_\_ Co.,  
 W. Poland, Me.  
 Retailer, \_\_\_\_\_  
 Contains saccharine in large amount.

The Massachusetts State Board of Health returns read much the same. Here are two samples:

9879 M, ketchup, \_\_\_\_\_, Worcester.  
 Preserved with benzoic acid. Incorrect formula.

337 N, lemon extract, \_\_\_\_\_, Hartford, Conn. 5 per cent. lemon oil, 90.9 per cent. total alcohol. About half the alcohol is methyl (wood) alcohol.

The craze for preserving food is responsible for a large share of existing adulteration. Since cold storage became common there has grown up a system of keeping all kinds of foods for months, or even a year or more, so that fruits, vegetables and meats may be purchased at times when they are cheapest and sold according to the demand. This system has invited the placing on the market of preserving compounds, under a variety of arbitrary names, such as antacid tablets, antiferment, chromosot, meat preservative, iceine, iceline, preservaline, anti-sourine, etc. The names of these may serve to deceive a few of those who use them, but of about one hundred and fifty which were analyzed and reported in the Year-book of the Department of Agriculture for 1900, all were condemned, not always as distinctly poisonous, but saying that they "cannot be recommended for general use in connection with human food. Some of them are quite harmful and none should be used indiscriminately." The analyses of these preservatives showed that all depend on some substance as borax, salicylic acid, phosphoric acid, sulphurous acid, sulphites, formaldehyde, etc., for preserving. These preservatives are in extensive use to-day, in the food of the rich as well as of the poor, as shown by Prof. Ladd, in a paper before the International Pure Food Congress, at St. Louis. He said: "More than ninety per cent. of the local meat markets in the State—North Dakota—are using chemical preserva-

tives, and in nearly every butcher shop can be found a bottle of freezem, preservaline or iceine, as well as bull meat flour. The use of these chemicals is not confined to the local butchers; scarcely a ham could be found that did not contain borax."

It will be interesting to note what are the principal chemicals employed in these preservatives. Borax or boracic acid is a common chemical, largely used in embalming dead bodies, and its employment won for certain meats the name of embalmed beef. As previously shown, one may take in a single meal of preserved foods a dose more than one hundred times as large as Prof. Wiley has declared to be harmful if continued.

Salicylic acid, used to preserve fruits, fruit juices and vegetables, is derived usually from phenol, which itself is a petroleum derivative. The Standard Dictionary says it must be used with caution, and it has an unpleasant corroding effect on one's interior, if taken often.

Sulphites are introduced to whiten or bleach fruit, mushrooms, wines, etc. They are simply salts of sulphurous acid, which is practically a weakened form of vitriol. Sodium sulphites, commonly used in sausage, Hamburger steak, etc., has slightly antiseptic qualities, but lends a brilliant red tint to the meat. Dr. Harrington, of Harvard, has discussed it at length as "a dangerous food preservative." Prof. W. D. Bigelow, of the Division of Chemistry, Washington, D. C., says of sulphites: "Their addition to foods should be prohibited."

Aniline and the coal tar dyes are all based on petroleum, and quite as fit for food as kerosene or benzine. G. W. Chopin experimented on dogs with fifty of these dyes, and found that thirty per cent. caused death or dangerous poisoning, and forty per cent. produced vomiting, diarrhoea, etc.

Methyl, or wood alcohol, substituted for ordinary alcohol in Florida water, lemon extracts, etc., is a rank poison. A New York saloon keeper who cheapened his whiskies with it a few years

ago killed about thirty of his customers before the source of the poison was located.

Saccharine is derived from coal tar, that fruitful source of poisons, and is a cheap substitute for sugar, being three hundred times sweeter. Prof. E. F. Ladd characterizes it as a "food fraud."

Benzoic acid is most commonly used with catsups, preserves, wine, beer and fruits. It finds its origin in benzoin, coal tar or an excretory liquid of the vilest character.

Salt peter is simply niter, valuable in the manufacture of explosives, and as a medicine in homeopathic doses. It should not be taken except as prescribed by a physician.

Formaldehyde is the aldehyde, or volatile, product of methyl alcohol, valuable as a disinfectant and germicide, but a very minute quantity interferes seriously with digestion. As it prevents milk from turning, there is great temptation to its use by dairymen, restaurant keepers, etc. Inasmuch as babes and invalids depend much on milk as food, its use ought to be made a State prison offense.

The majority of the States have pure-food laws, but with the exception of North Dakota I have been unable to learn of any rigorous enforcement of such laws, other than those protecting dairy products, which have received a great deal of public attention. The reports on adulteration by the United States Bureau of Chemistry, the North Dakota Agricultural College, the Massachusetts State Board of Health—these and others which I have exhibit repeatedly the names of well-known manufacturers of foods, yet these concerns continue to do the bulk of the trade, and I find no evidence that they are reforming. In an index to "Foods and Food Adulterants, Part X., Preserved Meats," I find the name of a house that is to my mind the best known in the business of meat packing, with fifty-two entries; other well-known houses appear in this index with from eighteen to twenty-four entries. Prof. Ladd in his analyses of meats in his last annual report found seven il-

legal brands emanating from this same largest house, and twenty-seven legal brands. But another house of high reputation and a large advertiser stands in the report with eleven illegal brands and only four legal brands. Evidently the top houses in the food trade can go right on making certain adulterated goods and selling them to whomever will buy.

And now a word or two as to how the presence of adulterants may be detected.

The chemical test for formaldehyde is to mix equal quantities of the suspected milk and strong hydrochloric acid, perhaps a quarter of a cupful, stirred together with a bit of ferric alum the size of a pin head. If the cup be placed in a tin of boiling water for five minutes, a purple tinge will disclose the presence of formaldehyde.

Fluid raw egg—used at soda fountains and by bakers—is frequently preserved with salicylic acid. The United States bureau of chemistry's test for detecting salicylic acid is to heat fifty grams of the suspected article in fifty cubic centimeters of water, adding ten cubic centimeters of concentrated solution of glacial phosphoric acid to collect the proteids. This mixture is strained through a cotton cloth, and the filtrate extracted in a separatory funnel with fifty cubic centimeters of ether. After the ether has evaporated, the remainder is diluted with two or three cubic centimeters of water, and tested with a few drops of one-half per cent. solution of ferric chloride. If salicylic acid is present, a purple color results.

Borax, used for preserving meat, can be detected by moistening the suspected meat with water to which a little milk of lime has been added, letting this dry on, and then burning the meat. By washing off the ashes with water containing acetic acid, filtering and neutralizing the filtrate with about seven per cent. of hydrochloric acid, a liquid is obtained that will show the presence of borax by giving to turmeric paper first a cherry red, then dark purple, then green, and finally a greenish black color.

When bread is adulterated or cheapened by the use of low-grade or damaged flour, it is very hard to determine the extent of the mixture, but the presence of as much as a tenth of a grain of alum per loaf may be disclosed by immersing a thin slice of the bread in an alkaline solution of logwood, and allowing it to dry, when a blue color will be apparent in a few hours. For detecting copper sulphate a thin slice should be immersed in a very weak solution of ferrocyanide, acidified with acetic acid.

Nearly all the butter coloring on the market is rank poison, made of aniline—that is, coal tar—dyes, and it is well to purchase the whitest butter you can find.

Whole coffee is mostly pure, but look out for shiny particles in ground coffee—they are mostly peas or beans. Since all the coffee adulterants are of a starchy nature, they can be detected readily by putting a little bit of iodine in a cup of cold coffee; if it turns blue it is adulterated. The easiest way to be sure of pure coffee is to buy it whole and grind it at home.

There is urgent need for a national law aimed at the manufacturers, and providing for regular analyses of their products, and the wide advertising of the results, with their names. This will be sufficient; publicity will stop adulteration by all houses that are large advertisers. At present the goods are analyzed and the results appear in government reports seen by only a few. Nobody has enough interest in the matter to hunt through the reports and learn who are the chief sinners, and give their names to the public.

A strong sentiment is needed on this question, and if every reader of SMITH'S MAGAZINE who sympathizes with the sufferers from adulteration will only sit down and write his congressman that he wants a national pure-food law providing for thorough advertising of the names of manufacturers, each will have done his part toward wiping out this stain on our national escutcheon.

There is no importation of adulter-

ated foods, because our custom laws are complete and well enforced. It is just as easy to stop adulteration by our own manufacturers, if the effort is made in the right way. There must, however, be a law directed against the producers of preserving compounds. There are about fifty firms in the business, who combine, in one way or another, the harmful adulterants shown in the table, and offer them to dealers in perishable foods, with advertising indicating that they are harmless. A good, strong, criminal law is the right thing for these masked highwaymen. State laws providing about ten years in jail, with one thousand dollars fine to go to the informer, would put them all out of business with marked celerity. Then the small shops and retailers would cease to figure in the adulteration, as they do now, mostly through not understanding what a wrong they are doing by using these preservatives.

After all, the world moves, and since adulteration has become so universal and harmful, it will the sooner work its own remedy. Every man and woman with a weak stomach who can trace some of his or her ailments to adulterants consumed should join in the movement and hasten to enroll with some anti-adulteration society.

To those who enjoy rugged health, untouched by impure foods, I would say: Look with pity upon the weaklings who struggle against this wolf gnawing at their vitals. Give the poor a chance by lending of your rich strength and God-given energy to the battle for the right. Do not pause because this deadly adulteration does not strike directly at you or those you love. Deserve the glorious privilege of health and strength by taking up the sword for the helpless and those constitutionally weakened by harmful foods. You have the forceful vitality denied to them; fight their battle, and while you may not win honor, glory or gold, you will reap the richer harvest of a great internal peace coming from the knowledge of a duty done. Follow Vergil's motto: *Da dextram misero*—give the right hand to the unhappy.

# To Keep You in Good Humor

## IN BASEBALL PARLANCE.

**F**RENDLEIGH—You were foolish to introduce the present Mrs. Jawkins to your divorced wife.

**J**AWKINS—Yes, it was an error. I was off my base. I'm being run down between first and second, all right!

## OVER THE PHONE.

**M**ISS LISSNER (the telephone girl)—I wish you wouldn't pay me quite so much attention. People will talk, you know.

**STOCKSON BONDS**—Yes, you'd be out of a position if they did not.

## A DIVISION OF PLEASURE.

**M**RS. LEXINGTON—So you were married last week? Aren't you going on a wedding trip?

**DINAH RAGGYME**—Sure, chile, when me husban' comes back from his trip. We kaint 'ford bofe of us to be way at de same time; we ain't rich like white folks is, honey.

## A DIFFERENCE.

**D**E STYLE—My brother was raised in the West; he took a college course.

**GUNBUSTA**—My brother was raised in the West too; took a horse.

## AT THE BOARDING HOUSE.

**L**ANDLADY—What do you think of the chicken, Mr. Kostic?

**KOSTIC**—Well—er—I—er—hate to speak disrespectfully of my elders.

## THIRST CONSIDERED.

**B**ARTENDER—What makes you take such a big drink this morning?

**TIPPLE**—I am so nervous that every little thing upsets me.

## HIS PREY.

**"L**ESTER DABBS painted the steeple of the Methodist Church last week," said the landlord of the Pruntytown tavern. "Took him two days and a half to complete the job, and all the time he was doin' it, Potter, the undertaker, just set out in front of his studio, as he likes to have it called, and watched Lester like a bassylisk, as they denominate 'em in stories. He was so interested that he pretty near forgot to go to his meals, and he declined two invitations to go fishin' and at least one to play chess for the hard cider."



IT had taken me something like half an hour to tell the youth who sat before me hugging his knees and staring out of the window just how it was that he had fallen into one of the seats of the mighty. When I had concluded, I looked at him carefully, and I suppose the innate snobbery in me, and the consciousness of being what he was not, led to the wholly unnecessary remark which I made later.

"And so you are Lord William Conniers and the Earl of Orth. Within a month, maybe less, you will be Duke of Walshire, and the greatest man in England, next to the royal family."

He turned on me suddenly, and I saw that I had underrated my man. Something blazed in his eyes which told me that there was a Conniers there, after all.

"It's funny, isn't it?" he cried. I knew he had seen my mockery and contempt, and that he resented it far more than I believed him capable of doing. "Oh, yes; it's funny, it's infernally funny. You sit there and tell me all this—tell me how great I'm going to be, and all that. And as you tell it you say to yourself: 'If it was only me that was gettin' what this little cheap skate is gettin'!' That's right, ain't it? And you sit there and grin, and know you're better'n me all the time you're pretending respect."

He paused for a moment and crossed one leg over the other, staring at me fixedly and with animosity. Outside barefooted, dirty children played noisily; and a slattern woman passed down the street carrying a pitcher full of beer. Two girls on the steps next door were talking to two cheaply dressed youths, one of whom wore a

rhinestone pin stuck into a bow tie. The words "My gentleman friend," and "Molly, she's a lady that works in a factory out to Woodberry," and "Say, ain't that fierce?" floated into the room at detached intervals. The youth sitting opposite me heard them, and scowled.

"It's all very well for you," he continued, speaking less angrily but with much intensity—"it's all very well for you to look at me and wonder how I can be so common and yet be falling into all this. You ain't never had to stand for what I've had to. I know who your people are—yes, I read the society column in the newspapers. I see your name lots of times—riding fox chases, and being at balls and cotillions, and bein' a risin' young lawyer of good family. I know all about you, Mr. Stuart. You was sent to college, and you've always had a nice home and lived with nice people, and bin taught to talk right, and do things like a gentleman. I ain't. I never knew nothing about my father. Ma knew he was an Englishman, but she didn't know nothing else. Ma kept me to school till I was twelve, and then she died. Then Uncle Hen put me to work with him on his truck wagon. Ever since then I've bin walking the streets of Baltimore shouting: 'Strawberries!' 'Annierun- nel tomatoes!' and anything else that he sells. And in the winter I drove a milk wagon. And I've bin doing that for nine years. Look at my hands." He stretched them forward—rough, red, knobby paws. "And then look at yours. Well, what'cher expect from me? I didn't ask anybody to die and make me an earl, or a dook, or anything. It ain't my fault if my father never let on.

So don't you come acting as though I was trying to butt in somewhere I don't belong. See?"

He paused again and filled a short, black pipe. I lighted a cigarette, and surveyed the Earl of Orth and the future Duke of Walshire.

He was rather short and very chunky, having enormous shoulders but a very thin, scraggy neck. His nose was blunt at the tip and his nostrils distended; and his mouth was as much too large as his lips were much too thick. His eyes were good—clear and honest eyes they were, and without fear; and had not his thick brown hair been parted in the middle in such a way that it fell over his brows, his forehead would have been good, likewise.

Taking him in the whole, attired as he was in a striped suit of very poor material, cut badly, but with an attempt at cheap style, he would not have been remarkable among a crowd of his fellow milk-wagon drivers, car conductors and others of the same ilk.

He wore a horseshoe of glass diamonds in his scarf, and a cheap white piqué vest; and his patent-leather shoes were cracked in several places. Altogether, he was the typical cheap bouncer, dressed in his best clothes. The one good thing about him was a certain dominating force, a certain strength of character, which he conveyed without effort.

"Well," said I, finally, "what are you going to do about it, Lord Conniers?"

He whirled on me sharply. "Don't call me that. Plain Henry Disney's good enough for me for a while. Call me Disney, and forget the earl and the dook part of it."

I threw away my cigarette. "You are the Earl of Orth," I stated, calmly. "Your grandfather, the duke, is on his deathbed. I've been commissioned to find you. I've found you; and I'm going to wire Walshire's solicitors in London that I have. What are you going to do—keep on driving the milk wagon?"

The flash came again. "See here, Beau," he warr'd, "you're laughing at me again, and I don't like it. No, I

ain't going to keep on driving a milk wagon. But if you've got any fool idea in your head that I'm going to England and make a holy show of myself before all them dooks and people, you got another think coming. I ain't by a lot. You can't make no dook out of me just by telling me I am going to be one. No, sir, that takes time and careful coaching." He seemed to take a fresh start here.

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do," he said. "I'm going to get you to teach me what I don't know. I'm quick enough to learn, and I've read a lot, and I ain't going to drink out of no finger bowls or make any such breaks as that. But I don't talk right, and I don't dress right, and I don't eat right, and I don't do a lot of things right that I ought to do. You know all of these things, so I'll put myself in your hands and let you see what you can do. See? Then when I get a sort of crust on, I'll hit the pike for England, and try to do my best." He shook his head solemnly. "But it ain't no cinch what I'm tackling, it sure ain't."

"What do you want me to do?" I asked.

He proceeded to tell me. His brain was wonderfully active, and he had already mapped out a campaign. In the first place, no one was to know who he was. "Course if they knew I was the earl, they'd treat me O. K. jest because I was, and I wouldn't stand no show finding when I did right and when I did wrong. I ain't stuck on myself, Beau; I know I ain't what you are. Got *some* ideas from reading the papers and the magazines."

It appeared further that I was to draw on the London people for money for his clothes and anything he needed; and to coach him for several weeks on the little things of polite life. Then he intended to take one of the cottages on the Commosie Hotel grounds, in the Blue Spring Valley. The valley is the residence of the outdoor set of Baltimore people; the Hunt Club—"The Kennels"—is there, and it is near enough to the city to be reached in half an hour's time.

He had read all about this in the papers, and knew that these were the people who could teach him what he needed to know. So he had it mapped out that I was to make him acquainted with some of these people, and give him a start. "I ain't asking for more," he said.

An hour later I left the house with an increased respect for Disney, and wandered toward the cars, passing the cheap saloons, gangs of corner loafers, women in wrappers, sitting on front stoops, and children sleeping on cellar doors. The street smelled abominably, and the people were in accord with it. And it was here that the future Walshire had lived his life.

Altogether he had turned out much better than I expected when I had found that he lived in that particular part of Southwest Baltimore and was the driver of a milk wagon. He knew that he was off wrong, and was willing to remedy his defects. He had strength of character and could do things if he wished; and while he respected what he did not have, he lacked the cringing servility which generally goes with that particular sort of respect. So I was hopeful.

Do not think that I embarked on the campaign of making a gentleman from a bouncer without some eye to prospective benefits to me. I intended to become the manager of the Walshire estates, the second largest in England; and I knew that Disney would give me the position if I helped him as he wished to be helped.

How it came about that this man was the representative of one of the oldest families in England is easily told. His father, the third son, had gone wrong years before, had come to America, married a shopgirl and been lost sight of. Meanwhile his eldest brother was thrown from a horse and his neck broken, while the second son was killed in Afghanistan while leading his company against Afridis. The first son had married and left two children, both boys. One died of pneumonia several years after his father's death. Then came a stretch of ten years, and the

second grandson grew to manhood, only to be drowned while yachting, a year before the search for Henry Disney's father began.

How I got the commission to hunt for the missing third son is not important. I did get it, and I found not the third son but his offspring by the shopgirl he married, Henry Disney.

## II.

Of the next few weeks I shall have very little to say. I took Disney to live with me in my apartments, and taught him some of the things which he wanted to know—such as, for instance, that it is not good form to tuck a *serviette* in the collar at meals, and that dishes should not be piled one on the other. I pointed out to him that it was preferable not to say "them" things, and that a toothpick should be deferred until after meals. I endeavored to show him that baths in the morning were good things; and that there was no virtue in wearing the hair long and in plastering it with grease. A list of these actions "to be avoided" carries no interest to the general reader; and elimination is desirable.

My tailor took his measure for all sorts of clothes, and my haberdasher sent up his choicest samples in shirts, hosiery and neckwear.

So, after two weeks, I was not ashamed to be seen with Disney, for, properly dressed and with his hair trimmed to the proper length, he was not obnoxious. It is true that he was not good-looking, nor did he have the air of breeding which should have gone with his clothes, but he might have passed anywhere for a man of the better classes.

Quickness of mentality was certainly his, judged by the celerity with which he accomplished changes in his speech and his intonation. When Disney learned a thing he learned it well; and when he acquired a social grace, he carried himself through it with an air of being at ease. There was no timidity, no "afraid of not doing it right," with Henry Disney.

The cottage of the hotel grounds having been rented, two weeks later saw me installed there with my protégé. I had grown to like the man during this time; and he, while in no respect assuming the attitude of an inferior, looked to me for what he should know, and, to a certain extent, leaned upon me. The hardest time of all had come now. I was to introduce Disney among my acquaintances.

Being a Stuart and having ancestors in plenty who had lived in this valley, I knew everyone there worth knowing, and was able to introduce Disney among them. There was a rub, however, which irked me. I did not especially care for these people; they were nice enough, they had entrance to the Monday cotillions, and the men belonged to the decent clubs in town. They breathed of good breeding and family history. The men were the heads of banking houses and big commercial houses, or else had independent fortunes. They

gathered at The Kennels and talked steeplechases, points of foxhounds and hunters, tennis tournaments and golf scores. They played poker and pool, smoked cigars, and discussed people they knew. There was very little distinction made between the man of fifty and the boy of twenty; they were all boys, learning little wisdom after their teens, always keen for a drinking bout, a pretty girl or a big game of chance. The lot of them were happy, healthy, hearty children, who never lost the spice of doing wrong. They were all the same. Not one of them had any broader scope than Baltimore and its vicinity; not one of them had any ambition to be any more than he was born. They did not see how that could be, for the general sentiment of the lot of them is voiced in Pearce Croxall's sententious remark when Perry Cathcart was elected mayor: "It's a pity for a gentleman to be mixed up in that dirty political game."

Afterward Perry became senator, and later ambassador to a big foreign country, but he never stood as well in the crowd's estimation as before he entered politics.

The girls—the women folk rather—were charming but not especially amusing. Not that the latter was their fault; the poor girls were too much held down by convention, that is all. Their chief topics of conversation were dinners to be given, receptions to be attended, the Horse Show, and who were "coming out" next season and what their people were going to give for them.

The whole lot—women and men alike, but especially women—were snobs. They did not know that they were snobs. No one had ever told them so. They simply liked to associate with the people they knew. It was too much trouble to find out what other people were; and, besides, outsiders did not know their ways, and would be very hard to get along with.

And it was into this crowd that I must try to pitchfork Disney. I knew it would be a failure from the start, and I told Disney so.



*I would have liked Ellen to marry Disney.*

"Don't you think I know that?" he said. "I'm not going to try to butt in. I'm out here to watch these people and learn how they do. I've paid my price for an orchestra seat, and all I ask is that the show's worth it. See?"

A great many of the people I speak of lived in the little cottages on the hotel grounds, and took their meals at the hotel, just as we did. The greater number had their own houses in the valley and came up to the hotel to see their friends, many of whom lived there also. The Commosie did not encourage the patronage of the general public. It catered only to this particular crowd.

But where you find society people, you will always find other people who want to be one of them. There were a number such at the hotel—people who had made fortunes in the past few years and wanted expert counsel on the right way to spend it. These were the same people who sent their children to the schools patronized by "our set," if they could get them in. The sole object of the mothers seemed to be to break the way for their daughter's social success. Their methods might have succeeded anywhere but in Baltimore. "Our set" knew quite enough people, and did not want to know any more. The men occasionally took up the newcomers, if they happened to have made it known that the daughters were to have handsome dowries; but the women folk let them severely alone.

Such a newcomer was Mrs. Parkin, whose husband had grown wealthy in the produce business, in which he started by selling vegetables in the market. Of Mrs. Parkin I shall have more to say later; of her daughter, much more.

I began the campaign with Disney as an objective by tackling my cousin, Ellen Rigny. Disney had sworn me to secrecy about his title and prospects, and I give you my word I was afraid to disobey him. Taking Ellen aside and giving her a hint was not betrayal, so this I did.

"He comes of an excellent family in—er—the middle West, Ellen," I told her. I would have liked Ellen to marry

Disney; the family was beastly poor. "And while he isn't rich, he has a very comfortable income."

Ellen looked at me with wide-open eyes. "Well, Douglas, I dare say he is nice enough in a business way." Ellen thought that I had some law case for Disney.

"Oh, forget the business end of it, Nell," I said. "Disney's here for a month or so, and I want him to have a good time. I want him to meet our crowd—and, frankly, I want you to take him in. Invite him to dine at your place some night, and have some of the girls and fellows over——"

"Have him to dine!" exclaimed Ellen. She looked at me in rather a surprised way. "Why, I didn't know he was our sort; is he?"

That was a very embarrassing question to ask. It meant something to be invited to the Rignys', however, even though they were as poor as the proverbial field mouse. So I lied nobly.

"Our sort!" I replied, in just as wondering a tone as Ellen used. Then I looked pained. "Ellen," I challenged, "do you imagine that I would ask you to invite a mucker to your house to meet people?"

Ellen looked at me doubtfully. "I don't believe you would, knowingly, Douglas," she replied. "But, you see, you have queer ideas—and——" She puckered up her lips, then said in a resigned tone: "If you really wish it very much, I'll have him over some day to lunch. And I'll have Mary Crossley and Helen Calvert and Elise Leighton—and some of the boys. But——"

She left the sentence unfinished. I flushed.

"Of course," I said, "if you don't want to do it——"

"I dare say he's very nice, if you say so," Ellen hastened to say. Considering that I got Ellen's brother appointed to the Naval Academy, through personal intimacy with a congressman, the family owed me something, and I felt justified in taking my due.

"Really, Nell," I said, "I think you carry your exclusiveness a little too far. What good does it do? Take that

poor little Parkin girl, for instance. She's pretty and sweet and just out of convent school. And yet none of you will have anything to do with her——"

"Her father had a stall in Lexington Market," stated Ellen, calmly.

"I know. He's a bounder, no doubt. Nobody's asking you to associate with him nor with Mrs. Parkin. But what's the matter with little Alice?"

Ellen stared at me. "I never knew a man with such queer ideas as you have, Douglas," reproved Ellen, gently. I threw up my hands and retired in disorder.

Ellen did invite Disney to lunch, and he met the right sort of people there. He proved to be a genuine surprise to me. His intonation was good, and he made no remarkable mistakes of grammar. He had been seated next to Helen Calvert, whose silly little head was full of ancestral nonsense, and who took a dislike to him because he made some noise in eating his soup. Disney strove nobly, but met a cold wall of reserve on every side. Ellen tried to unbend, but only became condescending. The lunch was not a success.

I noted that the luncheon crowd avoided me after that; but I stuck to my task with a will and introduced Disney religiously to everybody I met. Disney followed up each introduction with painstaking effort; and after several days of cold politeness the people began to snub him.

One can't blame them. Disney was most certainly not their sort. He was not especially entertaining, and his looks were not such as to draw any favorable attention.

One day he came to me and, after smoking silently for several minutes, burst into some very choice expletives. Then he said: "You take it from me, Beau"—he fell back into his old lines occasionally—"you take it from me that this bunch don't want to mix in with yours truly; and I'm not caring a continental whether they do or not. I'm learning, and I'm learning lots, but I've gotten out of the way of respecting myself. If I cared for these people there might be some excuse for me taking

their knocks——" He cut himself short. "But say, there's one of them—she's all right. What's the matter, Stuart, is she a top-notch? I don't get a knock-down to her, it seems."

I found that he referred to Miss Parkin.

"She's to the good," he cried, enthusiastically. "She for me, if she'll have me. She can play in my ancestral castles if she takes a notion. Catch on to her eyes, will you? Ain't they got sunshine in them? And her hair! Real gold, that; none of your chippy varnish. And sweet and pretty, and all that. She's got me going, Beau, but I can't come within a yard of meeting her. Stays all by herself when she ain't with that fat woman who pilots her around. Top-notch?"

"She's Miss Parkin," I told him. "Seventeen years old, convent school girl, very nice, but no family. That fat woman is her mother."

"Oh, rag the mother! I'm for the girl. Do I get to know her?"

"You do," I said.

I didn't see very much of him during the succeeding week after he met the Parkin girl. They formed an instinctive friendship that developed into something else. Just why the girl took to Disney is beyond me. I suppose it was because she was a weak, fragile little slip of loveliness, and he was a very strong and dependable person. The fact that the girl overlooked Disney's faulty grammar and etiquette, and showed him plainly that she liked him and liked to have him around her, changed him a great deal. He began to exhibit a swaggering confidence to the other people, and to ignore the ones he had met.

"This girl," he said to me, "is going to be Mrs. Earl of Orth, all right, all right. Say, Stuart, I know what I'm getting, too. She hasn't got any idea of who or what I am. She just likes me—me, common old Hen Disney, pretty much the same as when he drove a milk wagon."

Reason was useless, and, after all, a man should be allowed to find happiness in his own way.

There is no doubt that the little Parkin girl liked him immensely, and their presence together excited considerable comment about the hotel. Both parties being undesirable, they didn't much matter; but, encouraged by the women, the men began to throw nasty insinuations, and when one night a drive which began after dinner extended until two o'clock in the morning, the hotel began to question the respectability of the little Parkin girl.

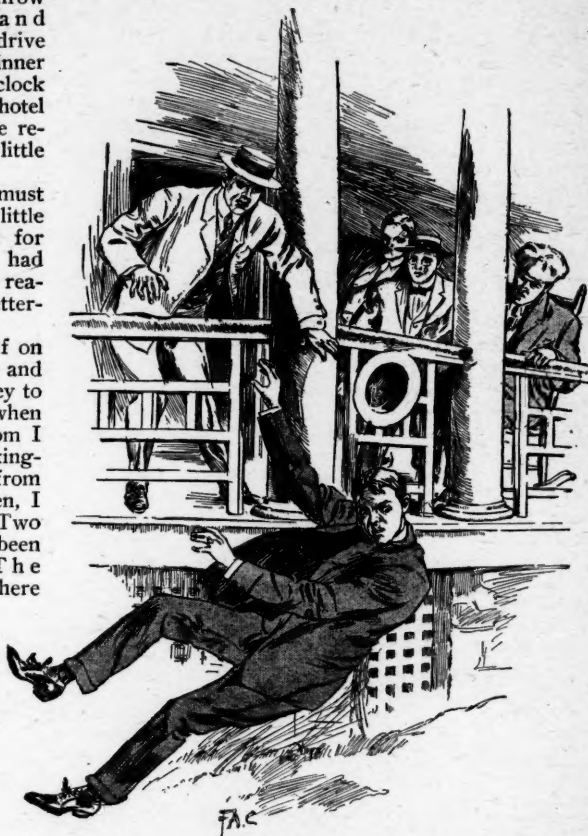
Up to this time I must say that I had very little regard or respect for Henry Disney, but had stuck to him for the reason that financial betterment showed itself.

I had seated myself on the porch of the hotel and was waiting for Disney to finish his breakfast, when four or five men whom I knew drew up rocking-chairs a little ways from me. When I say men, I do so unadvisedly. Two of them might have been over twenty-one. The others were anywhere down to eighteen.

They began to talk about the night escapade of Disney and Miss Parkin, and it appears that they had been seen in a private dining room of a road tavern near Pikesville. Innuendo was followed by plain statements. Jesse Hull, the youngest of the lot, and therefore the most devilish, capped the climax by winking wisely and saying something which only a foolish, evil-minded boy would say. A moment later Jesse was raised, silently but firmly, and dropped from the porch. The others turned to face Disney.

He had changed a great deal in the sudden anger which possessed him. His eyes shone and his thick lips were compressed in a straight line, like a slit across the face.

"You're a lot of damn' liars," said



*A moment later Jesse was raised, silently but firmly, and dropped from the porch.*

Disney. "And I'm going to teach you a lesson for what you've just said—each and every one of you. That boy was too small. I wouldn't hit him. The rest of you are my size. Come out into the woods, if you don't want to be punched on the porch."

Remington, the oldest of the lot, took the matter up and looked at Disney with a cold smile. "I don't see any reason for fighting," he said; "I shan't go, for one. If you make any trouble, I'll have the hotel manager put you out of the hotel."

"Oh, you will, eh?" cried Disney. "Well, then, suppose you go and have me put out." And with that he punched Remington's jaw. Remington jumped to his feet and made a dash for Disney, but the latter's fist caught him in the chest and knocked him backward. He tottered, and his foot slipped on the first step leading to the garden. He fell backward and rolled down the steps, hitting his head on the granite and lying very still.

"Now," said Disney, "will the rest of you come to the woods or will you stay here?"

Joe Lessing, who hadn't said a word, stepped forward. "I'll go you, Disney," he said, quietly. "Come on."

But it was too late. Mothers were driving their daughters indoors; men came rushing from other parts of the hotel, and bell boys collected. Maids thrust their heads from windows and screamed.

"Come on," said Joe Lessing. "Let's get out of this, and have it over."

As he spoke, Jaimes, the hotel manager, made his appearance. He ran to Remington's side and looked up, his face very white. Then he singled out Disney.

"What does this mean?" he asked.

Disney looked at him for a moment, laughed in his face, and turned to Lessing.

"I guess that one will suffice for the lot of you," he said, pointing to Remington. He laughed again and left the scene of action.

They picked Remington up, found he was only stunned, and put him to bed. The story of the fight got about rapidly, and matrons began to take the manager aside and insist on Disney's leaving the hotel and its environs, unless the manager wished them to leave.

"That comes of letting anyone in," they said, in epitome. "And this *was* such a nice place."

Jaimes was nearly distracted. He saw the hotel business falling off, and he came down to our cottage to see Disney. He was servile enough in the presence of what he considered the "blue blood," but he took it upon himself to be insolent to Disney.

"I'm sorry to tell you you'll have to leave the hotel grounds and give up the cottage," he said. "Mr. Stuart may

keep the cottage, if he likes—but we can't be too careful here as to who are our guests. We should have made more inquiries."

"Run along and play," commented Disney. "We don't want to stay in your cottage. Your hotel's to the bad, anyhow. Run along, little man."

If Jaimes had been insolent, Disney was in-



*Jaimes swelled up like a pouter pigeon.*

sufferably so. "I don't like your looks and I don't like your talk, and I don't want you in this cottage," continued Disney. "And if you stay much longer, I'll give you a life-sized imitation of a little fat man's tailor being introduced to my shoemaker—see? Fly away."

Jaimes swelled up like a pouter pigeon, but declined to aid in the introduction of cloth and leather.

Just as he left, a bell boy from the hotel brought me a telegram. I opened it and read it. Then I gasped and smiled. Immediately afterward I took my way to the hotel.

The telegram was to the effect that the Duke of Walshire was dead; that the British ambassador had been notified, and that he was sending his secretary of legation, the Honorable Mortimer Carstairs, to Commosie to invite the present duke to become an inmate of the embassy until he desired to sail for England. The Honorable Mortimer was accompanied by Harry Van Vleck, the arbiter of New York society, who wanted to meet the Duke of Walshire.

When I reached the hotel I found that the news had already spread about, and that anxious matrons were preparing their daughters for the dinner which was to come off that night. Jaimes, who had just heard of it, was frantically flying from chef to head waiter, arranging something elaborate. The deluded hotel manager had no idea of the purpose of the visit. He imagined the fame of his hotel was the drawing attraction. The general rumor had it that the Honorable Mortimer, who was an M. F. H. in his own country, wanted to look over the hounds.

In the midst of this excitement a lone figure attracted my eye. It was Mrs. Parkin, and she was weeping fatly in a corner of the hotel porch. I went up to her.

"Oh, Mr. Stuart," she cried, reproachfully, "it was all your fault—introducing that horrid man to my little Alice. And now she is—disgraced—"

I think I mentioned that Mrs. Parkin was impossible. No? Well, she was.

"Ordered from the hotel!" she wept. "Alice, poor child, hasn't left her room

since she heard. To think that a child of mine—"

Poor woman! I could see that the golden door to social conquest had, in her estimation, been forever closed to her daughter.

I hung about the hotel, watching the preparations with unholy glee. A bell boy had been dispatched to town to procure an enormous Union Jack and American flags; and icings were to be made from the mold of a crown. I presently sought out Alice Parkin and had a little talk with her.

She was a pretty child, but her eyes were troubled this morning and her conversation wandered. While I had no particular love for her, she impelled me to put an arm about her and tell her that I would protect her. Knowing Disney as well as I do, I am glad that I resisted the impulse.

Presently she asked me to take her to him, and did so. I left them together, and wandered off into the valley, where I lunched with some friends.

I got back in time to meet Carstairs and Van Vleck at the station. A victoria had been sent down for them, and I entered it with them.

"We were just by way of looking you up, Stuart," said Carstairs. "It appears that you are running this bally show, and have the peer tucked up your sleeve somewhere. He's going it incog., eh? Well, where is he?"

I told him that I didn't know. "He's passing under the name of Disney here," I said.

"What a shocking ugly name!" commented Carstairs.

We got to the hotel and found a quiet corner on the porch, and I retailed Disney's story to them. "He's a good sort," said Carstairs. "I like the way he stood up for that girl."

Just about that time Disney came riding around the path accompanied by the girl. She was in a gray riding habit, and looked very demure and pretty and satisfied; and he was in his glory on horseback.

I halloed to him, and he pulled up beneath the porch. The girl did like-

wise. "Hello, Stuart!" he said. "What's up?" He seemed to have no care on his mind at all.

"These gentlemen have come to extend an invitation to you to come to the British embassy with them," I said. "They know all about you. Do you mind if I use your right name?"

"Not at all," he responded, with a grin. I could see that he understood my reasons. The porch was pretty well packed with hotel guests and folks from

"We'll get rid of the horses and come up," he said.

Mrs. Crossley, who knew Harry Van Vleck, arose and walked unsteadily past us. Then, recognizing Van Vleck with apparently sudden surprise, she extended her hand. Van Vleck, who was a power and very snobbish, did not take the trouble to shake hands. He touched fingers languidly and said, "Good-afternoon."

Snobs always bow before greater snobs. Mrs. Crossley told Van Vleck she was glad to see him. Van Vleck yawned and said, "Thanks." Van Vleck found it unprofitable, nowadays, to be even ordinarily civil to anyone who was not very rich or very influential.

"Who—was that man—with the girl?" asked Mrs. Crossley, entirely ignoring me.

"That—eh?—oh, yes; that was Walshire," replied Van Vleck.

"Walshire?" interrogated Mrs. Crossley.

"The Duke of Walshire," explained Van Vleck, in a wearied tone.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Crossley, agitatedly,

and went back to her daughters. A buzz of excitement went up and down, which increased when, a few moments later, Disney came striding up the porch followed by Alice Parkin.

He stopped before us and smiled curiously. The girl looked appealingly at me.

"What does all this mean, Mr. Stuart?" she asked. "Won't you tell me?"

Carstairs threw away his cigarette, and both he and Van Vleck rose. "Miss Parkin," said I, "let me introduce—"

"Wait a moment," said Disney, still with his curious smile. "You've made a



"Hello, Stuart," he said. "What's up?"

the valley. My voice was raised a little, also.

"Then, your grace," I said, loudly, "let me present Captain the Honorable Mortimer Carstairs, of the British embassy, and Mr. Van Vleck, of New York City—the Duke of Walshire."

"How d'ye do?" he said, with a nod. Then he turned sharply to me. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean that your grandfather died this morning," I replied.

"I see," he meditated. Somehow, looking at him, his face seemed to have grown finer, his intonation gentler, his whole bearing distinctive. He nodded to us again.

mistake, Stuart. Pardon." He turned to the girl. "My dear, allow me." There was nothing coarse about him now. He was infinitely tender.

"Captain Carstairs, Mr. Van Vleck," he said; "this is my wife, the Duchess of Walshire."

I stepped back suddenly and sat down. Carstairs took the pink palm extended, and looked into the amazed blue eyes.

"Your grace," he murmured, "it is an honor."

There isn't very much more to tell. I may say that I am still with Walshire, and he and I have become good friends. He took four years at Oxford after coming to England, while his wife lived in the village and became very popular there, which popularity sowed the seeds

for the social prominence that came to her later in London.

As for the change in Walshire, I can only say that I give her a good share of the credit, and extend the rest to him. For to-day he is a man well worth knowing, and a useful member of the upper House.

An incidental fact that may interest folks who know them is that five of the matrons who snubbed Miss Parkin have unsuccessfully tried to get their daughters presented at Court during the London season. But for some reason the ambassador found it inadvisable to grant the requests of the ladies from Maryland. Even amiable and generous people remember things that hurt them, and I really believe that is the only mean thing the Duchess of Walshire has ever done.



### THE WISDOM OF THE EXPERIENCED

THE man who marries a woman because of her pretty face or figure generally gets what he bargained for and no more.

THE chief difference between a "shop girl" and the woman who alludes to her as such, is the size of the pocketbook; barring this, the odds would probably favor the former.

OUR real friends are most likely to be the ones upon whom we have spent the least amount of money.

IT requires more downright bravery for some fellows to appear on the beach in swimming togs than it would to lead a cavalry charge.

IF the wealth of the world were divided equally among its population, what a royal time we would all have—for about ten minutes.

IF you tell a woman that she dresses very becomingly she will spend the remainder of the day wondering whether your remarks should be interpreted as complimentary or otherwise.

MOONLIGHT scintillating upon the ruffled surface of the sea is not one-half so entrancing as that tiny spark of the same soft light that sometimes shines in a woman's eyes.

IF the veneer could be ripped from off the facing of society many a pine board would be found doing duty for seasoned mahogany.



By Ray Hamilton

SPACE and time are nature's incomprehensible enigmas! They constitute the two greatest mysteries in the whole schematic arrangement of the universe, and the human mind, however brilliant it may be considered by its contemporaneous egos, can never hope to understand the beginning of the one nor the end of the other; yet, strangely enough, it never seems to despair in its feeble and futile attempts.

Time, in its mathematical sense, is simply a measured portion of duration, and, though a very limited part of the dead past, called history, may be resurrected by a process akin to Christian Science reasoning, the future does not lend itself at all favorably to the art of prediction, and, therefore, we must of necessity live almost wholly in the absolute present, and time must be considered essentially as a factor in the abstract.

Oppositely disposed, space is capable of impressing its illimitable radius upon

the brain through the intermediary organ of the sense of sight, and for this reason it seems a little more concrete than time, and yet not many persons, unless they have been trained in astronomical physics, are able to form more than the vaguest idea of the immensity of space or the terrifying isolation of the sun and his retinue of planets.

Every fixed star whose light, however dim, reaches the eye, is a sun as large, and many are evidently much larger, than the sun that electrifies our solar system, and about these luminous points of light, it is believed, are numerous planets gyrating in predetermined orbits, governed by the same laws as those we see traversing their paths around our sun. These distant central station generators of energy, with their attendant invisible planets and impalpable comets, are rotating in an immensity of space that mystifies the senses and baffles the human mind.

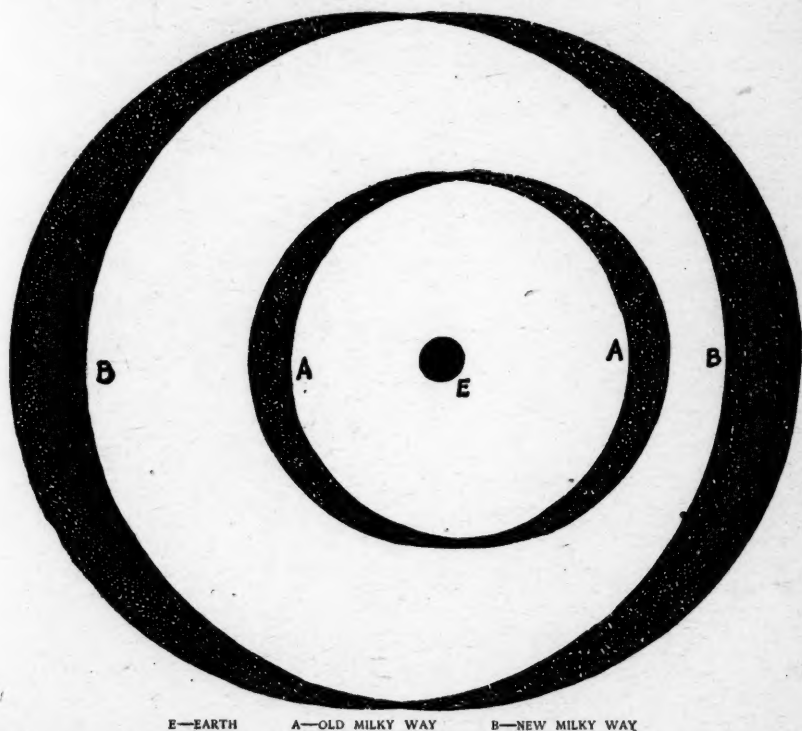
Far removed from the planet of Neptune—the very outpost of our solar system—for twenty million times a million miles there is nothing but space, void and vacant to all intents and purposes, although it is, in truth, filled with a transparent and transcendental substance called ether, and it is out of this subtle nothingness that every other form of matter with which we are acquainted, and some that we are not, are made, from the complex structure of the mightiest planet down to the minutest atom.

The nearest known star, designated by astronomers as *a Centauri* in the Southern Hemisphere, is a star of the first magnitude, and a simple calculation shows that the distance to this star is about twenty-five trillion miles; but there is little meaning in the expression

of celestial distances by actual figures, for a trillion miles are as inconceivable as a trillion dollars; for this reason such extensions into space are usually measured by the time it takes light to travel from them to us poor benighted mortals here on earth.

Now, light travels at the rate of about one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles per second, hence it requires only about one and a third seconds for the reflected light of the moon to pass through the intervening space between it and the earth, for the distance is only two hundred and forty thousand miles. It requires a fraction over eight minutes for a light wave to reach us from the sun, which is a little less than ninety-three million miles away.

The next nearest star to the earth is known as *61 Cygni*, while Sirius, or the



E—EARTH

A—OLD MILKY WAY

B—NEW MILKY WAY



CURIOUS STAR CLUSTERS

The thing that astonishes astronomers is the geometric forms they seem to assume

Dog Star—the brightest star to be found in the whole heaven—is at least three times further away. These differences indicate clearly that the stars must be of varying sizes, and since the distance of the latter and of our sun are well known, and assuming that their surfaces shine with equal brilliancy, then the Dog Star must have not less than fifty-six times the surface area of the sun, and approximately seven times the latter's diameter.

Away to what would seem to be the ends of space, and as far beyond Sirius as that planet is from the earth, a band of faintly luminous light, forming a great semicircle from the horizon, thence upward through the zenith and back again to the opposite edge of the earth, may be observed on any clear, dark night. This is the familiar Milky Way, and who has not stood forth and viewed its hazy, irregular form without wonder and admiration?

It is, indeed, a glorious and inspiring sight to gaze upon, and if we could have the earth removed from underneath our feet, we would see that this magnificent band completely encircled the heavens. To the unaided eye it is apparently composed of nebulous matter as thin as a flame, and the patches of misty light run together in a silvery mist.

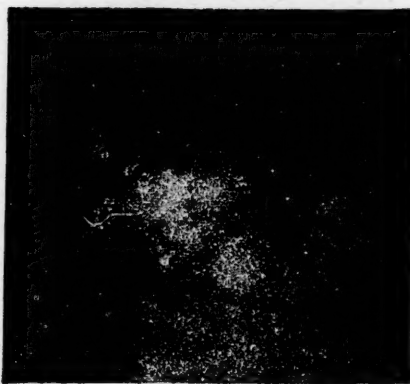
With a very cheap and small telescope this galaxy of luminous matter, as the Milky Way is sometimes called, will be resolved into stars that are distinctly separated; these little points of

light, it will be observed, present exactly the same appearance, except for their unlimited number, as the Pleiades, the six stars of which may be easily seen on any moonless night without a glass, but through a telescope they will be transformed into a hundred stars where there was but one before.

With a telescope of high power, such as those that are mounted

in observatories, the galaxy of the layman becomes clusters of millions of stars to the scientist, and, as it will be presently shown, beyond these are many millions more, and all so far away that with even the ingenious and magnificent instruments of modern science at his command, the trained specialist has difficulty in deciphering them.

This great starry ribbon has the same diurnal motion of the heavens, and this accounts for its various positions at different times, but its place always remains the same among the stars. Curiously enough, these bodies that make up the Milky Way are arranged in what at first appears a very haphazard manner, but by careful observation it will be



STAR CLOUD IN THE OLD, OR INNER, MILKY WAY

The number of stars involved is past all calculation

seen that they are grouped in clusters, some large, some small, leaving great cold, void and black spaces between them.

The ordinary sailor has always been a fairly good astronomer, and so he was given the privilege of naming one, but only one, of these spaces to please his own fancy, and this he did quite appropriately, calling it the Coal Sack, and as such it has since become justly noted.

It is believed by astronomers that we are a part of the Milky Way, and that our sun is near the center of the system, but how many other galaxies there may

be distributed throughout the boundless realms of space will not be known by man until he shall have learned where space and time have their beginning and their ending; but that there are others has at last been proven beyond the peradventure of a doubt, for Professor E. E. Barnard, the American astronomer royal, by means of the Bruce telescope, whose objective sweeps the heavens from a snow-capped peak that overlooks Death Valley in southern California, has obtained pictures of them photographically.

Here the extremes of temperature, as well as of space, meet, for Death



GREAT CLUSTER IN HERCULES

Here is a group of 12,000 to 15,000 stars so far away that they can only be discerned as a faint speck by the naked eye. This was photographed by the Crossby reflector, after two hours' exposure.

Valley is the hottest, and Wilson's Peak is the coldest, region known, that lie so closely together. The telescope on the summit of this mountain has been installed only a few months, but it is, after all, to the eye behind the lens that is due the honor of the new find.

Like many another occult phenomenon that has eluded the persistent observations of highly skilled astronomers, the new Milky Way was found through the medium of that allied but easier branch of science—photography. Numberless sensitive plates are constantly being exposed to the diamond radiance of the upper world for the purpose of obtaining comparative star maps, and it

was when one of these was developed by the discoverer that he found that a gauzy and well defined appearance was impressed upon the plate, which, on closer examination, proved to be a new Milky Way.

According to Professor Barnard, who has since made a number of photographs of the region of Sagittarius, where the new galaxy is located, if we could get a little closer to the luminous surface, it would be found to be much larger than the Milky Way we are familiar with. Hence when we say that space is illimitable, and time is without end, we are really putting the facts of the case altogether too mildly.



#### SUN-BURNT, OF COURSE.

**MISS DE STYLE**—She travels all day in the hot sun without a hat, and haughtily claims that her face is her fortune.

**MISS GUNBUSTA** (jocosely)—She's got money to burn, it seems.



#### HE GOT THE NUMBER.

**OFFICER**—He wuz shtruck by an auto, yer Honor, an' hod some ribs broken.

**JUDGE**—Did you get the number?

**OFFICER**—Yis; four; on the lift side.



#### IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

**EVE**—Why did you bring home that big book?

**ADAM**—To press my clothes.



#### ONE WAY OF PUTTING IT.

**LAWYER**—You say you are a woman contractor—what do you mean?

**FAIR WITNESS**—I am a corset maker, sir.



#### SOUNDED FAMILIAR.

**FIRST CAMPER-OUT**—Through that rent in the canvas we shall feel the falling dew.

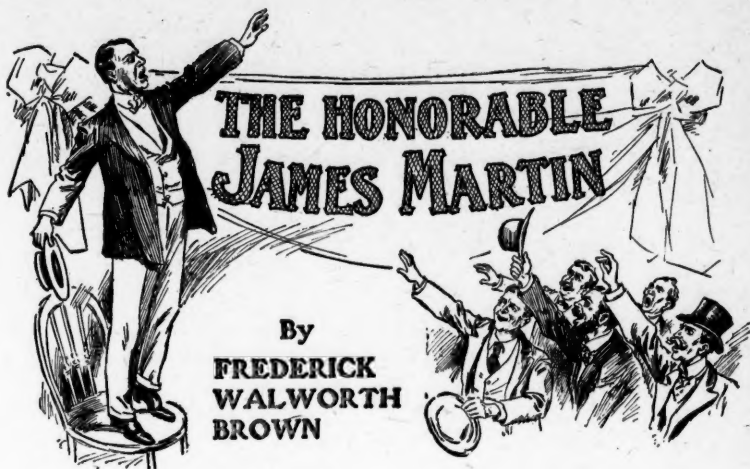
**SECOND CAMPER-OUT**—What's that? Rent falling due! Great Scot! That's what we came here to avoid!



#### HIS AWFUL SUFFERINGS.

**FIRST HIGHWAYMAN**—Hello, pard, how are you?

**SECOND HIGHWAYMAN** (who has just held up coach with many occupants)—I've gone through a great deal since I saw you last.



"I'VE raised you, educated you, started you in practice," said the congressman, bitterly, "and now you turn your back on me. A dog has more gratitude than that."

Young Martin flushed to his eyes. He opened his mouth to reply, closed it again and stood silent.

"I've represented this district," went on the congressman, "for sixteen years, and I've done my best by it. Then you, that I've treated like a son of my own, come along and try to undermine me. But I'll show you. You can't attack Billy Ford with impunity, young man."

"I have never attacked you," said Martin.

"What do you call it? Raised in my house, eating my bread and, meantime, laying your wires to oust me from my seat. Do you think your darned Republicans will give it to you? There aren't enough of 'em. I'll sweep the board again, and don't you forget it."

Martin glanced at the face of the older man, working with passion half controlled, and a great pity seized him. He knew the conditions in the district better than the congressman himself.

"Colonel," he said, "what was your plurality last time?"

"Twenty-eight hundred," said Ford.

"And since then the two mills have started up at Hamilton, each employing more men than your last plurality. Most of those men are eligible to vote this fall, and you must know that the indications all are that they will vote the Republican ticket."

"And if they do, who will be responsible for it? You—you ungrateful cub! You've spent the last two years spreading your infernal doctrines in this district. Don't deny it. I know what I'm talking about."

Martin kept his temper, and even smiled.

"I'm not conceited enough to think I'm responsible for much of it, colonel," he said. "It seems to be a disease that's becoming epidemic." He turned to leave. "I'm sorry," he added, "that I haven't been able to make you grasp my point of view, colonel. That's what I came for. I'm not as ungrateful as you think, but I don't see that you have any right to ask this."

As he stood up—straight, tall, clean-featured, with the unconscious poise of a man accustomed to speaking on his feet—the older man's face softened. For an instant it seemed that there might be a reconciliation, after all. Then the colonel's jaw hardened as his



*He stood up—straight, tall, clean-featured.*

sense of injury swept back. He swung his chair around, and began turning the papers on his desk.

"I don't understand you, Jim," he said, coldly. "I've said some pretty hard things this morning, but I can't see that they're not deserved. Good-morning."

"Good-morning," said Martin, and left the office.

He walked up the street past the courthouse with a hot feeling of injustice. He had done his best, and his advances had been rejected. He almost felt that he was absolved from his deep obligations to Colonel Ford. Young enough to be guided by clean motives even in politics, he felt it an insult to his honesty that the colonel should demand his support in the coming campaign, when his principles were of the other party.

He walked on out the main street of the little elm and maple-hidden county seat. The Republican convention was only ten days ahead, and he was a delegate. The colonel had demanded that he resign and throw his influence to the Democratic camp. It had struck him as a preposterous de-

mand. To belie his principles for personal reasons! To deny his reasoned beliefs from a sense of gratitude! Surely he was not called upon to do that.

Half unconsciously in his perplexity he turned whither he had turned before on similar occasions. He would talk it over with Mary. She would find a way out for him. His pace quickened, and half a mile farther he turned in at a driveway leading up to a spacious house standing back from the street and half hidden by great trees. On either hand the close-clipped lawn spread like a green carpet, broken here and there by clumps of shrubbery or the gnarled boles of oaks and maples.

It was all home to Martin, and he crossed the lawn and passed around the house, where his eye caught the figure of a young woman bending over a flower bed.

"Hello, Polly," he called, as he approached.

She straightened up and faced him.

"Hello, Jim," she returned, cordially.

"You'll get a sunstroke some day with these everlasting flowers," said he.

"With this for protection?" she laughed, pushing back her sunbonnet.

A mass of rippling dark hair escaped, framing her flushed face and matching her hazel eyes.

"Business must be dull," she added. "If you want something to do, start at the other end of this bed."

"No," said Martin, "I want to talk to you, Polly. I want some advice. Let's sit down somewhere—if you're not too busy."

"Is it more important than the flowers? These weeds——"

"Yes," he said, gravely, and she pulled off her earthy gloves and dropped them, and led the way to a bench in the shade of a big maple.

"Your father and I have had a disagreement, Polly," began Martin. "It's politics, of course. We haven't been

able to get together there since I left college, you know, but it's never come to an actual break till this morning. He wants me to throw up my connection with the party and support him this fall."

"Well?" said the girl, calmly—too calmly, Martin thought, and glanced at her quickly. Her eyes were noncommittal, but her lips closed in a line that he found disconcerting.

"You know I can't do that," he said, hastily.

"No?" questioned the girl.

"Of course I can't," said Martin, exasperated. "Don't you see? Why, the only licking your father ever gave me was for lying when I was nothing but a little tad. And this would be a far bigger lie than that."

"Why do you come to me if you've already made up your mind?" she asked.

"Polly, listen," said Martin. "I don't care much what anybody else thinks, but I do care a—a great deal for your good opinion."

The girl was looking him squarely in the eyes with absolute self-control, and Martin turned away and his brow gathered in heavy lines.

"Everything that I am," he said, "every prospect I have, I owe to your father. I'm *not* ungrateful, Polly. But a man isn't responsible for his beliefs. I can't say to my reason, 'You shall believe in the principles of the Democratic party.' A man's reason is a thing quite apart from his will. Your father thinks that in common gratitude I ought to support him, no matter what I believe. You see that I can't do it, don't you?"

"Perhaps I'm not an unbiassed judge," said the girl. "Father's getting old, Jim. He says this is the last time he will run. If he's beaten this last time, I think the dis-

appointment will kill him. So, you see, I can hardly judge between you."

"Polly," said Martin, solemnly, "he cannot win. This one county will go Republican by two thousand, and it will swing the district, sure. I've tried to show him, but he won't see it."

The girl smiled at him.

"Perhaps he understands conditions as well as you do, Jim," she said. "We were talking about it the other day, and he seemed to think if he could win over a certain James Martin he could be elected."

Martin stared at her, thinking rapidly. He had thought of the colonel's demand as a purely personal affair affecting him alone. Now he saw the wily game of the old campaigner. He *did* have influence, especially with the younger voters. He doubted if it was enough to turn the scale, but the fact that his thought was merely doubtful and not certain, made his position all the more difficult.



*The girl watched his perplexity with an amused smile.*

The girl watched his perplexity with an amused smile. She seemed to read his train of thought with close precision, and when she deemed the conclusion to be trembling in the balance, she leaned toward him and dropped a hand on his arm with the confidential familiarity possible between persons who had grown up together.

"Do it, Jim, for me," she urged.

Martin rubbed his fingers across his knitted brow, and spoke without looking at her. She realized that the ruse had failed, and leaned back, viewing him through veiled eyes.

"Do you know what it means, Polly?" he asked, slowly. "It means that my future is ruined. It means that I can never again hope for the confidence of other men. I've built up a practice in Hamilton; I've made men respect me. I've got a following, such as it is, in a political way. I'm on the road to success, I think——"

"All with father's help," she cut in, almost maliciously, her eyes blazing.

"Yes," he admitted, calmly. "I'd be the last man to deny it. If it were merely my prospects that were involved, I'd be an ungrateful cub even to hesitate. But that isn't all. I'm pledged to my party here in the county. I've been duly elected to the convention, and the men who elected me have a right to expect something of me. If I go back on them now I play the traitor, and I don't know that I'm willing to do that. I'll have to think about it before I decide."

He rose to go, and the girl rose also.

She was disappointed, yet she was young enough to respect ideals, and there may have been an element of admiration at the back of her mind. Too politic to break with him while there was yet a chance of winning him over, she let her voice be pleasant enough when she spoke.

"Let me know, Jim," she said, "when you make up your mind."

He wheeled toward her impulsively.

"Polly," he said, "it won't make any difference between us, will it, whichever way it goes?"

Her eyes fell before his for an instant. She knew that the words hid more than they declared. Then the politician's daughter looked up and played the game to the end.

"What do you mean, Jim? Of course if father were beaten by your influence, I should never forgive you."

Martin turned without speaking and left her. She watched him stride across the lawn, his hands in his pockets, his head bent, and his broad shoulders not quite so square as

usual; and when he reached the street she returned to her flower bed without a sign.

Two days later she received the pithy message, "I can't do it. Jim"; a message which she tore into bits and flung into the wastebasket. Of course she hated him. A man with no more gratitude than that was contemptible. And to think that it was her Jim!

## II.

The hall of the convention was in a swirl of furious commotion. On the



*She watched him stride across the lawn.*

floor the delegates raved, standing on chairs, shrieking for recognition, pulling each other down, even exchanging actual blows, while the galleries howled approvingly. The chairman stood at his desk patiently belaboring the innocent piece of furniture, and announcing from time to time that the convention was in disorder. The information seemed gratuitous.

On the outskirts of the fracas three or four of the leaders stood with heads together in close and hurried colloquy. Jim Martin was one, Boss Hartman was another, Ed Creegan a third.

"Engle is dead," said Martin. "He can't land it now. We've got to spring some one to beat Burley."

"Yes," said Hartman, "Engle's a dead one."

"Then you're the man, Martin," snapped big Creegan. "You can break the deadlock, and you're the only one who can."

"Me!" cried Martin. "I can't accept it, Ed. You know how I'm fixed. Even if it was unanimous I'd have to decline. No, we've got to pick some one who can break into that Burley crowd."

"You could do it," said Hartman, with Germanic calm.

"But I'm out of the question," cried Martin. "I can't take it, I tell you. How about Steele?"

"Won't do," said Creegan. "You ought to take it, Jim."

"See here," cried the young man, "my opponent would be the man who brought me up. You know as well as I do that I wouldn't run against him. I tell you it's out of the question."

At that moment the chairman recognized a delegate for a motion to adjourn, and, amid a howl of protest, put the question, and declared the convention adjourned till 2 P. M. The floor became a mass of cheering partisans, one crowd shouting for Engle, another for Burley. Hartman and Martin passed out of the hall together. Creegan slipped back into the crowd, and a moment later a small band of young men began a parade about the hall, shouting in unison, "Martin, Martin, Martin!"

They became a nucleus, and their numbers grew amazingly. Creegan stood talking with a short, stout man, who presently mounted a chair and began a speech to his immediate followers. It was Engle, and gradually the whole mass of excited men gathered about him listening to what he had to say.

It was short and to the point. He thanked them for the support already given him, said he was satisfied the convention was immovably deadlocked, and for the good of the party he wished to withdraw his name in favor of James Martin. A howl that shook the roof went up as he finished. And if anybody had looked he might have observed Creegan the astute in close conversation with Burley.

The convention reassembled at two o'clock, and proceeded at once to the balloting on the congressional nomination. The first ballot gave Burley his solid fifty-three, Engle had ten who stuck to him despite his withdrawal, twelve votes were scattered among various candidates, and the remaining seventy-two voted for Martin. Seventy-four votes were necessary to a choice.

Martin was on his feet in an instant, demanding recognition. His voice did not carry ten feet. Men gathered about him begging him to accept for the sake of the party. He answered by climbing on his chair and raising his voice to the utmost in the effort to make himself heard.

Even the chairman had been "fixed" by Creegan, and, ignoring Martin, he announced the result of the vote and called for another roll-call. Martin sprang from his chair and tried to force his way to the platform. He would not have the nomination. It was outrageous. He found his way blocked by determined men, and the clerk began the calling of the roll.

The result was foreordained. Five of Engle's stalwarts stuck to him. Burley had his men better in hand, and swung his entire delegation, to a man, over to Martin, the stragglers climbed into the band wagon, and the final

ballot stood: Engle, 5; Martin, 142. It was made unanimous by acclamation, Martin meantime struggling vainly for a hearing; and Creegan immediately moved an adjournment, which was put and carried.

Martin was instantly the center of a crowding mob all trying to shake his hand and offer congratulations. He seemed dazed, and kept repeating, "I can't take it, boys. It's out of the question. I can't take it," till big Ed Creegan shouldered through and, taking his arm, forced a way for them out of the hall.

"Jim," he said, as they emerged into the sunlight, "you've got to think this over carefully before you decide what you're going to do. I know how you feel—don't interrupt—you think you can't accept. But think about it carefully before you decide."

"There's nothing to think about," said Martin, hotly. "I tell you I will not have it."

"Jim," said Creegan, quietly, "did you ever consider that a man's duty to his party may be a higher call than his duty to his friends? I don't often talk like this. When I do I mean what I say. You think you can't accept because of your duty to Colonel Ford. I tell you there's a higher duty, and it's for you to decide which you'll follow."

"This convention represents the Republican half of the district pretty respectably. They were unanimous in giving you the nomination, and I don't believe there was another man in the three counties who could have united the Engle and Burley factions. If you decline now, you throw the party out of the running this fall. I believe the district is Republican to-day, but if you won't accept you'll leave us split into two factions, and the other side will walk off with it again."

"But you don't know, Ed, what it means," cried Martin.

Creegan stopped and faced the younger man. He put his hand on his shoulder, and Martin felt the weight of it—heavy, domineering.

"Yes, I guess I do know what it means, Jim," he said. "That's some-

thing you've got to consider. But I don't think Mary Ford is the sort to turn a man down for doing his duty."

It was a fair bull's-eye, and Martin flushed hotly and wrenched his shoulder free.

"You needn't be offended, Jim," said Creegan. "It's part of my business to know such things. Now don't be in too much of a hurry. That's all I ask. Think it over before you decline. There are times when a man has to sacrifice himself."

### III.

It was the last day of October. Jim Martin sat in his office looking rather worn and drawn about the mouth. It had been a hard campaign, and he had taken it hard. From end to end of the district he had stumped, fighting like the born fighter he was. His was the tongue of a ready speaker, and back of the tongue was a generous double handful of gray matter. His speeches had told, and any doubt as to the result that had existed before the campaign, was now removed. That he would be elected the following Tuesday was as near a certainty as anything in politics can be called certain.

Throughout the campaign he had fought strictly on the platform. If he had mentioned Colonel Ford at all it had been in the tone and with the reverence a man should show toward a father. And this, too, had redounded to his benefit.

So it was with a cynical smile that he sealed up his resignation and addressed the envelope to Creegan, the chairman of the committee, rang for a messenger and dispatched it. The letter he inclosed to Creegan personally, explained.

You nominated me against my strongest protest (he had written). You would not listen when I declared I would not run. You will bear me out that I did my best to avoid it. I felt then that in forcing it upon me against my wishes the party had, in a manner, absolved me from my obligations.

I determined then to make the fight up to the last minute, pull out when it was too

late for the party to get together on another man, and in this way insure the election of Colonel Ford. Next Tuesday will show whether or not the plan has worked.

My resignation is final. You will give it to the papers immediately, or I shall. I know this means the end, Ed, so far as I am concerned, but you ought to have known I wouldn't bite the hand that fed me.

He closed his desk with a bang, slipped on his overcoat and went out

denly ill. Mary met him, and there was a chill in her greeting that almost made him wish he had not come. Not a word had passed between them since his note telling her of his decision.

"What is it?" he asked

"Father wishes to see you," she returned, coolly. "I'm sure I don't know why."

"He's not sick, then?"



*Martin was instantly the center of a crowding mob, all trying to shake his hand.*

to lunch. As he shut the door of the office and started away he collided with a breathless youngster, who thrust a telegram into his hand. Martin signed for it, ripped it open and read:

Father wishes to see you. Come as soon as possible.

MARY.

Martin skipped his lunch, caught the next train to the county seat, and hurried to the house. He felt certain the summons could mean but one thing. The colonel must have been taken sud-

"Oh, no," she answered, and led the way to the library, Martin following, utterly at a loss to account for the summons.

The colonel was talking to Dr. Jamison, the family physician, as they entered.

"Hello, Jim," he called, cordially, at sight of Martin. "Sit down, I've got something to tell you. Don't go, Polly. You ought to know it, too."

"What's the matter with me, doctor?" he asked, turning to the physician.

"Your heart is seriously affected," answered the doctor.

"Must I get out of politics?" asked the colonel. He seemed to be enjoying himself.

"You must," said Dr. Jamison.

"How soon?" demanded the colonel.

"Immediately," said the doctor.

Martin listened with astonishment and a growing suspicion. It was a little too cut and dried.

"This looks to me like a put-up job, colonel," he said, with a smiling consciousness that he held the upper hand. The colonel in turn regarded him with an amused smile. He did not look in the least like a man about to retire because of ill health.

"You've got to represent the district, Jim," he said. "I'm out. I've just mailed my resignation to the committee."

Martin started up, then sat down again and burst out laughing.

"You'll have to withdraw it, colonel," he said. "I sent mine in by messenger before I left Hamilton. I've beaten you by several hours."

There was an instant's startled silence. Then the colonel fairly sprang at the younger man.

"What's that?" he shouted. "You've resigned, too? What for? What the devil did you do that for?"

"I never intended anything else, colonel," said Martin.

"But it'll ruin you, boy," cried Colonel Ford. "Stop it! Do you hear? Get out and stop it. Don't let the papers get it."

"It's too late," said Martin, calmly. "Suppose you recall yours and let mine go."

The colonel, standing over him, fiercely excited, suddenly went white. Mary sprang to her feet, and the doctor intervened and pushed him back into his chair.

"This must stop at once," he said, sternly. "Excitement is the one thing you can't stand."

"Thunder!" roared the colonel. "There'll be excitement, I tell you, till he does what I tell him." He turned on Martin. "Get Creegan on the wire

and withdraw it. Do you hear? You must be crazy."

"Go on," snapped the doctor. "Do you want to kill him?"

"It's no use," said Martin. "The evening papers no doubt have it by this time."

He caught Mary's eye, and there was fear and entreaty in her look.

"Quick, Jim," she said. "Please."

Martin walked to the telephone and unhooked the receiver. The library was absolutely still, and they heard the answering "hello."

"That you, Ed?" said Martin. "I suppose you've given my resignation to the papers?"

"No," came back the answer, explosively. "If you want to play the fool, you'll have to do it without my help."

"Well, hold it up till you hear from me. I'll be down to see you directly. Good-by."

"And *that's* all right," said Colonel Ford, with a sigh of relief.

Martin hung up the receiver and crossed the room slowly.

"Colonel," he said, "are you sure—"

It was the doctor who broke in.

"Don't start this matter again," he said, shortly. "Colonel Ford cannot stand it. He will probably live for years if he avoids excitement, but excitement may bring on an attack at any time."

"It's all right, Jim," said the colonel, with a grim smile. "I'd fight you to a finish if the doctor'd let me, but as it is I'm glad it's you who'll take my seat. Now go and explain to Creegan."

Mary went with Martin to the door. He turned on her in the hall.

"Polly, it's all right between us, isn't it? You don't blame me?"

She was grave with sudden anxiety for her father, but she smiled at the young man's fears.

"It's all right, Jim," she said. "But why didn't you tell me?"

"How could I explain to my opponent's first lieutenant?" he demanded.

"Good-by, congressman," she retorted. "Come and see me if you aren't too proud."

# Why Men Remain Bachelors

By Lilian Bell

IT will undoubtedly jar all complacent bachelors and unwed widowers to know the truth on this subject. They think they are in the possession of a dozen excellent reasons why they are unattached, whereas there is only one, and that one is that the Only Girl did not allow them to propose! If she had, there would now be no bachelors on earth. Dances would be kindergarten affairs, dinners would be conducted for the married only, and authors would be confined to the bread-and-butter article of love or the problem novel.

Of course this statement is a shock to your nervous system, O ye of the slightly thinning hair! Doubtless, should you take part in some magazine contest which asks why you are as you are, you would lie a little and say that girls are too frivolous, too selfish and too expensive for you to consider as possible helpmeets; and you would raise a laugh and amuse your intimates later by confiding that the contribution signed "G. L." was really yours. Then when they ask what G. L. stands for, you will tell them that to you it means Great Luck. To the Only Girl it would read Got Left.

For there was an Only Girl. In every man's life there is an Only One. He may be married and she may now be his

wife. He may be married and she may not be his wife, but only a delicious memory. She may have been so grand a woman that she would not lead him on, so he may not know that he ever would have loved her, but she knew it. Intuitive women can generally tell during the first stages of a mere acquaintanceship whether a man can be

lured on or if he is a hopeless proposition. And all this while he is trying to decide on the color of her eyes! It often happens that before a man has had time to ask his host the name of that dandy girl in pink, whom he has just been talking to, the dandy girl in pink knows that he is her property, and that he is going to propose; has nicely balanced the chances of her marrying him, and when he left to ask

what her name was, she was just moving into their first apartment.

Why do men remain bachelors? Don't ask them! They don't know. Ask us.

Of course bachelors never admit this, even to themselves, because most men, and all bachelors, are conceited. Women, for purposes of their own, have spoiled and led them on, and not only do men thereby keep all their old illusions about feminine charms and attractions, but they are furnished with new ones by the flattering tongues of the



IN EVERY MAN'S LIFE THERE IS AN ONLY ONE

clever women they meet, who may consider them possible husbands or only good things which ought, in the interest of the sex, to be pushed along. Now, spinsters are not so easily gulled. A woman who remains unwed until she has to resort to facial massage, knows her place, and generally has had the sense to forget marriage and go into business. At least, she has left off contesting her position with girls. But a bachelor who has to hold his newspaper at arms' length to read even the headlines regards men up to thirty as mere lads, and thinks all the *débutantes* as devoted to him as they pretend to be. Alas! Why can't the man see that the girls are only devoted to his automobile? Why does he not notice that when a dance is to be sat out, it is never with him, but always with The Other Fellow? Why? Why? Because he has been so flattered that he believes his bald head will hold its own with Jack's football crop, and if Reason *does* step in sight long enough to tell him to hold off for a little, he really thinks he has disappointed the girls because he hasn't proposed to them. Perhaps he has. It is always a disappointment when an automobilist drops off the list, but most of us could bear up under the blow if he would only lend us the machine occasionally!

No, the real truth is that men are not half as really attractive as we make them believe they are, and when we let some of them remain bachelors, it is not because we couldn't get them, but because we have other uses for them.

For bachelors are useful, and by bachelors I mean those men who are popularly supposed to be hopeless celibates as distinguished from marrying men. Women always know the difference, and often without being told. Marrying men have two ways of communicating to a waiting world that they are in the market. One is by confiding it to some married woman who takes an interest in them, and the other is by their actions. When it is the latter, anybody can tell what the matter is. Even other men notice it, and when this happens, the symptoms must be rather



THE GIRLS ARE ONLY DEVOTED TO HIS AUTOMOBILE

pronounced. As a result, his stock, so to speak, has depreciated in value, for no girl cares to marry what almost any girl can have.

For example, if a man says to his wife: "By the way, I met Grover to-day," and then goes on smoking for a few moments before adding: "Do you know, I believe old Grover would rather like to marry," his wife immediately thinks that her sister would not be the wife for him at all, even before she has had time to answer her husband's remark. Whereas, had he said: "I met old Grover to-day and asked him out for the week-end. He is crazy about golf, and I want him to try our links!" she would have mentally invited two girls for the same time, and decided that Grover would do nicely for either of them. Such, alas! is partly contrariness of women and partly our feminine horror of an Easy Mark.

Yet so-called marrying men make, as a rule, better husbands than confirmed bachelors who are caught wild and chloroformed into submission to their fate, for the marrying man, while soft and indiscriminating, is also home-loving and of domestic character. He will love his wife, welcome children and

sacrifice his own comfort for theirs, but he is rather inclined to value red flannel above high heels, and to invest in coal against next winter rather than to send his wife to a summer hotel where she might disport herself with her kind. But, after all, she has safety and the creature comforts and her husband's society to look forward to, whereas the woman who marries a bachelor may incur debts without being jumped on, because he was used to them before he married her. She may have her own way because her husband wants his, but she must resign herself to being a club widow fully one-third of the time.

Some women, being also domestic, and realizing this, permit eligible bachelors to get away, although feeling sure that they could have them if they set about it. So it is quite amusing to see a bachelor pluming himself on having escaped an attractive girl, who had decided not to take him, anyway. She deliberately baited her trap with cheese because she wanted to catch a domestic mouse. If she had cared to land a mountain trout, it is quite likely that she would be found to know its craft and wariness, and that only the most delicate flies and skillful hand could accomplish her purpose. Yet the mountain trout was fairly chuckling to think he did not eat the cheese! Tut! The girl let him get away on purpose.

However, to speak of the usefulness of bachelors—they are excellent to use to lure the real thing on. No girl cares to capitulate too suddenly, and in such a case a bachelor's real reason for existence is satisfactorily explained. The advent of an eligible though hopelessly confirmed bachelor has been known to inflate a tardy wooer with a very frenzy of ardor for a girl who had selected him for her husband the first time she talked to him, but had found him to be somewhat slow in deciding that she was the one woman in the world for him—which fact she was working to bring him to realize. There is something strangely irritating to the husband-man, be he only in embryo or the real thing, in the advent of the complacent, well-groomed, attractive bach-

elor. The mere sight of his sleekness reminds the husband-man of his own unvaleted condition, of the different ways they have to spend their money, of the difference in their ideals, of the different values they set on life, of the width of their respective paths, and the husband-man wants the bachelor to get away from the woman he loves. It is the fighting instinct of the male animal to protect his own.

He may not know even that he loves a certain girl, but let an eligible bachelor happen along, and he at once decides not only that he loves her, but that he wants to marry her, and right away, too, and as for that bachelor, let him get off the earth!

Many a happily married wife with a brood of lovely little children playing about her feet owes the satisfaction of her heart and the whole of her domestic safety and happiness to the interference of some hopeless, woman-fearing bachelor at a critical point in her courtship.

Have bachelors their uses in the world?

Women are clever, and they get their own way in all that concerns marriage,



GROVER WOULD DO NICELY FOR EITHER OF THEM



THE ATTRACTIVE, WELL-GROOMED BACHELOR ANNOYS  
THE HUSBANDMAN

much more than anyone knows. They study their man, and if they discover that he is selfish and set in his ways and extravagant, they realize that, even though he has more money than the Other Man, less of it will come their way. Money is of no earthly use unless you can get hold of it, and your confirmed bachelor is so accustomed to spending all he earns on himself that he seldom makes a good husband. So your careful woman, who is looking out for a good thing, knows this, and lets him get away without a scratch, pluming himself on having outwitted her at every turn, whereas the only reason she did not allow him to see that she knew she could have him if she chose was because she wanted to have the occasional use of his automobile after her marriage to the Other Fellow, and she knew he would never come near her again if she allowed his love to become self-conscious. Oh, what a fox a clever woman can be!

And so, bachelors have really persuaded not only themselves but their little world of acquaintances that the reason they do not marry is because

their ideals are too high. They are too old-fashioned, they say, to find any affinity in the up-to-date, elbow-sleeved golfer, the bare-headed runabout driver, the goggle-eyed chauffeuse, the high-heeled, low-necked two stepper, the college broad-jumper, or the captain of the basketball team. They cannot bring themselves to believe that such young women will make wives and mothers to suit their ancient tastes. It gives them a queer feeling to think of the mother of their children, as she sits rocking a cradle, allowing her thoughts to run on the objects of such a girlhood as most modern maidens can boast, with none of the sweet, old-fashioned accomplishments which go to make up a home at her command. Verily there is something to be said on the side of the bachelors.

But when I boldly assert that there is not an unmarried man on earth to-day, no matter how old, no matter how set in his ways, no matter how broken-hearted, no matter how callous, no matter how confirmed a woman-hater, whom *some* woman could not marry if she would—let them examine their inmost hearts and see if I am not correct. Is there no shadowy presence whom the



THEY STUDY THEIR MAN

quiet of an evening at home, a shaded lamp, an open fire and a good cigar do not evoke to keep you company? Is not the vacant chair on the other side of your hearthstone sometimes occupied by the sweet memory of a lost might-have-been? Perhaps she is a mite of a girl in short frocks, for whom you robbed birds' nests in your school days.

Perhaps no one has ever come so close to you in all your after life as that clear-eyed little woman of eight, but she is there—the one feminine creature who has kept you a bachelor all your days.

You think you are a bachelor of your own volition?

My dear sirs, you are all bachelors by the courtesy of women.



#### CAN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT THEM.

**SANFORD**—How many horse power does it take to run your auto?  
**MERTON** (stranded)—Well, I guess it will take two to haul it back to the city.



#### LOOKING AHEAD.

**MISS DE STYLE**—Why did she give her father those fine, soft, felt slippers for his birthday?

**MISS GUNBUSTA**—Because her beau is going to call on her hereafter.



#### HE MISUNDERSTOOD.

**MRS. GUNBUSTA**—I read to-day that they were goin' to git up a new club for chauffeurs.

**GUNBUSTA**—Waal, the next time you go to the city bring me one of them, for there's a feller tries to run over me every day that I'd like to use it on.



#### HE WANTED TOO MANY.

**DE STYLE**—Did their quarrel start over the mistletoe?

**GUNBUSTA**—No; under it.



#### IN FROZEN DOG.

**TOURIST**—Is there much "killing" done about here, now?

**SHERIFF**—Waal, no. The community is in a transition stage, so to speak. They've stopped carrying "guns" and hain't got to automobiles yet.



#### BUT HARDLY COMFORTABLE.

**GLADYS**—Is the gentleman whom Edith married in comfortable circumstances?

**MAUD**—Well—er—he has money!



AS you, sir, will readily believe, every nook and corner here at dear old Dreadnaught Hall is filled with priceless memories for Colonel Slaughter and myself. When two old boys have lived in the same house for over half a century, never leaving it except for a few days at a time, and keeping it overflowing with welcome at all times for all good fellows—of both sexes—and religiously seeing to it that each house-party contains the necessary elements of human eccentricity and explosive potentiality requisite for what are known as “doings,” why, then, sir, you must appreciate how Tom and I never feel lonesome here in our old age, for the whole place is haunted by tender recollections of the rare devils who helped us to make the Hall famous all through the South as the scene of “times” that were exceedingly “high,” not to say superheated. Believe me, sir, each room, each chair, each hearth, reminds us of more than one breathless episode of love or comedy or youthful madness. Up and down the grand stairs we fancy we can even now hear the tripping feet of beauties who, alas! lie dead in far-off country churchyards. From every window we sometimes think that we can see beloved old friends passing to and fro on the veranda or whispering amorous nothings in the moonlight under the old elms. Many a time we stop our senile chatter, and listen to ghost melodies that we would swear we hear,

in the dead stillness of some winter night, stealing from the old harpsichord; or the throb of some young girl’s voice coming in from the lawn on a cool, sweet summer evening. Sometimes we solemnly go the rounds of the whole house together, one reminding the other that it was in this room that dear old Major Somebody courted sweet little Virginia Something; there that old Colonel This-or-That called Judge Thingumbob no gentleman; on this spot that poor Monk Shooter like to have died over something that Pillow or Canter or Peter Polk did to fat old General Dabney Wise—until we just can’t stand it, and nothing will do but I must brew a particular old punch that we used to enjoy only on rare occasions. Yes, sir, old Dreadnaught Hall is a veritable museum of sacred memories, not one of which, thank God! has the sting of regret in it. All of these memories come back to us with the wistful, haunting sweetness which is nature’s gracious recompense to the old who can look back to a life full of good fellowship, tried friendships and lifelong attachments, and thrilling escapades never once stained by dishonor.

But of all parts of the dear old Hall, none has so much exciting history stored away in its now lonely and empty rooms as the old south wing. For many reasons, if ghosts should ever walk here at Dreadnaught, they would be sure to visit the south wing.

Indeed, so full of decidedly strenuous associations is the wing that neither the colonel nor I have had the heart to spend more than a few moments there for many years past. It fairly echoes to the laughter of the mad coterie of bachelors who used to make night hideous there forty years ago; and, if you will believe it, two or three of the rooms are still in exactly the condition that they were when the dear old fellows last occupied them. Only last Monday I found poor old Dick Cutler's copy of Blackstone lying face down on the table just as he had left it, and up in Canter's little room the floor is strewn with the cards that we played with on the night before we found him dead in his bed. The bureau drawers, the cupboards, the presses, are all full of the quaint old clothes and foppish toggery the gay young dandies always kept here in readiness for the visits they were wont to make us without waiting to be invited. Yes, sir, the old south wing is the leaf in the history of our past which has the power to bring dear faces, dear memories, dear names and adventures so suddenly and vividly from the dead that, as I say, Tom and I scarcely ever dare to invade its hallowed corridors and apartments.

The colonel insists that I tell you some story connected with the south wing, and, perhaps, out of the scores that suggest themselves to me, none would better give you an idea of just what that portion of the old house was in those days than the story of how its sacred precincts were once invaded by an insidious enemy who held it in a state of siege against all comers for a whole day in the Christmas holidays. With your permission, therefore, I will now relate that adventure, asking merely that you refrain from publishing it until dear old Mrs. Dalghren Tucker, of Bowling Green, shall have joined the other actors in the little comedy in the silent majority above. Pray join me, sir, in toasting them, one and all.

Well, then, sir, I think that I may say without undue conceit that my art as a master of the revels was never

more wickedly exemplified than by the arrangements I made for our jollification at Christmas, 1853. As the date itself will show, we were not then the confirmed old bachelors that we, alas! afterward became, but as dashing and romantic a lot of young dare-devils as ever fully intended to squeeze the lemon of life chip dry. Every mother's son of us believed at that time that youth was an eternal possession, beauty at our beck and call, and fortune anxiously waiting to smile on us. Also we were blissfully certain of success, and so madly in love with every marriageable girl south of the Mason and Dixon line that a score of weddings which should have taken place and which could have taken place at any moment, did not, as a matter of fact, take place at all. I was just beginning to realize my own remissness in not making some lady happy, and that all of the boys were recusant to their duty in a matrimonial way, when the time came around for me, as Colonel Tom Slaughter's master of ceremonies, to invite the great house-party for the holidays.

Without so much as consulting Tom, I quietly compiled a list of some dozen or more gentlemen of whose current love affairs the whole world was perfectly aware, and then just as secretly set to work to compile another list—the charming bead roll of the *pro tem*. objects of their affections. Believe me, my dear sir, no scheming mamma with six eligible daughters ever went about furthering her deep matrimonial plots with more cold-blooded cunning than I showed in getting together under our roof the very men and women who might positively be depended upon to keep Cupid and Hymen busy. Little did I realize, however, the tremendous power of the explosives with which, in my youthful disregard of danger, I was thus innocently playing. So I went ahead, and readily obtained from all of my unsuspecting victims an eager acceptance of our invitations. Of course I provided ballast for my otherwise perilously top-heavy venture, by inviting three or four steady married couples

whose presence would tend to reduce the danger of too many duels, elopements and other possible eruptions. When everything was fully arranged, I consulted the colonel.

"But, my land, Corker!" groaned Tom, after reading over my two lists several times, "do you appreciate, sir, just what you are doing? Every one of these gentlemen is or has been or will be in love with every one of these charming ladies! On my honor, sir, by inviting these hotbloods and these beauties you are inviting Heaven alone knows how much certain ruin."

"Never fear, sir," I replied, stoutly; "for all that is necessary for bringing about a round dozen of happy marriages is to get these yearning affinities together for a fortnight here in the

highly conducive environment of Dreadnaught. Kindly peruse those two lists, colonel, and you must observe, sir, that by a fundamental law of nature, and in the light of recent notorious events, we may count upon it that, name by name, pair by pair, those lists will fuse, sir, rush together, sir, with the happiest possible results."

"Provided that your precious affinities don't get mixed up—as they will, Corker, as sure as fate, and then there'll be the very Old Harry to pay. Why, major, just look at the names you have here! Are you crazy, sir? Do you actually expect me to believe that anything short of a direct interposition of Providence can prevent trouble when such fiends as Pillow and Monk Shooter and Peter Polk are cooped up in the same country house with such tormentors as Virgie Washington and Lorena Perdue, and, above all, with that vixen, Miss Georgie Mixer? Corker, if you love me, sir, if you have a solitary grain of respect for the laws of God or man, sir; if you lay claim to anything approaching sanity, sir, do for my sake abandon the idea of having Miss Mixer here with these graceless sparks!"

"Too late, Tom," I replied, "for the adorable young lady has already accepted your cordial invitation."

"You're a devil, major," laughed Tom, throwing a dictionary at me. "I suppose, as usual, you are consulting me after you yourself have definitely and irrevocably settled it all. But how on earth are you going to make this regiment of people comfortable here? You have asked thirty-six ladies and gentlemen to spend two weeks, in winter, too, when you cannot turn the old weaving house into a barrack for the single men."

"Again, sir, never fear," I said, proudly, "for I've seen to all that. The gentlemen will all be stowed away in the south wing, the ladies in the north wing, and the couples in the great state chambers in the main house. Capital, that, eh? You see, sir, that this will enable each division of our guests to adopt community regulations, and, as



*By lowering a basket to the dormer windows.*

the frontier will run along the central hall, members of either of the opposing factions can retreat to seclusion and safety in their own strongly fortified wing. All our previous troubles, my dear colonel, arose from the fact that we foolishly allowed everybody to wander about the whole house, no part being held sacred to the tender confidences among the ladies, and no part affording a haven of refuge to the men in their moments of exceptional exuberance. And, you see, the presence of the sedate couples in the center of the house will operate as a buffer between the two extremes, to say nothing of their value as nonconductors of sound and electricity."

The colonel was delighted and partially reassured by my plan of caging the bachelors in the remote south wing,



*In double file we trotted ahead of the state traveling coach.*

which is, as you are aware, sir, reached only by the narrow stairs leading up from the passage between the card room and the conservatory. The north wing, on the other hand, is really only an extension of the main house, and it is reached by the grand staircase, thus being, as I thought, more convenient and appropriate for the use of the ladies. I felt that I could at any time corral my herd of bachelors in their wing, lock the little door at the bottom of the winding stairs, keep them supplied with the necessities of life by lowering a basket to the dormer windows, from the roof of the main house, and leave the saints to their own innocent devices for whole days together. Festivities among them would not disturb the household even if they were prolonged until unregenerate hours, and the arcana of our secret fraternity would be safe from the curious eyes and ears of the fair. Yes, sir, my arrangements were certainly prudent and convenient.

At last the holidays approached, and I craftily contrived to have the entire male contingent safely intrenched in the south wing before any of the ladies or the life-preserving couples showed upon the scene. Monk Shooter and Canter and Pillow seized by force of arms the three little bedrooms in the wing, while their vanquished brethren drew lots for the cots which we had placed in two rows along the sides of the spacious attic. Within an hour after their arrival the old wing resembled almost anything from a fashionable haberdashery to a frontier mining camp. Wearing apparel lay scattered everywhere, cards, boxing gloves, foils, flasks, guns, what not. On the walls and the dressers soon began to appear miniatures of fair damsels, locks of hair, souvenirs, trinkets, *billets doux*, incriminating evidence of past, present and future "affairs" in an infinite variety, and as I surveyed the chaotic eruption of portmanteaux and trunks, and realized that, were a jealous or unfriendly eye to see it all, here was enough to bring about no end of duels and heartbreaks, I patted myself on the

back for having so shrewdly decided to segregate the band of amorous young highlanders in the inaccessible fastnesses of the south wing.

On the following day the couples duly arrived, and on the next day to that we started off to meet the galaxy of beauty which was to arrive together by train. I reckon that your modern mind would have been delighted by the sight of us on that crisp winter morning so long ago. I assure you, sir, no cavalcade of knights ever drew out of the portal of an ancient keep with higher spirits or more chivalrous ideals than we young hotspurs did that day. Fancy over a dozen of us booted and mounted on superb Kentucky thoroughbreds, riding away to welcome at the distant railway station a bevy of as beautiful girls as ever set pulses to tingling and hearts to beating fast and thoughts to wandering! In double file we trotted ahead of the state traveling coach and the other vehicles in which the ladies were to make the ten-mile journey to the Hall. Colonel Slaughter and Pillow led the van, while Cutler and I brought up the rear. Lord save us! but we were in fine fettle, and if youth and courage and manly beauty ever stood a chance to win with the fair, then we did!

Well, sir, imagine our chagrin when we reached the little village on the railroad and learned that the ladies had changed their minds and would proceed to Dreadnaught by the way of Governor Wilberforce's, some fifteen miles north of the road on which we had ridden out to meet them! Every one of us was ready to proclaim all women deceivers, for each of us had received a solemn promise from one or other of the cruel beauties that she just longed to see us, and would certainly accept our escort to the Hall. However, not a dimpled face was there to smile at us, not a cherry lip to tease or welcome us! So there was nothing to do but turn tail and make the best of our way home, with curses not loud but deep. Fools that we were, not one of us so much as suspected foul play on the part of our air ones! Dumb

and revengeful, we jogged back to Dreadnaught, reaching it just in time for luncheon. Without stopping to prink, we sauntered into the dining room—all except Dick Cutler, who, in addition to being, as you know, the most painfully bashful man that ever lived, was as fussy as an old maid over his personal appearance. He accordingly told us not to wait for him while he went up to his room in the south wing to perform his toilet, and we were giving Mrs. Courtney a mendacious account of our travels to the station and back, and she—the dear prevaricator!—was gayly misleading us as to the altered plans of the girls, when poor Cutler staggered into the room as red as a lobster and too confused to do more than stammer incoherently. We all jumped up, and I felt an intuitive horror for which I could not account. Tom poured a glass of sherry down Cutler's throat, and others pounded him on the back, while the three married ladies made egregiously disingenuous guesses at what ailed Dick. Finally he mustered sufficient courage to speak.

"There's one in my room," he gasped, clutching at Tom's hand, "there's another in Pillow's room, another in Shooter's! There's no end of them in the attic—the whole wing, in fact, is full of them. Oh, Lord!"

"Full of what?" shouted Canter.

"What's in my room?" shrieked Pillow, trying guiltily to remember what sort of things lay scattered about in that sanctum of innocence.

"Burglars?" asked somebody.

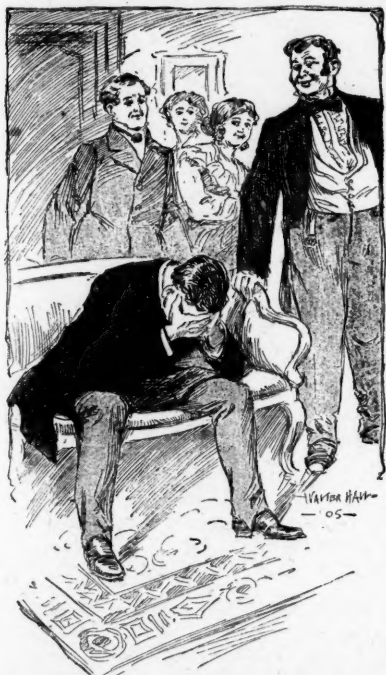
"Snakes?" suggested Mrs. Warburton.

"Wasps?" inquired Mrs. Dudley King.

"No! No!" groaned poor Cutler, wiping the perspiration from his parboiled face. "Not thieves, nor serpents, nor insects, but—girls!" He collapsed, hiding his blushing face like he was responsible for the amazing presence of petticoats in the abodes of the saints.

Well, sir, it would be impossible to convey to your mind the slightest idea of the effect of Cutler's announcement upon that company of scapegraces. We

stampeded toward the card room—only to find that the door leading to the little stairs was, of course, barricaded, not by an armed force, but by our own sense of chivalrous respect for the fair garrison so surreptitiously in possession of our stronghold. What was to be done? And who had engineered the stratagem by which we had been so cunningly undone? These were the questions which everybody was shouting and nobody could answer. Little by little the horror of the situation dawned upon us, and I assure you, sir, deep down in the guilty hearts of more than one of us was a vague and sickening dread lest everything that the future held in store for us of happiness—and reputation!—was being jeopardized by the presence of those terrible girls up there in our lair. As host, Colonel Slaughter felt called upon to investi-



Cutler collapsed, hiding his blushing face.

gate the causes that had led up to the frightful mischance, as well as to devise means for speedily extricating our names and prospects from the peril in which each of us knew them to be. But, goodness and all, Tom was no earthly good at a crisis like that, and it fell to my lot to undertake the memorable siege of the south wing.

Leaving my followers to rave and fume in the card room, I stole out to the servants' hall and there got an inkling of the true inwardness of the whole plot. I discovered that that awful Miss Mixer was at the bottom of the scheme. Her brother Alec had foolishly written her all about our plan for establishing that dreadful bachelors' bower in the wing, and she—the maddest and prettiest bit of incorrigibility that ever kept the prudent ones guessing—at once determined to oust us, bag and baggage, from our cave of the winds. On arriving at the Hall by the circuitous route which had thrown us off their track so neatly, Miss Mixer and her dozen sister conspirators immediately took Mrs. Courtney and old Aunt Deborah, the housekeeper, into their confidence, and the rest was easy. Calmly taking possession of our wing, the dear creatures awaited our return with philosophic giggles of unholy glee, although they kindly did have their luggage placed in their own wing, for they meant only to dispossess us long enough to worry us a little. They achieved their end—with a vengeance, sir!

"But, confound it, sir!" Pillow was shrieking when I rejoined the besiegers in the card room, "I tell you that this spells ruin, sir; black, dismal, final ruin, sir! I have twenty locks of hair, a dozen portraits, Heaven only knows how many love letters, and at the very least three flasks of whisky on my bureau at this ghastly instant, sir!"

"Yes," roared Major Monk Shooter, grabbing poor Tom and shaking the breath out of him, "and my predicament is even worse, sir, for if Miss Dixie Mordaunt gets so much as a peep at my room, why, then, sir, I might as well leave the country, sir—that's all!"

"Yes," bawled Canter, pulling Tom away from Shooter, "and what do you think will happen to me, sir, if Miss Lorena happens to scrutinize the contents of my writing desk, sir, when I confess to you, sir, that it contains a deucedly recent epistle couched in ardent terms, sir, and not addressed to her, sir, not to her, but to Miss Mixer, who is up there chuckling over it at this very hair-raising minute, sir!"

"You forget, gentlemen," screamed Cutler, "that our invaders are ladies, and that they would not violate the sanctity of our private correspondence, but—oh, Lord! oh, Lord!—I left a pair of my best silk unmentionables hanging over the door of my room—if they should recognize the crest embroidered on them, I must remain an exile for life!"

"I wish to goodness that I had no more to fear than you gentlemen seem to have," moaned Peter Polk, dropping his head on his arms as he leaned against the mantelpiece. "I leave it to you to say what my future is likely to be, when I tell you that I pinned a picture of Miss Cecily and of Miss Elsie and of Miss Irene on my pillow, and then, like a blithering idiot, I suspended a rabbit's foot just over the three pictures—and, of course, those lynx-eyed girls will see it and know that I meant to court the one to which that infernal rabbit's foot turned after I twirled it around! Kick me, please, some one—that's it—again—harder—that's it—thank you!"

Each guilty man lifted his lamentation, and I waited until something like reason succeeded to the babel of voices before outlining my plan of campaign. I first tried diplomatic communication with the besieged, sending up word by Aunt Deborah that the maids were unpacking the trunks, and wanted to know where to put all the things. It failed. Aunt Deborah's fat sides shook as she reported that the young ladies said that they just couldn't think of their own effects until they had set our disgracefully disorderly rooms to rights! There was another howl of dismay at this, and then I sought the assistance

of the married ladies. Alas! They cruelly rejoiced over our predicament, and refused to sympathize with us, much less to come to our relief. Then one or two men who had sisters among the invaders sent up haughty, dictatorial messages couched in lordly elder-brotherly terms—only to be bidden to mind their own affairs, and to prepare to meet papa! Then we thought of starving out the beleaguered garrison, but learned, to our amazement, that huge supplies of candy and cake and lemons and sardines and pickles and all other necessities of feminine existence had been laid in before our arrival. Even a desperate resort to actual force was soon found unavailing, because we discovered that the door at the foot of the stairs was locked, and attempts at scaling the outer walls were promptly met with deluges of cold water from the upper windows. A detachment of sappers and miners was sent up on the roof, but beyond eliciting shrieks of defiant laughter from the besieged when ineffectual hands waved over the edge of the dormer windows, nothing came of their really hazardous efforts.

Suddenly, however, a great light broke in upon my mind. Leaving my forces disposed at every point of strategical importance, and instructing them to keep up a bombardment of entreaty, and to raise a cry of fire at regular intervals, I hurried down to the slave quarters and offered a mysterious reward which sent at least a score of pickaninnies scurrying all over the cabins, the barns, the cook house and all the outbuildings. I returned to the firing line and made a great show of directing futile efforts in which I secretly did not believe, but which served to keep up the spirits of my men—and those of the fair garrison, no doubt! Every few minutes sounds of demoniacal joy reached us from above, and with each new outburst some poor devil among us felt that his reputation or chances of success with his sweetheart were being ruthlessly shattered.

"Set fire—real fire—to the wing, colonel, for God's sake, sir, or we're all

dead ones," implored Pillow, when two or three saucy faces appeared for a triumphant instant at the window of his room.

"Get a nigger to ride up like mad, Tom, and we'll tear open the telegram and burst into tears right here where they can see us—curiosity will bring 'em packing down in a jiffy," suggested Cutler, a great strategist.

"I tell you—all what," cried Canter, dancing about with delirious inspiration, "let us bring all their trunks out here on the lawn, and begin to unpack them—I reckon that'll fetch 'em in a hurry!"

The idea was so taking that four or five were already dashing off to get the trunks, when I spied half a dozen little black faces grinning at me around the corner of the kitchen, and I signaled to them to retreat and I would join them. I was soon in executive session with my little accomplices. In a few moments I was up on the roof, with my basket in my hand. All the gentlemen were standing around the trunks which had been brought out on the lawn, when suddenly there was an unearthly shriek up in the wing, and a dozen hysterical girls were tumbling and scrambling out of the library door, and, rushing up to their enemies of a moment before, were clinging to them and begging them to save them!

"Mice!" gasped Miss Mixer, collapsing into Pillow's outstretched arms.

"Rats! Ugh!" shivered Miss Lorena, accommodating Canter's yearning arms.

"A million of 'em!" shrieked Miss Dixie, making Shooter's shoulder happy.

"I do hope to goodness there's none on me!" sobbed Miss Georgie, with an appealing look at Cutler.

And so it went. Each man soon had a trembling and penitent beauty clinging to his neck. The girls recovered speedily, however, and retreated for smelling salts to their own wing, while the victors piled madly up the stairs of the south wing. Not a thing had been touched by the fair invaders, but, sir, you'd have died laughing to see the way that every man of 'em pitched in to clean house! For a good half hour the hearth in the attic blazed with the evidence of a dozen amorous records.

It was a merry dinner that we ate that Christmas eve, for the dear girls gave us all the most indubitable proof that the revelations of the south wing had in no wise impaired their confidence in us.

"What did it?" you ask. Why, sir, I just let loose a basketful of mice in the wing. I lowered the basket down the chimney. The mice did the rest.



*Each man soon had a penitent and trembling beauty clinging to his neck.*



### **An Excellent Society Type.**

Mrs. C. Bruce Ismay, the wife of the general manager of the International Navigation Company, is one of those striking examples of what our social life, in its most exclusive form, is doing for our American girls. She was, until the spring of 1904, Miss Constance Schieffelin, the daughter of George Schieffelin, one of the leaders of New York's great company of money. From her youth, Mrs. Ismay was surrounded by all the comforts and luxuries which money can buy, and all the gayeties and humors of society were hers to enjoy. She has followed in the steps of her wealthy ancestors, living the life of the socially elect in New York, until by her marriage she transferred her career to England. Over there the high social position held by her husband, coupled with her own standing has given her entrée to the most exclusive circles, where she is greatly liked and admired. An accomplished horsewoman, she has chosen her favorite sport as the medium through which her charms were to be displayed on canvas. The artist, Carl Weicher, has produced a very faithful likeness in oil.

### **Proud of Her Ancestors.**

Mrs. Attilo Morosini, of New York, is a great-great-great-grandniece of George Washington, and grandniece of

Dolly Madison. As Mary Caroline Washington Bond, in the days before her sudden marriage, she was considered the most beautiful girl in America.

Her husband's father was the multimillionaire banker, Giovanni P. Morosini, who came to this country as a refugee with Garibaldi, and who was the counselor, friend and partner of Jay Gould.

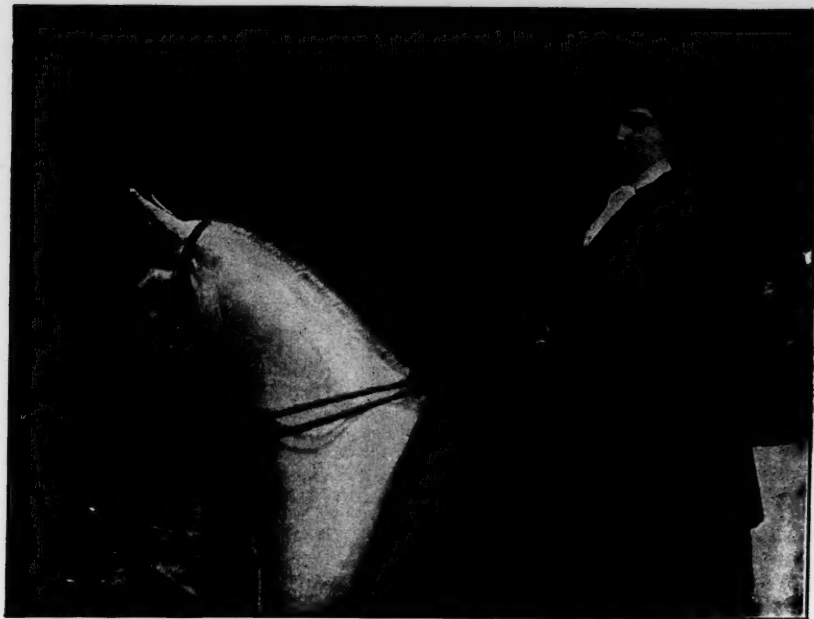
As an example of a brilliant belle who has become the most home-loving of mothers, none better can be found than Mrs. Attilo Morosini. She has a little daughter named Mary Washington Morosini. The twin to this child, George Washington Morosini, died a few months after his birth. Her little daughter has noted ancestors among her father's family, also, for her great grandfather was a famous general under Garibaldi. Although Mrs. Morosini was for several seasons one of the most prominent young women of society, she now rarely goes out.

### **A Governor's Wife.**

There was one woman who was even more interested in the result of the contest for the governorship of Colorado than the two contestants themselves. She was the wife of J. S. McDonald, a candidate for lieutenant-governor on the ticket with Governor Peabody. By a compromise effected between the two parties, Governor Peabody was declared elected and immediately re-







From a miniature by Weidner

MRS. C. BRUCE ISMAY

The wife of the well known shipping magnate and the daughter of George Schieffelin, one of New York's richest social leaders. She is a typical example of what our social life does for our girls in the matter of manner and good taste

signed his place, thus installing Mr. McDonald as governor. Mrs. McDonald had consented to her husband entering the campaign because she thought his election would involve only his service as presiding officer of the senate. She was vigorously opposed to his acceptance of the governorship, and very unwillingly followed him into the governor's mansion. Mr. McDonald has the reputation of being a conservative, and his way of dealing with the serious mining labor problem in his State will be watched with a great deal of interest.

#### "A Friend of the President"—His Guide.

One of the curious turns of the searchlight of publicity has revealed the personality of John B. Goff, a Western guide, who, if it had not been for the hunting proclivities of President Roosevelt, might have remained un-

known to fame. Several years ago, when President Roosevelt went to hunt mountain lions in the State of Colorado, he was introduced to Goff, who, during the first long, hard hunt, won the President's respect and friendship. The latter did not show his interest exuberantly, but later, in planning his second trip, showed that he had not forgotten his assistant. He communicated more than once, direct, with his old companion, and later, when the opportunity came to use his services in some government labor, did not hesitate to do so. There was need to exterminate the lions in Yellowstone Park, where they were becoming too bold and marauding, and this task was at once assigned to a commission, with Goff at the head. He has five years in which to rid the park, which is an area twice as large as Massachusetts, of the lions, and has undertaken to do so, without the



MRS. ATTILO MOROSINI

She is a great-great-grandniece of George Washington and a grandniece of Doll: Madison, beside being one of the most beautiful matrons in society to-day

least doubt of his ability. He has killed over three hundred lions, and claims that this latest will be no especially difficult task.

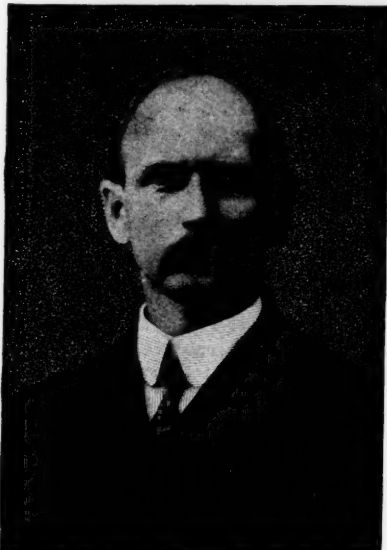
"Johnny" Goff, as the West knows him, is the youngest and one of the most famous guides of that country, living and breathing the atmosphere of the uninhabited stretches of the far West. He was born in Indiana, a small town in the southern portion, but like many another of our changing population, moved further and further west in his youth, following the lure of dim trails until he at last reached Colorado, where he has since resided. He is a fine type of what the old scout and cowboy must have been. He has a clean-cut, sharp-featured face and direct-glancing eye, which supposedly made for success on the plains and among a none-too-polished people in the older days.

For twenty years Goff has played this rôle of a typical Westerner, until now he is a real success. He has sat all night under the near branches of a pine, following the movements of a treed wild cat, or at the mouth of a canyon watching for the possible efforts of a bear to escape. He is slender, blond and tanned, with a broad, genial smile, which has an edge of reserve and even hardness in it. He lives on a ranch near Meeker, Colorado, where he is still surrounded by savage life, and is only accessible to the public after a ride of forty-five miles by stage. He has a wife and several children, all of whom share his feelings for the existence and employments which have furnished him his present fame.

#### Mr. Lawson, of Boston.

The fiery Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston, sir, has abandoned

that abode of learning and dignified peace, and has set his face to the West, where he has been laboriously campaigning. Lawson managed to stir up a great rumpus in the West, as he has done everywhere else he has been. At Kansas City he became amazingly conspicuous by reason of the rabid and sarcastic attack made upon him by William Travers Jerome, district attorney of New York, and again in Chicago he stirred up the ire of Mayor Dunne by criticising the working possibility of municipal ownership. Proceeding to Kansas and a long list of small towns in between, he persistently and consistently advised all the small farm owners and householders, and others who had neither farms nor houses, to sell their stocks and thus injure THE SYSTEM. Mr. Lawson is so picturesque and so interesting that the great public cannot help but be pleased with him, and so, in spite of his foolish and rather misplaced urging, it listened respect-



J. S. McDONALD

The compromise governor of Colorado who is bringing the troubled politics of that state to a peaceful condition



JOHN B. GOFF

He is the Colorado guide whom the President has selected to rid Yellowstone Park of its mountain lions

fully, pleased to hear and see a man who speaks his own mind.

The great Lawson is not a surpassing orator, but he is a sane talker, and likes nothing better than to be listened to. He has a fine flow of epithet, and when he lets loose on "the system" it is well worth listening to, whether you own any stocks or not.

#### Mr. John Butler Burke and the Origin of Life.

Undoubtedly the scientific sensation of recent times, after the discovery of radium, is the assertion made by Mr. J. B. Burke, the young Irish scientist, that bouillon, or beef-gelatin, after be-

ing thoroughly sterilized and inclosed in perfectly sealed tubes to which no germs could have access, shows, when exposed to the radiation of radium, a peculiar growth, which may be a new form of life. The world has long wondered how life on this planet began, and

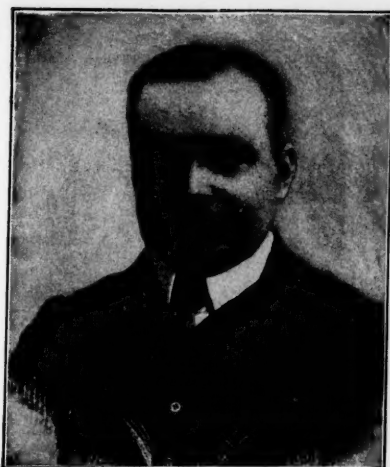
life forms could evolve. He then set the tubes aside and watched them, the tubes without radium showing no sign of life whatever, but the tubes with radium showing a most peculiar growth. On the surface of the beef gelatin appeared minute, rounded objects which



THOMAS W. LAWSON,  
of Boston, who needs no introduction. He is here turning the fire of his eloquence upon a rural audience. He wants them to sell their stocks

this discovery of Mr. Burke's, if it is genuine, goes far toward showing how. Mr. Burke made a solution of beef-gelatin or bouillon, and put some of it in tubes containing radium, and the rest in tubes without radium. These were carefully stopped up with cotton wool and subjected to a temperature far above the boiling point of water in order to kill any life germs from which

looked like bacteria, though not corresponding to any known kind. The objects were not more than one-sixty-thousandth of an inch in length, and exhibited all the evidences of being living things. When they reached the maximum size, already named, they subdivided, and the subdivision was photographed. When portions of the growth were removed from the influ-



MR. JOHN BUTLER BURKE

The young Irishman whose discovery, made at the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge, of the action of radium on soup jelly suggests the production of a "cell" or "spontaneous generation," or the (apparent) origin of life

ence of the radium and placed under fresh portions of sterilized bouillon, they continued to grow. This proved that the influence of radium was only initial, and that the new creatures, once created, could grow independently.

Naturally the scientific world is agog. If life can be created in this manner, the riddle of our existence has one less step to unravel. Mr. Burke calls his living creatures radiobes.

### The Author of "The Masquerader."

Mrs. Katherine Cecil Thurston is an Irishwoman, a daughter of Paul Maden, at one time mayor of Cork. It was her father's position in public life which gave her a knowledge of politics, and her husband's interest in literature which turned her thoughts to that field of effort. She married E. Temple Thurston, a London author and journalist, and it was at his suggestion that she wrote her first short story. Her first novel, "The Circle," was successful, and its successor, "The Masquerader," was one of the big sellers of last

winter. Mrs. Thurston's literary career goes back only five years, but she ranks to-day among the most successful of women writers in English literature. She has a winter home in England, and spends her summers in a quaint little village on the southern coast of Ireland.



MRS. KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON

She is the author of "The Masquerader," one of the few books that have sold largely in the last two years—almost the only one, in fact

### The Man Behind the Panama Canal.

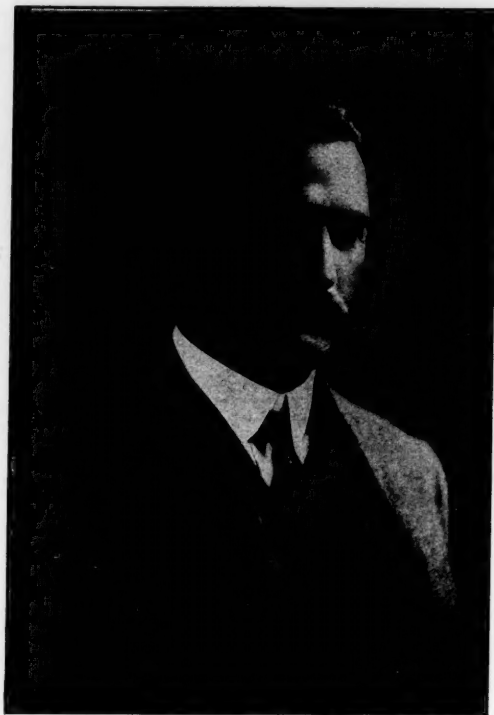
John F. Stevens, the man who has been called by the President to dig the Panama Canal, and who seems to have the force and determination to do it, is one of those sturdy American types who, though born in the East, have all the flavor and energy of the middle West. Mr. Stevens was born in Gardiner, Maine, fifty-two years ago. He was only twenty-one when he had already migrated to the West, and become the assistant engineer of the city of Minneapolis. After some time spent there, he went into railroad work and steadily prospered. He was continuously employed in Western railroad construction during a quarter of a century, and during this time he rose until he became chief engineer of the Great Northern, locating the western extension of that road to the Pacific Coast. Later he went to the Rock Island system as vice-president, and then resigned to do special work for the government in connection with the Philippines. When Mr. John F. Wallace resigned his position as engineer of the canal, Mr. Stev-

ens was thought of, and so came his great opportunity. If he builds this canal properly he will not need to struggle for further engineering honors.

### One of the Cabinet Ladies.

The most domestic member of the

kitchen cabinet is Mrs. George B. Cortelyou. A daughter of a well-known educator, Mrs. Cortelyou married a clerk in one of the government departments with probably no thought that one day he would be a member of the President's cabinet. She has raised a large family, to which she devotes the greater part of her time; and her domestic duties are far more attractive to her than the official duties which are attached to her position as a wife of a



JOHN F. STEVENS

The western engineer to whom has fallen the great opportunity of building the Panama canal. He has inspired general confidence in his ability

cabinet officer. Mrs. Cortelyou is a woman of infinite tact, and her consideration for others has won her a host of admiring friends in official circles and elsewhere.

### Countess Warwick Turns Socialist.

The Countess of Warwick, whose picture is shown in connection with this

department this month, is one of the notable women of birth in England who have come down from their lofty position to take a hand in the troublesome affairs of the world. Lady Warwick is a philanthropist at heart, a woman interested in the welfare of her kind, and, although born heir to a magnificent estate of twenty-three thousand acres, has interested herself in many philanthropic movements. She has recently founded a training school for girls, at Reading, England, where horticulture, dairy, bee and poultry keeping are taught, and, besides this, has come openly and avowedly out for socialism, declaring that the poor are poor because they have not the courage and

brains to demand their rights, and that she has come to aid them in a fight for their own, not to encourage them to be better beggars.

"I am wholly in agreement," she recently declared, "with all the details of the program put forth by the Social Democratic Federation of England, including, as it does, democratization of the government machinery; abolition of the House of Lords; adult suffrage, which would give the vote to all, irrespective of sex, on the basis of citizenship and not of property; abolition of all indirect taxation; free maintenance of all attending state schools; abolition of school rates; nationalization of the land, with control of labor on co-operative principles;



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MRS. GEORGE B. CORTELYOU

Wife of the forceful Postmaster-General. She cares more for her home life than she does for the social whirl of Washington

forty-eight hours a week to be the maximum hours of labor for all trades and industries, and the disestablishment and disendowment of all state churches."

This sounds like a great deal for a

every intellectual movement with interest. In the past she has founded a science and technical school for boys and girls at her Essex estate, a home for crippled children at Warwick, and



THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK AND HER CHILDREN

She is a leader in English society, the owner of 23,000 acres of beautiful land and the founder of several organizations for ameliorating the conditions of the poor. Recently she has come out earnestly for socialism.

delicately reared lady to be in agreement with, but she is a brilliant woman and possesses great force of character. She is a great reader, loves the excitement of social contact, and follows up

a complete organization for the care of the poor and the sick on her properties. She is an expert horsewoman, has a fancy for hunting and horticulture, and loves all outdoor life.



AN AMERICAN "DRUMMER" IN INDIA STARTING OUT TO SELL AMERICAN GOODS. THE CONTENTS OF HIS GRIP ARE, IN PART, CANVAS SHOES, YANKEE WATCHES, GRAVITY STYLUS PENS, CORBIN LOCKS, OIL CLOTH, CANNED GOODS, TOOLS AND THE LIKE, ALL MADE IN AMERICA

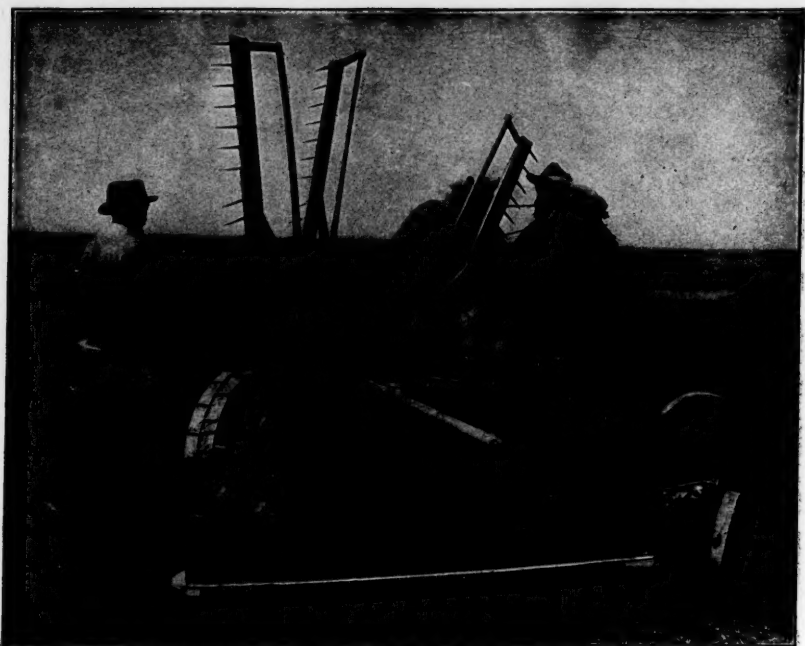
## Curiosities of American Commerce

By Alexander Hume Ford

CAN it be that the screaming days of our American spread-eagles are over? The daily press of our country devotes columns of space to the arrival in New York harbor of some British or German ocean flyer of exceeding length, and at the same time ignores the launching in an American shipyard of the largest vessel in the world. Even her completion and arrival at New York are dismissed with a brief paragraph. French fashions are flashed in our faces from the inside pages of almost every American publication, yet there is no boast in print that we make the fashion plates for

Paris, which are nowadays, as often as not, designed and reduced to halftone plates on this side of the water, then sent to the French capital for distribution to every quarter of the globe as the latest in Paris fashions.

We also send coal to Newcastle, and re-equip the machine shops of Germany that German-made tools may once more compete with the Yankee product. We send dried figs to Smyrna, and palaces piecemeal to Paris, where we have taught the French to become drunk on California wine, as we have taught the German to grow fat upon Milwaukee beer, and the sturdy Scot to



AN AMERICAN REAPER AT WORK ON THE SIBERIAN STEPPES. YOU WILL NOTICE THAT CAMELS ARE USED INSTEAD OF HORSES

gather brawn from our Western oats. We sow, reap and gather the world's grain with Yankee machinery, build earth's greatest bridges in every clime, the longest railways in Arctic and equatorial regions; we are called upon to deepen rivers everywhere in the world, to build trolley lines in out-of-the-way regions, and everywhere set the world an industrial pace that we now find it hard to maintain, as we ourselves have fitted our rivals to compete with us. Thus it is that the American spread-eagle must hold his breath for a while until once more he distances the front rank of those who are racing for the world's commerce.

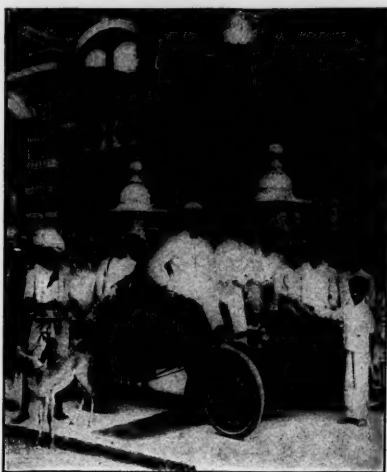
Defeated for the time being on the Atlantic, we have from the first sought commercial control of the Pacific, only, however, to practically offer it to Japan by equipping her magnificent shipyards at Nagasaki and elsewhere with the

most perfect machinery in the world for building ocean flyers. Under the supervision of American foremen the little brown men turned out by the dozen larger and faster steamships than any that had ever before plied Pacific waters. Down went freight rates between Seattle, San Francisco and Asiatic ports, the Japanese ships capturing the bulk of trade and thereby causing the Pacific Mail Steamship Company to order the construction of ships twice as large as those of the Japs. Down went freight rates again, and San Francisco once more reigned mistress of the Pacific—until the Great Northern Railway built ships twice as big as the Frisco boats—boats that on their maiden voyage carried from twenty-three thousand to twenty-eight thousand tons of freight to the Orient—cut all existing freight rates in half, and captured the trans-Pacific speed rec-

ord, with the promise of even more remarkable results in the future.

Trade follows the flag. It is for the Seattle-Manila service that the *Dakota* and the *Minnesota*, the two largest steamships ever constructed, have been completed in a New England shipyard. These monster leviathans of the deep will carry across the Pacific, besides, a full cargo of live stock and some million bushels of wheat.

It takes three miles of ordinary freight cars to haul sufficient cargo for one of these leviathans, but soon the largest freight cars ever constructed will be placed in commission across the continent, and rates from Buffalo to Manila will be quoted at less than sail rates on certain commodities between London and Liverpool. It was originally intended to use these immense ships as ferryboats between the terminals of the trans-Siberian and the Great Northern railways; now, however, we have the Philippines, and Japan has Fusan, at



AN AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE IN BOMBAY. THE NOVELTY OF IT HAS ATTRACTED A CROWD

the tip of Korea, which she has already connected with Mukden by rail, thus making Fusan the actual Pacific terminus of the great trans-Asian railway and logical port of call for every American ship bound for Hongkong and Manila. So that Mr. James J. Hill's dream of a trans-oceanic ferry plying between the Pacific terminals of earth's greatest transcontinental railways may yet be realized.

Furthermore, the Americanized Russian Minister of Railways, Prince Hilkoﬀ, is but waiting for a consolidation of one of our great Western railway systems with either the Pennsylvania or the New York Central, to carry his dream into effect, and establish a line of ocean greyhounds between St. Petersburg and New York, so that Russia and America, between them, will possess a round-the-world sail and steamship route that will practically bid defiance to any foreign competitors.

The average American would be astonished could his eyes pierce the cov-



AN AMERICAN TROLLEY LINE AND TROLLEY CAR IN SEOUL, KOREA. THE INTRODUCTION OF THIS LINE CREATED RIOTS AT FIRST. BUT NOW THE NATIVES RIDE PEACEFULLY TO AND FRO



THESE ARE AMERICAN SEWING MACHINES IN BURMAH, THOUGH SCENES OF A SIMILAR NATURE MAY NOW BE WITNESSED THROUGHOUT ASIA AND AFRICA

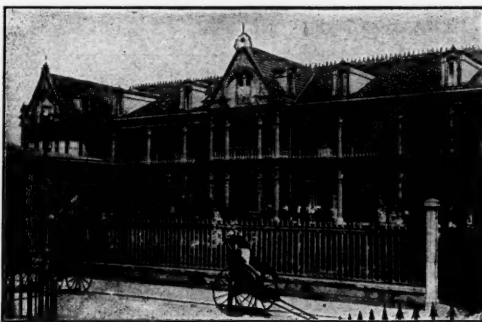
erings of the casks and bales that go to fill the hold of the world's biggest steamships as they leave the wharf at Seattle for the Orient. There are barrels of dollar watches for Japan and China, not so many, alas! as formerly, for the clever little Japs have imitated our dollar watch, and, of course, out-sell us, as they make a face on which the hours are marked in Chinese characters, and, to deal the final blow, place a good luck ideograph on the back of each case, so that no Chinaman will now buy a Yankee watch when he can purchase the Japanese article embossed with the canonical character for driving away evil spirits.

We still hold a monopoly of the Oriental god sale, however, and from a factory in Connecticut heavy casks

go forth to the Orient laden with Chinese deities and Indian gods and goddesses in bronze and iron. Some of the casks of sacred scarabæ go as far as Egypt, where the desert at the base of the great pyramids is salted with these little Yankee machine-made-and-chipped charms. The Arab guides know just where to dig them up, and often the tourist from the Nutmeg State eagerly pays a dollar or more for a homemade product that has cost a fellow citizen perhaps less than a cent to produce and place on the market for

the unwary to purchase.

The value to the commerce of a nation in its great ships cannot be overestimated. It is by the largest ocean-going tramps that nearly one-half of our export of American agricultural



THIS IS THE ORDINARY JINRIKISHA OF JAPAN, SUPPOSED TO BE OF ORIENTAL ORIGIN BUT IN REALITY MADE HERE. CONNECTICUT SUPPLIES A LARGE NUMBER

machinery finds its way to Russia. The wheat fields of Siberia are sown with Dakota seed grain, and the crops, too bountiful for the railway to move, are gathered with American machinery. Lines of steamers between New York and Vladivostok, and New York and Revel, on the Baltic, as well as New York, Philadelphia and New Orleans and Odessa, have been established solely for the purpose of carrying American agricultural machinery to Russia. Recently a cargo of ten thousand tons of Yankee harvesters, mowers, rakes and sowers left New York harbor as a single shipment to Odessa: the largest cargo of machinery that ever cleared from any port in the world.

At one time Russia sent us caviare in return for our machinery. Now, however, we send tons of sturgeon roe to Germany, where it is cleaned, packed in tins bearing Russian labels, and shipped back to us as the best brand of Volga caviare—at a dollar a pound.

Startling are some of the peculiarities of the Yankee export trade. In Arabia we offer "new lamps for old."

Our gaudy brass oil burners are shipped to Bagdad and Arabian ports

by keen, far-seeing Yankee merchants, where their agents exchange them with the natives for ancient battered lamps of Oriental manufacture. In New York these sell for good prices as curios, and everyone is pleased, for the Arabs prefer the "new, patent burners" of the Americans to the old, gloomy lamps of their forefathers, and it is quite the fad in America to possess an "Aladdin's" lamp.

At one time the Arabians purchased Standard oil for their lamps, but eager, aggressive Americans invaded the Russian oil-well district and taught the Muscovites Yankee methods. Of course this new knowledge involved the purchase by the Russians of modern American well-boring machinery, tank cars, piping for pipe lines, patent derricks, oil-refinery machinery and many other bits of paraphernalia of the oil industry that we only could sell them. The results exceeded the marvelous promises of the Yankee drummers of oil-well machinery, for soon Russia began to produce more than fifty-one per cent. of the world's supply of crude petroleum, and the field of Standard oil activities in Europe and Asia per-



A SHIPMENT OF SIXTEEN CARLOADS OF AMERICAN TUBULAR PORTABLE BOILERS, MADE IN OSWEGO, NEW YORK, TO THE CHINESE EASTERN RAILROAD, VLADIVOSTOK, WHERE THEY ARE NOW IN USE



AN AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE TRAVELING THROUGH THE  
TROPICAL VERDURE OF CEYLON. IT  
IS OWNED BY NATIVES

ceptibly diminished. The Arabian now uses Russian oil in his lamp, but rising to the occasion, we discovered the Texas fields, and now tank steamers from Galveston try to reconquer the Asiatic field for American oil, with a product more crude, perhaps, than the Russian, but at a price more pleasing to the guileless Arab.

There are many such curiosities in our trade with the Orient. Pious Vermont farmers, for instance, raise China's supply of ginseng, which is used as a magical medicine. Men not so pious export stills to Manchuria, where grain grown from American seed is turned into Russian vodka. Along the Amur, owing to the eternal dampness, the growing

wheat ferments in the ear, with the result that the bread made therefrom is slightly intoxicating; the Mujiks call it "drunken bread." There is a demand for some Yankee machine that will knead a bread from this fermented wheat that will be as powerful in its intoxicating effects as the beloved vodka of the Russian peasant.

Another curiosity of American trade with Russia and the Orient is the demand for American seeds and cuttings in Central Asia. The vineyards of Turkestan supply Russia with splendid fruit grown from vines imported from Ohio. The cotton crop that now supplies the demand of the Moscow mills is grown from Carolina seed, while the splendid tobacco of Russian Asia is but the Virginia weed transplanted; the wheat crops are raised from Dakota grain, and the best rice in Asia is grown from seed procured from our Louisiana planters. Even the olive, that symbol of the East, has attained greater perfection in California than anywhere else in the world, so that the finest olive oils used in the Orient are now imported from America. We send olives even to Italy, as we send coal to Newcastle, and soon, it is prophesied, we shall send tea to China, for the highest grades have reached a perfection in Carolina never before attained in any part of the world, and the mandarins are sending to us for clippings to replant in their choice gardens on the banks of the



A GIANT AMERICAN CRANE NOW IN USE IN HONGKONG, CHINA. THERE  
ARE OTHERS LIKE IT ELSEWHERE IN ASIA

Yangtse-kiang. But if the Orient is filled with surprises for the American commercial man, Europe has proved herself even a more receptive dumping ground for Yankee ideas and commodities.

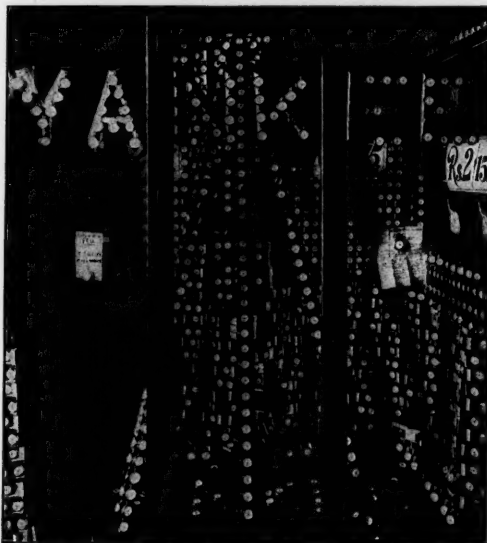
In Paris the Countess de Castellane, *née* Anna Gould, has built the most magnificent palace in the French capital, every block of marble in its construction being imported direct from American quarries.

On the Grand Boulevards a New York life assurance company has erected of American materials and on the American plan the largest and most luxurious modern office building in all Europe. France has decorated both the building and its Yankee projector with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and the American office building is relieved of taxes in the hope that such treatment will encourage other moneyed American concerns to beautify Paris. How different the treatment received by the Americans who sought to erect a magnificent steel bird cage from Yankee land on the Nevsky Prospect, St. Petersburg! One and all the Russian officials sought to prevent the completion of the project by petty persecutions and the increase of taxes, but the American firm won out, and to-day the finest office buildings in the Old World are the two erected with Yankee capital and built

of American material. Paris seems to welcome every kind of American importation: our wines are held in high repute, because they cut the palate of the most jaded Frenchman, the American *cak-wak*—cake walk—is all the rage, and the *can-can* has been driven from the Moulin Rouge to make way for "The Belle of New York." In fact, Paris is becoming more American than French, thanks to the perseverance of our exporters, who insist upon annual

pilgrimages to the French capital merely to find a foreign market for American goods.

Much of the flotsam and jetsam of American exports washed upon the shores of France and Japan is carried across Europe and Asia. Mac-Monnies' "Bacchante," rejected by Boston and finding no market in America, was sent to France,



THIS IS A WINDOWFUL OF AMERICAN DOLLAR WATCHES, WHICH ARE HERE BEING OFFERED FOR TWO RUPEES, FIFTEEN ANNAS, OR ABOUT ONE DOLLAR AND FORTY-ONE CENTS EACH

where it was purchased by the government, and may now be seen by American tourists at the Luxembourg. The *jinrikisha*, invented by an American, has become the national vehicle of Japan, and even in India and South Africa it is preferable to the native carriages. We feed the world with our wheat and prepared breakfast foods, and sew together the clothing of civilized man with American machinery. The Yankee sewing machine is found in almost every building in Paris, in the tents of the nomads in Turkestan,



AMERICAN DRILLS BEING USED IN SOUTH AFRICAN MINES. SOME OF THE OPERATORS ARE KAFFIRS

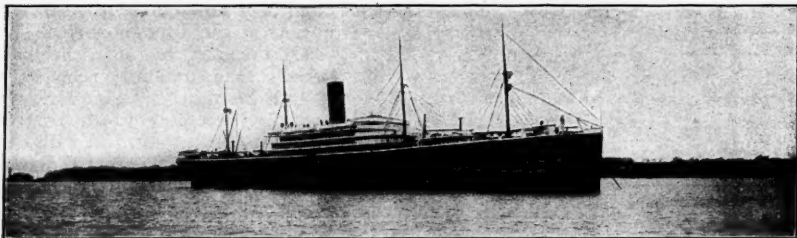
in the log houses of the Russians, everywhere in India, where the men do the family sewing, and in Japan.

Not only do we sew the clothing of the world, but we put their shoes together. Time was when American-made shoes were the rage in Europe, but the Yankee manufacturers of shoe machinery sized up the situation and hurried over their wonderful labor-saving devices, knowing that the shoe manufacturers of England, France and Austria would submit to any terms imposed to save themselves from impending ruin. Thus it is that every pair of machine-made shoes in Great Britain and the rest of Europe pays a fixed royalty to the American stockholder.

From Paris to Peking the grain crops of Europe and Asia are gathered by American machinery. In France the

horse is harnessed to the harvester; in Bohemia the women sometimes harness themselves to the strange machinery; in southern Russia the camel is used, while in India the slow-going bullock draws the Yankee machinery through the fields of grain.

Once Europe is left behind it is the American locomotive, over American rails, that usually carries the tourist toward the Pacific. Those locomotives made in Germany are built with American machinery. The largest turning lathes in Hamburg and Berlin are Yankee exports, and the largest lathe in the world, at St. Petersburg, was sent from America to bore the guns for the Russian Navy. America exported to Russia the entire plant for her greatest locomotive works, and it is by traveling across the vast domain of the czar that



THE "DAKOTA," THE LARGEST VESSEL EVER BUILT IN AMERICA, AND THE GREATEST FREIGHT CARRIER IN THE WORLD, NOW BEING USED IN THE ORIENTAL SERVICE





one best gathers an idea of the strange contrasts in our export trade. Yankee grading machines are now at work preparing the trans-Siberian Railway for a parallel line of rails from St. Petersburg to Irkutsk. American hoisting machinery lifts ore from mines within sight of the railway. American steamers ply the numerous rivers that are deepened by American dredgers, the largest in the world, that proceed downstream tearing out a channel as they force their way along. At Baikal American ice-breaking ferryboats carry the trains across the lake at all seasons of the year. Beyond, the railroad for two thousand miles has been imported from America, even to the crossties and bridges. Here the Yankee hand-car express is a more rapid mode of conveyance than the fastest Russian trains. The railway is picketed with Cossack guards, and officials wishing to cover ground rapidly may pick up and constantly renew a crew of hand-car recruits, with the result that a wonderful speed is maintained for hundreds of miles. It was on this Manchurian railway, built with Yankee tools, that the American compressed air rock drill was first introduced to the Asiatics. It worked without visible agency, and the Manchus struck. Only force of arms could induce them to work side by side

with the machine that was worked by the spirits of the air. In Australia and South Africa, where American compressed air machinery is used, the primary results have been the same as in Manchuria—the native workmen at once took to the woods. In fact, the world round, the peculiarities of our exports have always astonished the natives.

The Japanese and the French, however, readily accept our most startling exportations. The material and equipment for all the early French trolley lines were imported from America, and this is also true of Japan. We exported the first Asiatic trolley line to Seoul, Korea; and the Japanese now use it as the chief link in the through line that extends from Fusan to Calais.

Round the world our flag and commerce force a way. A Yankee citizen has been sent for by the czar to build him a navy superior to any in the world; and the American is also to supply rails for the relaying of earth's largest railway—a deal between two men involving the expenditure of a half billion dollars in America for the benefit of Russia; we are to export a six-thousand-mile railway and a complete navy on a single order! Even the eagle is silenced for the once, but it will soon scream for more—it's the eagle's way.



#### NOT ALL BUILT THAT WAY.

“FLANDERS builded better than he knew.”

“How is that?”

“He built up a great business and a fine residence, then died, and I’m going to marry his widow.”



#### TIME IS MONEY.

JENNIE—Charlie has many claims on his time now.

ELSIE—How’s that?

JENNIE—He’s bought his watch on the installment plan.

# DIANA'S DESTINY

by CHARLES GARVICE

## CHAPTER XXVII.

VANE was taking things badly. He was not, alas! anything like the high-minded hero whom we meet in fiction—but very seldom anywhere else; there was little or nothing of the stoic in him, and, half mad with despair, knowing, as Bertie had shrewdly opined, that even if he found Diana she would not return to him, he sought forgetfulness after the fashion of men of his class.

He had lost her; and with her his life had lost its savor, and had become worthless.

Diana could find some salve for her breaking heart in her work, in her love of the children whom she tended and comforted; but there was no such consolation for this man of the world; and he fell back into the old, foolish, profitless ways from which he had been roused and rescued by his love for Diana.

The old haunts knew him again. He rejoined the band of men who seek the pleasure of the hour, and live for that only. But, unlike most of them, he took the pursuits with a grim seriousness, with an object—forgetfulness—which even while he was among them separated him from them. So relentless was his pursuit of the waters of Lethe,—that stream which evades us as surely, as tormentingly as the flood that ebbed from the life of Tantalus—that he gave himself no rest; and even the wildest and most foolish of his set were outdone and outpaced by the man who seemed able to do without sleep or food; and for whom no dissipation brought physical weariness.

He played, and played with the stolid indifference of the gamester for whom the game is the thing, and the winning or losing of no account. He drank, but

drank as a man drinks who strives to drown thought; and so great was the strain on his nerves that the wine failed to bring intoxication. His days were spent in a whirl; the few hours that were left of the night in an attempt to gain forgetfulness in sleep—an attempt that proved futile, for when the broken, unrestful sleep came it was haunted by dreams of his past happiness, by visions of Diana—Diana with sorrow-laden eyes which dwelt on him in reproach and hopeless love.

There were some decent men in his set who watched his downward career with regret; and one or two of them had ventured on a remonstrance, but had been met with so stern and fierce a rebuff that they had been effectually silenced.

"If Dalesford has made up his mind to go to the devil—and it looks as if he had—no man alive can stop him!" said Mortimer, gravely. "Of course a woman's at the bottom of it. That engagement of his was broken off, you know; and he's taking it badly. Seems funny, seeing how many other fish there are in the sea; but"—with a shrug of the shoulders—"Dalesford's just the man to want one particular fish and run amuck if he doesn't get it. He seems to hate the sight of women, by the way—hush, here he comes!" he broke off, as Vane entered the card room of the Apollo.

He was very white, there were black shadows under his eyes, and he looked thin and emaciated; but he was as erect as of old, and his eyes shone with an unnatural brightness—the baleful gleam of insomnia. He nodded to the men, and, going to a corner, lit a cigar and took up a newspaper. They let him alone for a time, then Mortimer crossed the room to him and asked him to play; and Vane, looking up at him as if awakening from a dream, rose and went to

the table. Strangely enough, he usually won, and his luck was still with him this evening; but he seemed scarcely conscious of his good fortune, and played with phlegmatic, stolid calm and impassive countenance.

Now, while they were playing, a man entered the room from a door behind them, and, ordering a drink of the footman, glanced at the players. Two or three of Vane's party looked up at the man and then at Vane; for the newcomer was Desmond March. He appeared to be in excellent spirits; was carefully dressed, as usual, and sauntered across the room with his peculiar debonair and graceful gait. As he reached the table at which Vane was playing, he paused, nodded to the other men, and, regarding Vane with a cordial smile, behind which, however, lurked the suggestion of a sneer, said:

"How d'ye do, Dalesford?"

The men held their breath, and stared before them expectantly, but Vane raised his eyes for a moment; then, as if he had neither heard the greeting nor seen the man, he returned to his cards and went on playing.

Desmond March drew a long breath, smiled so that his white, even teeth showed between his lips; then, with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders, went on to another table.

Vane's face had not moved by a hair's breadth; but a dull kind of rage was burning in his heart. It was the first time for years that Desmond March had dared address him publicly; how low he, Vane, must have sunk for March to have ventured to intrude upon him!

After an hour or so, during which time he could hear March's voice and low laughter quite plainly—and both voice and laughter held a note of triumph in them—Vane rose.

"I'm going," he said, rather curtly.

"Oh, stay for another hand, Dalesford," urged one of the men; but Vane shook his head.

"The room is too hot and—crowded. There are too many men here to-night."

There was something in his voice and



*She knew him instantly. It was Vane.*

in his manner which checked any further insistence, and they watched him as he went, looking neither to the right nor the left, out of the room.

Desmond March also openly watched him.

"My amiable cousin being losing?" he said, over his shoulder. "No? Doesn't like my company, is that it? Well, I'm not particularly keen about his; and, by— I don't think any of you will be afflicted by it long. Looks to me as if he were going either to the family vault or a private lunatic asylum. There's insanity on the maternal side of the family, you know."

The bitter remark was received in

silence, for Vane was liked and trusted, and Desmond March was both disliked and distrusted; but presently Mortimer, as the party went into the smoking room, said:

"March seems to have got on his feet again. I thought he was utterly stonebroke."

"Not a bit of it," retorted another man, with a laugh. "He has got hold of that Bangs girl: a million of money, they say. Oh, no, no; Desmond Marches take a lot of killing."

"Most curs can swim and are hard to drown," remarked Mortimer, laconically.

Vane left the club and went along Pall Mall slowly, purposelessly. The night was early yet, and he dared not go home, for the solitude of his rooms was intolerable. How much longer would it be before Desmond March, the gentlemanly blackleg, stepped into his place? What did it matter? Life was over, ceased the day his eyes fell on Diana's letter of farewell. What did it matter who bore the old title and the historic name? Men were divided into two classes, the knaves and the fools, and there was little to choose between them.

There was a moon, but the sky was flecked by scurrying clouds, and he watched them, half conscious of the symbolism they conveyed: his life was hurrying on like these clouds to a last and greater darkness. Unwittingly his steps took the direction of the river, and, looking up, he found himself on the Embankment. The night was a bitterly cold one, and even the outcasts and homeless ones of the great city who generally find refuge on the hard seats had been driven to more sheltered spots; but Vane did not feel the cold; the fever born of fast-lived days and sleepless nights was in his blood; and presently he dropped on to one of the seats and gazed moodily at the lights on the river. He was looking at one of the most beautiful and marvelous sights in the world, but he was blind to its marvel and its beauty, for he was seeing, dimly, vaguely, the face of the woman he had loved and lost. A policeman passed

and glanced at him doubtfully; then, thinking it might be one of the members of the House of Commons, which was still sitting, he paced slowly on.

After a time Vane fell drowsy. The cold air, the swish-swish of the river as it lapped against the great stone wall lulled the overstrained senses, and, folding his arms across his breast, he fell into the first sound sleep he had had for weeks, for months.

Only a little while before Diana had risen from her typewriter, with a sigh, and had gone to her attic window and looked at the clouds driven across the moon. She had been working for many hours, her head was hot and throbbing, her hands stiff and aching. She opened the window and the cold air seemed to woo her while it revived her.

It would be well if she got a little exercise before trying to sleep. Mechanically she put on her outdoor things—all too worn and thin for such a night—and went softly down the narrow stairs. Drawing her shawl closely round her, she passed out, walking quickly out of the dreary street on to the Embankment; but she was arrested by the sight of a small boy crouching in a corner of one of the recesses. He was awake and shivering with the cold, his head sunk on his breast, his hands clasped together, as if for warmth. Diana, with an inarticulate sob of pity, bent over him, and at her touch he started and shrank, thinking it was his natural foe with the perpetual "Move on!"

"No home, nowhere to go?" said Diana. "Oh, poor boy; poor boy! It is too bitter a night for you to sleep here; and it's too cold to sleep, isn't it?" She took some coppers from her purse—there was little else there!—and put them into his grimy hand. "Run to the nearest lodgings, dear," she said.

The boy clutched the money and, staggering to his feet, drew his rags together, stared at her, as if he thought he was dreaming, and without a word of thanks, shuffled—he was too stiff to run—across the road.

Diana looked after him; then, with a sigh, walked on. The clouds had ob-

scured the moon, and the darkness was relieved only by the mockery of a light which disgraces the greatest and richest city in the world; so that she was passing with but an inattentive glance the man who was asleep on the seat—indeed, she was quickening her pace, when suddenly the moon emerged, and its light fell full upon the face of the sleeper.

She knew him instantly. It was Vane. With a low cry she stopped, and, her hand pressed to her heaving bosom, gazed at him with unutterable love and pity.



*She flung up her arms with an awful gesture of despair, and dropped into the river.*

This Vane, her Vane; this white, haggard-faced man! This emaciated figure the form she had loved!

The tears welled to her eyes, every fiber of her being called to him; and, by an ungovernable impulse, she sprang to him. But before she had touched him with her

pitying, longing hands, she remembered. She stifled his name upon her lips and drew back. For his own sake she must not wake him, must not let him see her; for she knew that if his eyes met hers, if he touched her, though only with a finger tip, she could not leave him again, let whatever of shame and remorse follow.

She stood and looked down at him as a mother looks at her fever-wasted child, as a wife looks at her husband

doomed to death, as a lover looks at the wraith of her dearest and best beloved.

Oh, God, how hard life was! How cruel fate! That she should be within touch of Vane and yet not dare, for honor's sake, to wake him!

Stifling the cry of her heart, she crept nearer—even while she strove to fly—and, bending over him, touched his cheek with her lips; then, affrighted, she flew like a guilty creature dreading detection.

Vane stirred slightly and his lips moved.

"Diana!" he cried, hoarsely. "Di—!" Then he awoke with a start and looked before him with dazed eyes and a strange sense of reality in his dream.

For fully five minutes he stared vacantly at the lights and shadows of the river. At last he rose, and, thrusting his cold hands into his pockets, went to the edge of the Embankment wall and gazed below. The cold, the intensity of the dream, the seeming reality of the touch of her lips was making his heart throb painfully. Suddenly the full consciousness of the unmanly part he was playing attacked him. God forgive him! All these months he had been sully the memory of her love, had been seeking to drown in drink and dissipation the remembrance of the woman whose purity and goodness should have been sacred enough to keep his life—wrecked as it was—sane and clean. Sane? Yes, that was it; he had been mad. But he was mad no longer. Something—what was it?—a prayer of hers uttered as he slept there?—had touched him, stirred his conscience to the depths, recalled the manliness to his heart; and he was alive to the shame, the horror of his life since he had lost her.

With trembling hands he got out his case and lit a cigar; but he could not smoke. As he flung the cigar into the river the policeman returning on his beat spoke to him.

"Going home, sir? Bad night."

Vane looked at him strangely.

"Yes," he said; "I am going home."

Diana went swiftly, shaking and trembling with emotion, toward her

lodgings; but suddenly she stopped. If her touch, her kiss had awakened him, and he should follow her! With a cry of fear and yet longing, she turned aside and went in the direction of the Strand. It was crowded by the people—the happy, laughing people!—coming out of the theaters, some of them gayly on their way to supper; and, shrinking from the noise and the excitement she passed from the big thoroughfare into one of the quiet streets. A drunken man, lurching toward her, addressed some hiccoughed words to her, but Diana scarcely saw or heard him. All her heart and mind had room for was the white, weary face she had seen in the moonlight.

Still walking on, absorbed and lost to place and time, she found herself on Waterloo Bridge. The crowd had melted, the bridge was empty and she stood alone at the Strand end of it, breathing painfully.

As she stood a woman passed her: a thin, wraithlike figure with its head bent, its hands clutching its cape across its bosom. Diana glanced at her; there seemed something familiar in the thin face, the fragile form. In an instant, absorbed as she was, she remembered the girl she had spoken to in the crowd of applicants for the situation of drawing mistress, the girl with the portfolio. With a shock of surprise and pity, Diana stood and looked at her, for the face that had passed by had been eloquent of want and despair.

The impulse born of pity—and a vague fear—prompted her to follow the girl who, hearing Diana's footsteps, paused a moment, then crossed the road, and, with a faint cry of anguish, sprang on to the stone seat in one of the recesses and from thence to the parapet itself.

Diana called to her in terror-stricken accents, but the girl, taking no heed of the cry, flung up her arms with an awful gesture of despair and dropped into the river.

Diana stood for a moment frozen to the spot with horror, then she cried aloud, as she thought, for help; but her voice was as frozen as her form; and it was not in answer to her frenzied

appeal that a man who had been coming along on the other side of the bridge, dashed across to her, demanding hoarsely:

"What is it?"

Diana, without turning her head, and gasping for breath, pointed downward. He craned over, must have seen the figure on the water, upon which the moon at that instant was beaming, and without a moment's hesitation, he turned and ran down the bridge steps. Diana, feeling sick and giddy, fled after him, and was in time to see him seize a boat and push out into the stream. The boatman and he pulled like madmen toward the spot where the girl had gone down, and presently Diana saw the man who had come up to her on the bridge almost fling himself over the boat, clutch at something with both hands, and lift it in.

The whole terrible occurrence had taken only a minute or so in the action, and Diana had scarcely recovered from her first shock before she was bending over the still form from which the water was running.

"Is she dead?" asked the boatman, callously. "Sometimes they are and sometimes they ain't."

"No, she's alive," said the man who had rescued her. "I can feel her heart."

"You got her pretty sharp, mister," said the boatman. "It's a case for the perlice," he looked up and down the river. "There ought to be some of 'em near—"

"No, no!" said the man, quickly. "No need for the police—poor soul! I've got some brandy"—he pulled out a flask. "Here's a sovereign for you—will you get a cab? This lady will help us."

He turned to Diana, stared at her, then shrank back, murmuring:

"Diana!"

She looked up—she was on her knees supporting the girl's head—and saw that the man was her father.

In his recognition of her he seemed to have lost consciousness of the girl lying at his feet, and stood shaking and panting; but Diana's gentle heart was

lavishing its pity on the frail form resting on her bosom.

"The cab!" she said.

"Right!" he responded, hoarsely, shaking himself and pulling himself together. "Help me lift her. Quick! There's a police boat coming!"

Between them, and quite easily, for their burden, alas! was scarcely heavier than a child, they carried her up the steps at the top of which the boatman had already got a cab waiting. The cabman showed a certain amount of reluctance, but Garling slipped a coin into his hand, and, supporting the girl, Diana and her father got in.

"Where to?" said the cabman.

"It will have to be a hospital, I'm afraid," said Garling, moodily and anxiously.

"No, no!—My room—I live near here!" said Diana, and she gave the cabman her address.

Not a word passed between father and daughter until they had carried the girl to the attic and placed her on the bed; then Diana, gently signing to Garling to go outside, said, with ashen lips:

"Wait!"

The fire was still burning, there was some hot water, and Diana undressed the girl and bathed her cold limbs, and when she began to breathe painfully and heavily, wrapped her in the blankets and held her hand tightly; for she knew how terrible would be the first moments of returning consciousness. They came at last, and in a voice scarcely audible, the girl wailed:

"Where am I? Oh—God forgive me!"

Diana's arm went round her.

"You are here with a friend, quite, quite safe! Lie still—oh, one moment, I will leave you for only a moment."

With trembling haste she warmed some milk, and, raising the frail form, made the girl drink it. At first she refused, but, melted by Diana's tender eyes and gentle voice, she yielded at last; and fell back on the pillow with a sobbing sigh.

Diana sat beside her, giving her more of the milk at intervals, and presently the girl's eyes closed and she fell into

the deep sleep of exhaustion. Then Diana opened the door. Garling was leaning against the wall, his head sunk on his breast, his hands thrust in his pockets; the whole attitude of the square, short figure was one of utter dejection. He started at the sight of Diana, and, following her into the room, glanced toward the bed questioninglly.

"She has come to and is asleep; but she is very weak. Oh, poor girl! poor girl! If I had been there a moment sooner——!"

Her eyes filled with tears, and she bent over the bed to hide them.

Garling looked round the room with its meager furniture and poverty-stricken aspect.

"Diana!" he said, in a hoarse, reproachful whisper. "Why—why are you living here, alone, and in such a place?"

Diana's face flushed and her eyes were downcast; then she lifted them and looked at him sadly, steadily.

"I see; I know!" he said, with a groan. "You wouldn't be beholden to me for—for anything, not even for food. That's a typewriter: you get your living——"

"Yes," said Diana, in a low voice. "I earn enough"—she faltered as he looked round again significantly. "I am content. Ah! you did not think that I could take——"

"My money?" His rugged face worked. "My girl, you were wrong. The money I gave you was honestly earned, every penny of it; yes, every penny of it. But you couldn't know that, seeing me at—at work that night. And you've left your grand friends and live here, in an attic in the slums! My God, I am punished! My own daughter livin' from hand to mouth; half starving, may be, while there's thousands an' thousands, ay, a million lying ready for her! Why"—his voice dropped and he sank back to the rough form of speech of his early days—"them clothes are thin and old and not fit for this weather. And you—you as are used to every comfort and luxury. Diana, it's—it's hard on me!"

Diana turned her head away. It was not for her to remind him that the chil-

dren must suffer for the sins of their fathers. But, indeed, he did not need the reminder.

"It's a hard world and a cruel," he said, brokenly. "And it's full o' misery. That poor girl there"—he drew near the bed as he spoke and looked down at the white, pinched face. "Why!" he exclaimed, in a whisper, "I know her! I mean I've met her before. It's the girl I saved from being run over."

Hurriedly, disjunctedly, he told Diana of his former meeting with the girl they had rescued.

"I took to her the first moment I saw her," he said, gazing at the face with its still wet hair clinging to the marble-hued forehead. "She was so pretty, so—so like a little, innocent child. I wanted to help her, to keep sight of her; but she was proud and wouldn't take more than the half sovereign, and wouldn't tell me her name. Seems as if everybody was too proud to be helped by me, Diana. Yes; that's my punishment, I s'pose. But"—almost fiercely—"you've got to let me keep her now. She'll want good, nourishing food an' firing, and a doctor."

"Yes," said Diana, very quietly.

His face cleared a little. "I'll see to it," he said. "I'll get"—then his brow darkened—"no; I can't be seen on it," he said, moodily. "I'm in hiding. I only go out o' nights—living in a quiet place in the slums over there"—he jerked his thick thumb over his shoulder in the direction of Lambeth. "In hiding from that—that man I told you of, the man who forced me to try for the diamonds. Well, well!" as he saw Diana shudder. "We'll forget that. Ah, no, you can't, I know. And no more can I! That's the worst of it between you and me, my gel; there's no forgettin'! And you're living here like a pauper, left all your friends—half fed, badly clothed——"

He broke off with a groan, and, sinking on to a chair, hid his face in his hands. Diana wanted to comfort him, but she could find no words, could not force herself to lay her hand on his shoulder as she wanted to do. He was her father, but she still shrank from

him, still inwardly shuddered at the sight of his face, the sound of his voice. She could only look at him and try to accustom herself to his presence.

Presently the sick girl moved uneasily, turned and opened her eyes.

"I am still here," she said, faintly. "How good you are to me! I've seen you before. Yes; I remember. But for you I should have been lying dead in the river there. Oh! why did you save me? I wanted to die. I had nothing to live for, nothing, nothing!"

Diana quivered. How often had that cry been hers?

"Hush!" she whispered. "There is always something to live for, dear!"

"Not for me," moaned Lucy, turning her head away. "I am not fit to live. I will go home." She raised herself on her elbow; but Diana gently forced her back again.

"Not yet," she said, softly. "You will stay here with me until you are better, stronger. I shall be glad, very glad to have you, for I am all alone."

"Who is that?" asked Lucy, fearfully, as she caught sight of Garling.

"My—my father," said Diana, with a choking sensation. "He—he helped me bring you here. There is no need to be frightened, dear."

"I will go home," said Lucy, faintly; then she sobbed out: "Home! I haven't any! They—they turned me out—I had no money, not a penny—I've slept in the streets for—for ever so many nights"—her voice broke and she clung to Diana with the terror of the homeless.

Diana soothed her as one soothes a child; indeed, she seemed more child than woman.

"Hush, hush! You are here safe and in good keeping."

"Good—good!" The white lips caught up the word. "Ah, you don't know! I'm not good! I'm not fit for you to touch. Let me go!"

She began to struggle, and Diana, half frightened, turned to Garling; but as he came to the bed, the fragile figure ceased to struggle and fell back.

"I'm hot—and I was cold a little

while ago," Lucy panted. "Hot! So hot! I'm burning!"

"Fever," said Garling.

Diana nodded. "A doctor?"

He bit his lip and hesitated. "Better not; not yet. Wait a little while. Hush, listen! She's raving, poor girl. Yes; I'll get a doctor."

As he turned, Lucy's voice at first incoherent, grew clearer, and, extending her hands imploringly, she cried, in a piteous, heartrending tone:

"Don't leave me, don't desert me. Oh, keep your promise, dear! You loved me once. I'm not altered. I'm the same, and I love you, dear, oh! I love you; take me away with you, and—make me your wife! You promised, promised faithfully; and I've waited, waited so long! Ah, don't be cruel to me, don't desert me!"

There was a pause; then suddenly her arms fell to her side, her head sank, and with a deep sob she wailed:

"He's gone. He will never come back; he's tired of me. Oh! I knew it from the first. God help me! He has gone!"

Garling looked at Diana, and Diana turned her head away and sighed.

"Some scoundrel," said Garling, hoarsely. "I'd—I'd like to have him here! She's very bad. I'll fetch a doctor."

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Garling came back quickly with the doctor, who stood and looked at the delirious Lucy with pursed lips and the keen eyes of a man who has to diagnose more cases in a day than the ordinary practitioner sees in a week.

"Brain fever, following on shock to a system completely run down by—yes, I should say want of food and exposure to the cold and wet." He gave the necessary directions, then as he edged toward the door and his next patient, he said, in answer to Diana's anxious inquiry: "Will she pull through? Ahem, shouldn't like to say. All depends upon how thin the metal has worn; and it has worn pretty thin, I'm afraid. Good-by. Look in to-morrow."

Lucy raved for some hours, then sank into the coma of insensibility; and Diana sat beside her and held her hot, wasted hand. The fact that the girl had been betrayed had in no wise dried up Diana's pity and charity; indeed, it had increased her pity and made her desire still more keenly to help the victim of a man's selfishness and cruelty. Diana had seen too much of the world of late to turn from a fellow woman who had erred for love's sake; and she was now too skilled a student of the human face divine not to know that, wronged though she might have been, the girl was still pure at heart.

In the morning Garling came round from his hiding place in the neighborhood. He had brought ice, and wine, and delicacies suitable for an invalid, and hung over the bed examining the flushed face eagerly.

"If there's anything that can be done—if there's anything money can get, tell the doctor to mention it, only mention it," he said, with sudden eagerness. "I've set my heart on saving her. Poor little thing! And you, Diana; you aren't going to turn from me, and refuse the things my money can buy?" he pleaded. "I tell you, I swear to you, it was come honestly by. When she's better you'll leave this place," he looked round almost savagely, "and let me make life comfortable for you?"

Diana was spared a response; for, fortunately for her, the invalid moved uneasily; and Diana went to her. The doctor came again, but still declined to give any opinion; though Garling pressed him hard and offered him a fee which made the doctor suspicious. But he had too many of the criminal class among his patients to attach much importance to the character of this rough, brusk man, and pocketed his fee without question or comment.

Garling came in and out during the day, and, after looking at the sick girl, sat beside the fire brooding.

"When she gets better she shall go away to the seaside. Wrong time of the year? Not for the South. We can take her. I forgot; you wouldn't come, not with me."

"Yes; you forget," said Diana, in a low voice. "I offered to go with you."

"I know, I know," he assented, hoarsely. "You did, but—I saw your face. And you know what I am; she doesn't," he jerked his head toward the bed. "And she needn't know. I'll take care of her as if—as if she was you." He was silent a moment or two, then he said, more to himself than to Diana: "The man—I want to meet him. Yes, and I may some time."

After one of his long silences, he said, suddenly:

"Where's your Aunt Mary?"

Diana shook her head. "I do not know. I have not heard."

"I understand. You've hid away from everybody because you're ashamed of me. And you're too proud to take a penny, a mouthful of food from me. But you're right, my gel! Pity I didn't die instead o' Brown. Pity!"

He said "Good-night!" soon afterward, and went out. At the end of the street he stopped and looked round him restlessly and wistfully. The silence and solitude of the den in which he was hiding were to be shunned as long as possible; instead of going home he went up the road and past the House of Parliament. The policeman, little guessing the true character of the man he was aiding, stopped the traffic so that he might cross the road. Among the vehicles was a hansom cab with a gentleman inside, who was leaning forward and regarding the passers-by absently, but as his glance rested on Garling, his eyes opened with a quick light in them, and, putting up the trapdoor in the roof, he said, swiftly:

"Follow that man there—the short one. See?"

"Right!" said the cabman, and he turned up toward the park after Garling.

Presently the gentleman alighted, told the cabman to wait, and stepping quietly up to Garling, laid a hand on his shoulder, saying quite calmly and pleasantly:

"How do you do, Bourne?"

Garling started, and, turning with a swift movement, raised his hand, as if about to strike; but the gentleman

seized the hand and shook it, as if it had been offered for that purpose.

"Mr. Fielding!" gasped Garling, hoarsely.

"Splendid memory yours; almost as good as mine," responded Mr. Fielding, with a nod. "Strange, meeting you here. Are you busy, engaged? If not, perhaps you will come to my office and have a chat?"

Garling, with a look of resignation in his working face, made no refusal, and Mr. Fielding, linking his arm in his, led him to the cab. The clerks were gone, the office in darkness, but Mr. Fielding let himself in, lit the gas and waved Garling to the chair on which Diana had sat.

"And how are you, Bourne?" he asked.

Garling eyed him stoically, and with a touch of resentment mixed with awe. "You knew I was alive?" he said, sullenly.

"Not exactly 'knew,'" confessed Mr. Fielding, with a touch of regret and self-reproach. "I only guessed, surmised. Why should your daughter run away and hide herself unless she had heard you were alive or seen you? And that partnership business was—thin. It was merely conjecture by deduction. Understand? And how is Miss Diana?"

"She is—— How do you know I've seen her—know where she is?" Garland demanded.

"Well, I know now, if I didn't a moment before," said Mr. Fielding, with a grave smile. "Poor girl! Is she well—safe and well? I ask for personal reasons, Bourne, for I am fond of her; and I've suffered not a little remorse on her account. You see, I'm the cause of all the trouble."

"You? You mean me."

Fielding shook his head. "No; you couldn't help not dying; and though I think you might have refrained from turning up again——"

"You're not a father," said Garling, huskily. "You've never pined for a sight of your gel, the child you left."

"No. Qh, yes, I can make allowance for your paternal feelings, my good fel-

low. Troublesome things these same feelings. In your case they have ruined your daughter and wrecked her life."

"I know it," said Garling, with a dry sob. "And you don't know all: how completely I've done it." He was thinking of Diana's discovery of him "at work" at Glenaskel. "What's to be done, Mr. Fielding? You'll help me? You always have."

Mr. Fielding shrugged his shoulders. "Afraid I can't help you here," he said, with genuine regret. "I tried to play amateur Providence once, and I've made a mess of it. Of course I ought to have told Lord Dalesford of Diana's—er—parentage before they became engaged."

Garling started. "Do you mean to say that she was going to marry a—a nobleman, a swell?"

Mr. Fielding nodded. "Yes. The only son of the Earl of Wrayborough. She would have been a countess if you had not—er—inconveniently come to life again."

Garling wiped the sweat from his face.

"And—and—you kept it from them?"

"Yes," said Mr. Fielding, shrugging his shoulders again. "I thought that it would be safe to do so; I thought—no, I didn't think of anything but Miss Diana's happiness," he broke off, with fierce self-reproach. "I laid the flattering unction to my soul that the secret of your—past was buried with you, and that if it leaked out after her marriage it would not matter. I was wrong, of course; both Mrs. Burton and I were wrong."

"Ah, yes; Mary!" said Garling. "She kept the secret, too. Where is she?"

"She is living in a little village near London," said Mr. Fielding. "I don't think I'll give you her address; it would only distress her to see you, to know you are alive. Though"—he mused, his eyes flashing keenly—"I shouldn't be surprised if she'd guessed it. All along she has been nervous, apprehensive. At any rate, she must guess the cause of Diana's flight. Let me see, you said Diana's address was——"

Garling shook his head. "I daren't

give it you," he said, uneasily. "She wouldn't like it; she—she wants to be alone."

Mr. Fielding nodded and sighed impatiently. It irked and distressed him not to be able to disentangle this raveled skein; he, the clever Mr. Fielding, found himself helpless and impotent in this tragic case.

"I'm afraid she's right," he said, reluctantly. "The sins of the fathers—I beg your pardon, Bourne; I did not mean to rub it in. Strange, the conviction that money can do everything is nowadays as strong as, nay, stronger than, any religious belief. And yet here's a case where money—and a million or more, eh, Bourne?—can't help us."

"I wish I was dead!" groaned Bourne.

"So do I," said Mr. Fielding. "Pardon, pardon! But—you're alive, you see. By the way, aren't you in—er—some little danger? Wouldn't it be rather awkward if you were seen?"

Bourne nodded gloomily. "Yes. I've a 'ticket' only."

Mr. Fielding pondered for a minute or two.

"Better leave the country," he said, gravely. "No, that will scarcely do; for if you were to die in sober earnest we shouldn't believe it. Oh, I don't know what to do with you! Or for her. And I tell you frankly, her future is my first consideration. The sweetest, dearest girl. Oh, Lord! Bourne, it's hard on her. And the man who loves her. He is taking it badly, and is going to the dogs. Really, if you were quite heartless—which I see you're not—you might be moved at the wreck and ruin you have all unwittingly caused. You will have actually affected the line of a peerage; for Lord Dalesford will never marry, and the title will go to his cousin, Mr. Desmond March. Why did you start and swear, Bourne?"

Bourne had done both; and now sat staring at the lawyer's troubled countenance.

"Desmond March! Is that his name?" he asked, hoarsely.

Mr. Fielding nodded. "You've

heard of him? If you have, you have heard of the choicest specimen of the scoundrel and the blackleg to be found even in this scoundrel-ridden city. Yes; he will get the title, and will bring the money to clear the estates. The wicked flourish as the bay tree—pardon, Bourne, I meant nothing personal—and Mr. Desmond March, who ought to be standing in the dock at the Old Bailey—tut, tut!—is going to marry an heiress. But this does not interest you. I only mentioned it to you to show you how far reaching was the trouble you have caused. And you are living at—?"

Bourne shook his head doggedly.

"No; if you can't help me and her—and I don't see how you can, Mr. Fielding—I'd rather keep in hiding, even from you. God knows what we can do, where we can go." He sighed heavily and rose.

"All this money, now, Bourne?" asked Mr. Fielding, as he went with him to the door.

Bourne turned on him fiercely. "Curse the money!" he said.

Mr. Fielding shrugged his shoulders. "Well, we'll wait a bit. Don't do anything, or leave England, until you have seen me again. Good-night."

He held out his hand, but Bourne, after a moment's hesitation, shook his head and passed out.

Mr. Fielding returned to his room, and, sinking into a chair, sighed heavily.

"Yes; amateur Providence is a risky part to play," he muttered; "especially when the dead come to life again; and one is dealing with human hearts—and a woman's among them!"

Garling, when he went round to Diana's the next morning, said nothing of his meeting with Mr. Fielding; he knew that it would cause Diana useless suffering; but he regarded her with an acuter and respectful pity, a still more intense remorse. But his resolution to leave England and take the sick girl with him had grown stronger.

"Do you think she's getting better?" he asked, as he stood and looked down at her.



*"Keep back! She's my child!"*

Diana shook her head. "I'm afraid not. The doctor came in the night—he is anxious. She is so weak." She sighed as she gently forced some milk through the scarlet lips.

"And—and her mind's fixed on her trouble," he muttered. "Go and lie down. I'll watch her."

Diana reluctantly went to the chair bedstead he had sent in, and, stretching her weary limbs on it, closed her eyes for the first time since Lucy had been brought to the attic. She must have fallen into a half sleep, for suddenly she was awakened by the sound of a knock. Garling started and looked from her to the door.

"It's not the doctor's knock," he said, with the certainty of a man whose sense of hearing has been trained by years of dread of detection.

"May I come in?" said Mr. Fielding, and he entered.

Diana hushed the cry that rose to her lips and shrank back, white and trembling. Mr. Fielding took her hand and patted it, smiling and nodding at her

as if he were soothing a frightened child.

"Yes, I've found you, my dear," he said, with his odd mixture of the legal and paternal manner. "By chance"—he had been watching in the neighborhood since the early morn—"I happened to see your—Mr. Bourne, and followed him. No need to speak, my dear. I know all. Who is this?"

Diana told him of the rescue of the girl. "We do not even know her name," she said.

Mr. Fielding looked down at her, Diana's arm still held within his, and shook his head.

"Poor girl! Still the same tender heart, Diana!" he added, nodding at her.

He drew her a little aside. "And don't you want to ask me about—about some old friends?" he said.

Diana drew a long breath and shook her head.

"I saw—him the other night. Oh, Fairy Godmother!" her voice broke. "I am past even your help; but if you could help *him*!"

Mr. Fielding cleared his throat and frowned; it was not pleasant for the clever man to acknowledge his helplessness.

"I want you—Mr. Bourne," he said. "I am glad I have found you. I'm afraid I can't—well, put things straight; but don't you forget, please, that I am still your legal adviser. Will you come, Bourne? What a devil of a job I have had to track you!" he said, after they had reached the street. "If my proper practice should ever go I shall take up the detective business. I want you to come to my office."

Garling hesitated, but Mr. Fielding hailed a cab, and gently but firmly pushed him into it.

As they entered the outer office Mr. Fielding said:

"Wait here for a minute of two, will you?" and passing into his private room, he took off his hat to a bent, veiled figure that was seated in the clients' chair.

"Glad you've come, Mrs. Burton," he said. "I've some news for you that will surprise you!"

Mrs. Burton raised her veil. Her face was deathlike in its pallor, and her eyes looked out from their hollow and shadowed rims like those of a corpse.

"You have found Diana?" she said, moistening her dry lips. "Take—take me to her!"

"Yes; I have found Diana," assented Mr. Fielding, with a cheerfulness that was meant to have a restraining effect. "You will be glad to hear that she is—er—well, as well as we could hope. Thinner and paler, yes. But"—with a shrug of the shoulders—"what could you expect? For, you have guessed, of course, she knows who and what her father is."

Mrs. Burton looked at him strangely.

"Yes, I thought so," she said, in an expressionless voice. "It was the discovery that sent her into hiding?"

"And she has discovered that her father is alive," said Mr. Fielding, softly.

"Benjamin—alive! Oh, my God!" cried Mrs. Burton.

"Alive and well. It seems that the report of his death, the certificates, were applicable to his partner, who——"

Mrs. Burton rose and faced him with an awful mixture of despair and defiance.

"He is here," she said. "Take me to him!"

Mr. Fielding opened the door and beckoned Garling in.

For a moment or two brother and sister looked at each other; then Mrs. Burton gasped:

"Benjamin!"

"Mary!" he said. "Yes; I'm alive—worse luck! I want to thank you for the care of my girl, Diana. She's told me how good you've been to her, how you've kept the secret. It was my fault that it was ever found out; but I'm grateful to you, Mary."

She seemed to be struggling for breath and speech. At last she gasped: "Take—take me to her."

Mr. Fielding had slipped out of the room and ordered a cab, and they drove to the house in which Diana was lodging; and during the journey Mr. Fielding told Mrs. Burton as much as was necessary of the plan by which Bourne had deceived him.

They went up the rickety stairs as quietly as possible, and Diana opened the door to them. She flew into her aunt's arms and Mrs. Burton pressed her to her bosom and bent to kiss her; but suddenly drew back and eyed her almost with fear.

"You have found me, Aunt Mary!" sobbed Diana, struggling with her sobs because of the sick girl lying there. "And I am glad, though I ought to be sorry."

"Yes, I have found you," said Mrs. Burton, chokingly, as if she were fighting down her emotion. She turned suddenly and glanced at the bed. "This is the girl Mr. Fielding has told me about? She is ill—very ill. You must come away, Diana, come with me. I—I have every right to you."

Garling turned. He had been bending over Lucy with anxious, careworn eyes.

"You've every right? Not now,

Mary. She—God help her—she's my daughter."

Mrs. Burton looked at him fixedly and drew her lips together, as if to stay their tremor.

"No, she's mine," she said, in a low, expressionless voice.

"Yours!" said Garling, staring at her. "Yours? Ah! yes, you mean that you've been a mother to her."

"I *am* her mother," said Mrs. Burton, in a hollow voice, the voice of a person whom despair has made callous and insentient. "When you left your child I meant to do my duty by her, but—but I was always respectable; and my gorge rose at her—a convict's child! I sent her out to nurse. The people grew fond of her and adopted her—they gave her their name, treated her as their own—I saw to that, I've no need for reproach—and—and—oh, she was well cared for. And when the money came—here is my sin and here is my punishment," she looked at Diana, who stood gazing at her in breathless amazement and terror—"I spent it on my own child."

Mr. Fielding stepped forward. He did not look astonished, for if the stars had fallen he would not have expressed surprise; but he took Diana's hand and held it firmly.

"We were poor, Diana and I, well-nigh starving, while your child I knew was well cared for. I spent the—money on Diana. As she grew up I learned that you were making a great deal of money, that you were rich and—and—I pretended that Diana was your child."

Garling leaned against the mantelpiece, his hands clinched at his side, his eyes fixed on Mrs. Burton's glassy ones.

"And *my* child, my own child, where—where is she?" he demanded, hoarsely, fiercely.

Mrs. Burton shook her head. "I do not know," she said. "You can kill me if you like, Benjamin. I have sinned; I have sinned, and I am ready to bear my punishment. I do not know. I lost sight of her. The people who adopted her came to London."

Diana was conscious of, rather than

saw, a movement on the part of the girl lying on the bed.

"Hush!" she whispered, breathlessly, warningly.

Lucy's head tossed from side to side with the restlessness of fever, her parched lips opened; and almost before Diana finished giving her some iced milk, she was talking.

"We'll go!" she said, with a glad note in her feeble voice. "We'll go away together. And we'll be married. No, no, I forgive you for the past, I forgive you because you are good to me now. I shall be your wife at last, Desmond, I shall be Mrs. Desmond March—"

Garling, who had been standing by the bed looking pityingly down at the fevered face, started and bent lower.

"Desmond March!" he said, in a hoarse whisper. "Why—Heaven and earth—!"

"Hush! hush!" warned Diana. "She is coming to. Stand—stand back."

"We'd better go outside," said Mr. Fielding, in a hushed voice; but Mrs. Burton lingered, staring at the girl as if fascinated, and Garling remained standing by the head of the bed as if incapable of moving.

Diana raised Lucy to her bosom and smoothed the hair from the thin face. Presently the blue eyes opened, a painful, puzzled expression came into them as she gazed up at Diana's tender, pitiful face.

"Where am I? Ah! yes, I remember. You are the girl who brought me here. Have I been very ill? I'm—I'm sorry!" she sighed. "Will you tell me your name?"

Diana drove back her tears and forced a smile.

"My name is Diana. Diana—" she paused and looked at Mrs. Burton.

"It is—a—pretty name," said the sick girl, faintly.

"And yours? Will you—do you care to—tell me yours?" asked Diana, and she bent her lips nearer to kiss her.

Lucy put up her hand, a hand too feeble to push Diana's face away.

"Don't," she faltered, so faintly that

the others could scarcely hear it. "I'm—I'm not fit. You don't know. I'm—I'm not married as—as I ought to be."

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" breathed Diana, the tears rushing to her eyes.

"Yes; I'll tell you my name. It is Lucy, Lucy Edgworth. Oh, who—what, is that?" she broke off; for Mrs. Burton had uttered an exclamation, a cry of surprise, terror.

"'Lucy—Lucy! Edgworth! It's the name of the people who took the child. It's—it's—oh, my God!'"

Garling thrust her aside and leaned over Lucy, who had sunk back, as if exhausted.

"Keep—keep back!" he said, hoarsely. "She's—she's my child! I—I knew it. My child! My little gel! My own little gel!"

He bent lower over her, his hands waving, as if itching to touch her, to grasp her, catch her to his heart; then suddenly he drew back with a cry of grief, of despair. For he had seen death too often to fail to recognize it.

Lucy's eyes had closed and a faint tremor ran through her frail form. Diana raised her in her arms and held her, while Garling's labored breath alone broke the silence. Presently the weary eyes opened again and looked at Diana

with a pathetic gratitude; but gradually the intelligence faded from them, she sighed, not sorrowfully now, but with a serene joy and peacefulness which was even more pathetic; a smile, like a fleck of winter sunshine, lit up her face; and, opening her lips, she murmured something.

Garling fell on his knees beside the bed that he might catch the words; and heard her whisper sweetly:

"I am ready, Desmond, dear; quite ready. We will go away together; your wife, your own loving wife. Oh, Desmond, how happy we shall be!"

The voice ceased, and her eyes closed on the vision of happiness which had brightened the last moments of her sad and sorrowful life. She was dead.

Bourne rose, tugging at his collar as if he were choking, his eyes staring before him with the savage longing for vengeance; with a nameless horror on his face, as if the shadow of hell itself were passing over him.

"Desmond! Desmond March!" came hoarsely from his parched throat. "My child—Desmond March!"

With his hands stretched out, as if he were blind, he thrust aside those who were in his way and staggered from the room.

TO BE CONTINUED.



#### CHOPPING HIM OFF.

GABBLETON (sighfully)—We all have our trials, and—  
GRIMSHAW (abruptly)—Yes, but when we report them in full we should hire a hall and charge admission. G'day!



#### HIS TRADE.

SELDUM FEDD (at the door)—I'd be willin' to do somet'ing to earn a meal, ma'am; but, de fact is, I ain't acquainted wid any kind of work outside of my own profession, and dat 'pears to be terrible overcrowded in dis neighborhood.

MRS. FLINT—H'm! What is your profession?

SELDUM FEDD—Bein' a henpecked husband, ma'am.



#### EMINENTLY QUALIFIED.

"WHAT experience have you had as a chauffeur?"

"I have operated a motor car for two years, and in addition I am a regularly graduated physician, and have taken a full course in embalming. So—"

"Name your price, my dear fellow! Name your price!"



# THE WRITING AND READING OF PLAYS

by

Channing Pollock



EDITOR'S NOTE.—Channing Pollock, who provides this article on "The Writing and Reading of Plays," is peculiarly fitted to deal with the subject. Mr. Pollock himself is author of several dramatic works, among them "The Little Gray Lady," which is about to be presented by Annie Russell; "The Great Adventurer," "A Game of Hearts," and the stage versions of "The Pit" and "In the Bishop's Carriage." Moreover, Mr. Pollock is the reader for the firm of Sam S. and Lee Shubert, and was for several years dramatic critic of the *Washington Post* and the *Washington Times*. He has contributed regularly to this magazine since the appearance of the August number, and will review the plays produced each month during the coming season, exclusively for SMITH'S.

"A CRITIC," according to some maker of epigrams, "is a person who couldn't have done it himself."

The particular critic of whom this is true most generally is that one employed by theatrical managers to pass on plays submitted for production. Publishers dignify the individual who reviews manuscripts for them by calling him the "reader," but this especial task is so small a part of the labor accomplished by the dissector of dramatic works that frequently the duty in question is not suggested in his official designation.

Charles Frohman and Harrison Grey Fiske have "readers" who do nothing else, but they are the exception to the rule.

Ordinarily, if not invariably, the "reader" of plays is a man who has failed at writing them. It must not be inferred from this statement that he is of necessity crabbed and sour, for usually he still continues his attempts in the agreeable hope that some day he will succeed. Often he *does* succeed, and there are several judges of manuscript now in New York who give distinct promise of doing good, original work in the future. In any event, the

ambition of the "reader" makes him a keen, alert, interested and experienced court of first resort, all of which, of course, is greatly to the advantage of the author whose pages he scans. Of petty jealousy, which must be reasonless and resultless, he cannot be accused fairly, while the idea of the budding dramatist, that his dialogue and situations are in danger of being stolen the moment they pass into the hands of the aspiring reviewer, is utterly without foundation. This critic may not be restricted by lack of inclination, but he is sure to be kept honest by lack of opportunity. Ideas worth stealing are not common in the parcels that travel from manager to manager.

Nearly ten years have elapsed since I began reading plays, and in that time I have seen four unsolicited contributions which gave promise of being worth while. One of these four was "Way Down East," another was "The Heir to the Hoorah," and the remaining two are not yet known to the general public. It is quite possible—it is even distinctly probable—that I have been blind to the value of many pieces which



THE DRAMATIST—AS HE IS SUPPOSED TO BE



THE DRAMATIST—AS HE REALLY IS

might have proved enormous hits. My fear of this, however, has grown considerably less as years have passed without bringing about the production of these efforts by other and wiser judges. I derive selfish solace from the fact that several works concerning which I have differed with the managers who afterward offered them have borne out my opinion. Two of these comforting failures were "The Trifler" and "The Firm of Cunningham," the first recently staged at the Princess and the second at the Madison Square.

It is always an exceedingly difficult task to identify a good play; it is never in the least difficult to tell a bad one. If the method of describing his primal scene does not betray the hopeless amateur, one has only to read the first ten pages of his script in order to be assured of the uselessness of further perusal. Amateurs do not, cannot write acceptable plays. Some newspaper training and an imagination may be schooling enough for the author of magazine stories, but the man who produces a dramatic work at all worthy of consideration must know so many things about the craft of Shakespeare that it were an endless task to mention a tenth of them. Poets are born or made, according to the field they occupy, but playwrights must be born *and* made. There isn't the least use dwelling on this fact, however. To the end of time, men and women who wouldn't think of trying to fashion a horseshoe without serving an apprenticeship with some blacksmith will go on endeavoring to turn out dramas without the least knowledge of how it should be done.

Everybody writes plays. Two or three months ago an ambitious individual walked into my office and announced that he had come from Rochester to read me an original tragedy. I told him that he should not have gone to so much trouble and expense. "It wasn't any trouble or expense," he replied. "I had to come, anyway. I'm a conductor on the New York Central."

Theodore Burt Sayre, who did "Tom Moore" and who is the "reader" for Mr. Frohman, told me not long ago that his most persistent visitor was a policeman, who had composed a farce in six acts. He also showed me a letter the author of which declared: "I seen menny plays that cost a doler and wasn't one-tuthe with my play." Every manager in New York has received a certain Brooklyn shoemaker, who feels certain that he has produced a comic opera infinitely superior to the best efforts of Gilbert and Sullivan. Of the would-be dramatists in the learned professions, I should say that physicians

are rarest as playwrights; that journalists provide the best material; and that clergymen produce the most and the worst.

With so many Cinderellas attempting to crowd their feet into the shoes of Pinero and Jones, there can be no limit to the number of manuscripts submitted to prominent managers each week. The general idea, I believe, is that producers are quite buried under piles of plays. This is not absolutely true. Such an office as that of Sam S. and Lee Shubert, in the Lyric Theater, or of Charles B. Dillingham, in the Knickerbocker Theater Building, is the



THE READER OF PLAYS



EVERYBODY WRITES PLAYS

destination of from six to ten manuscripts a day. About a third of these come from agents, and these invariably receive quickest consideration, since the "reader" knows that if they were ut-



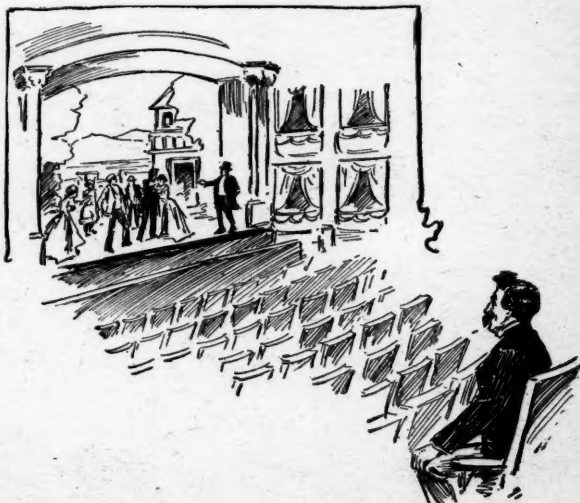
TWO-THIRDS OF MR. FROHMAN'S PLAYS COME FROM ABROAD

terly without merit they would not have been sent him. The crop of round and flat packages fluctuates with published conditions. The manager who makes money out of the work of an unknown author is sure to receive far more than his share of manuscripts during the next year or two. William A. Brady got a thousand plays a month from obscure aspirants immediately after the production of "Way Down East."

It is a fallacy widely current among new writers that their "copy" is returned unread. One of the first theatrical stories I ever heard concerned a woman who put sand between the pages of her rolled manuscript and found it there still when the piece came back to her. Nowadays, when the demand for material so far exceeds the supply as to have become almost frantic, it is not only true that every play is looked into, but it is true also that every play is looked into by every manager. Round and

round the circle of offices they go, being judged from a hundred viewpoints by a hundred men, who know that a lucky strike means a fortune, and who are keenly eager in proportion. It is my firm belief that all the good plays written up to date, not to speak of a fair number of bad ones, have been, or are about to be, produced. Any piece that is not utterly, hopelessly valueless is sure to find some appreciator in the end. There are instances of manuscripts which, like that of "My Friend from India," traveled up and down Broadway for seven years, only to be accepted and staged at last.

It is surprising, indeed, to note how much chaff managers will go through in the everlasting effort to find one single grain of wheat. Differ with me as you please, it is a reasonably sure thing that the unknown dramatist is the dramatist who has no claim to being known. When I say "the unknown dramatist," I do not mean the author whose name merely is not familiar to the public. In nine cases out of ten, the playwright who makes what theatersgoers consider a sudden and unex-



EVEN AT THE DRESS REHEARSAL I DIDN'T KNOW WHETHER WE HAD A SUCCESS OR A FAILURE

pected success has been known to professional "readers" for half a dozen years. They have watched him with interest, perusing manuscript after manuscript, and seeing in each one a closer approach to what is desired than was visible in its predecessor. Such a person is always sure of the concern and the encouragement of the reviewers with whom he has to deal.

The parcel that comes into an office from Findlay, Ohio, or Omaha, Nebraska, bearing the address of some man or woman of whom the "reader" never heard before, is practically certain to be quite without promise. It is only rarely, indeed, that the contents of such a parcel contain even ideas that might have been valuable if their owner had been possessed of skill. When material of this sort is found, the manager ordinarily is only too glad to arrange for revision by some one possessed of the requisite technical knowledge. In fact, a majority of the plays by strange authors which have been revealed to the public have been first submitted to such revision. Hence it is that we see so often after the name of the writer such lines as "Elaborated by Joseph R. Grismer," or "Produced under direction of Eugene Presbrey."

Mr. Frohman, who frequently is styled "The Napoleon of the Drama," takes no such Napoleonic chances. If you will take the trouble to look over Mr. Frohman's budget for the coming season, you will find that two-thirds of his announcements are of plays already presented abroad, and that the remaining third are from the pens of such celebrities as

Augustus Thomas and Clyde Fitch. Naturally, this is the safe, sane and sure method, and yet, even when judged from the purely commercial view-

point, it has its disadvantages. If the system does not entail losses as great as other managers suffer, neither does it render possible such gains. Mr. Frohman is paying George Ade royalties for his new play—which must, as yet, be of problematic value—far in excess of those granted by Henry W. Savage to the unknown quantity that Mr. Ade was when he produced "The County Chairman." It is quite

possible, moreover, that Mr. Frohman will not secure as fresh and breezy a work as that same "The County Chairman," for the qualities which made for success in that effort were by no means the results of skill and craftsmanship. Great dramatists turn out pretty poor stuff at times, as Mr. Frohman learned when he produced "The Rich Mrs. Rep-ton"; and excellent material may come from an unexpected source, as Kirke La Shelle discovered when he purchased "The Heir to the Hoorah" from the man whose only previous work had been "The Superstitions of Sue." As to the surety of offering here pieces which a manager has seen performed in London, I can only say that sometimes we in America differ in opinion from our cousins in France and England. We differed decidedly in the matter of "Friquet," which had been as great a hit in Paris as it was a failure in New York. It would appear to me to be a much wiser expedient to turn over doubtful pieces to stock companies in one small town or another, and then to abide by the result. This expedient, by the way, has the advantage of being wonderfully inexpensive.

As to the possibility of estimating the merit of a play by reading it I need say little. When I was sixteen years old, and didn't know whether manuscripts were an inch thick or a mile, I enter-



THIS YEAR THE DRAMATIZED NOVEL GOES BEGGING



EVEN FROM THE COMMERCIAL VIEWPOINT



A DYNAMITE CARTRIDGE EXPLODES  
IN THE VILLAIN'S MOUTH

tained the positive conviction that the manager who produced a bad play was a fool. I used to say this frankly in the newspaper on which I was employed, just as a lot of other cock-sure young men have been doing ever since. Latterly, however, I have observed that a great many brilliant producers score about three failures to every one success, and I leave the superior attitude to the *littérateurs* whose cleverness is valued by their employers at from fifteen to forty dollars a week. The late A. M. Palmer, whose intelligence and experience were of the widest, once said to me: "There does not live a man who can tell a good play from a bad one by reading it. If there *were* such a Solomon, he would be worth half a million dollars per annum to any manager in New York. Personally, I have refused so many money-makers, and have accepted so many money-losers, that I select manuscripts nowadays by guess work. I tossed a coin once to decide whether or not I should buy what proved afterward to be one of the biggest hits of my career."

There is no lottery drawing in the world which has the uncertainty of a "first night." Speeches which author and manager chuckled over may be delivered in vacuuous silence, while lines that were not even intended to be funny may bring roars of merriment. Sometimes this unexpected laughter may come quite opportunely, in which case the phrase is permitted to remain, but it is equally common for the outburst to punctuate a scene of the utmost gravity. It happens occasionally that local conditions of which the dramatist knows nothing are responsible for amazing interruptions. "Not crazy; only affected by too much study," was a sentence which I once wrote in the

deepest seriousness. Unfortunately, the audience knew that the actress impersonating the woman of whom it was spoken had been playing two parts each week throughout the stock season. People chuckled for five minutes afterward, and an episode which I had built as well as I knew how was ruined through no fault of mine. Naturally, the scene never suffered that reception elsewhere, but I have cut out of a manuscript speeches in which I never saw the slightest occasion for the mirth that they provoked at exactly the worst possible moment.

It is so difficult to determine just what there is in a character or a situation to stimulate interest or evoke enthusiasm that there really is nothing remarkable in the amazing results of "first nights." Precisely as lines which seem funny to the reader do not touch the risibles of the auditor, climaxes which seem enormous when they are written, fall utterly flat when acted. It is an old adage that "the play which reads best acts worst." An equally indicative axiom declares that the piece approved by the actors who interpret it is doomed. Who then, this side of the initial audience, is to judge what is worth while and what is not? Nine different people passed on "The Gentleman from Indiana," and enthused over it, yet the piece was a dire failure. The manager who spent thirty thousand dollars on "The Adventures of François"—and he is one of the most erudite in the business—waited only until the second act was over, on the occasion of its première, before posting a notice of the dissolution of the company and going home to bed. When I went to Hartford a few months ago to see the



TOBACCO . . . . ONE OF THE BUL-  
WORKS OF THE DRAMA



THE PERFECT MAN

many people told me it was the former, that I became certain I was being comforted, and retired for the night with the conviction that I had failed.

These things being true, it may readily be understood why the hardest work in playwriting has to be done after the play has been produced. Pieces which seemed hopeless when they were acted initially have been turned into huge successes. Scenes are switched about, lines changed, often whole acts are reconstructed. I know a woman who was compelled to cut her play in half after it was produced. Ordinarily one minute is required to act each page of typewritten manuscript, but this piece, which contained only one hundred and thirty pages, ran nearly five hours. Difficult as such condensation as this must have been, the task which confronted the author in question was not to be compared with that of lengthening a performance. It is always advisable for embryonic dramatists to make their work too long, since it is simple then to do away with portions that are not approved by the audience. To tone down a strong play or shorten a long one is easy; to build up a weak

first performance of a comedy to which I had devoted six months, I hadn't the least idea as to whether it was going to prove a triumph or a disaster. After the play so



THE HIGH-HAT KNAVE



THE WRONGED GIRL

play or successfully pad out a short one is impossible.

Most of the works which come to the desk of the "reader," as I have said before, do not prompt sufficient doubt for any manager to be willing to try them. A great many would seem to be the product of lunatics. Not long ago I had a dramatization of a Russian novel, which contained eleven acts and twenty-one scenes! The adapter simply had melted down the whole six hundred pages of fiction, and was trying to pour it on the stage. Another offering, called "The Dogs of Infidelity," proved to be an argument against atheism in five acts and seven scenes. The scoundrel of this masterpiece was Robert G. Ingersoll, and the manuscript was accompanied by a cartoon showing the agnostic fleeing from two police



THE CIGARETTE IS STILL THE HERO OF THE SOCIETY DRAMA



THE NAVAL LIEUTENANT OF COMIC OPERA



THE ENGLISH BUTLER



AND THEIR ASSOCIATES

officers, marked "Logic" and "Sarcasm," who were pursuing him at the bidding of Justice, in the person of the author. Beneath this picture were printed the favorable opinions of a number of people who claimed to have read the play. A

melodrama still in my possession is supposed to conclude when the villain commits suicide by exploding a dynamite cartridge in his



THERE ARE LINES SO HACKNEYED  
THAT NO AUTHOR OF TO-DAY  
WOULD DARE PUT THEM  
IN HIS PLAY

mouth in the presence of the audience. I should think it would conclude at about that point, and suddenly!

Of course, it is not often that one gets plays as totally absurd as those I

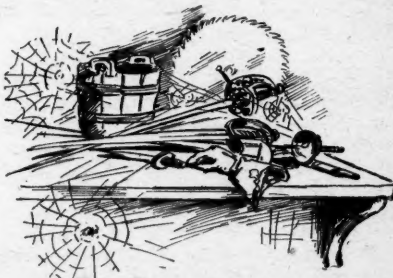
have described. If it were, the reading of manuscripts would not be the dull and profitless task that it is at present. The ordinary play is notable only for its crudity, its artificiality, its lack of color, and its hopeless inability to rise above the utterly conventional and commonplace. Dramatists follow each other like sheep, and the smaller the dramatist happens to be the more closely he follows. Thus it is that whenever somebody produces a piece with a situation which creates comment, every second manuscript one reads from that time on contains exactly the same situation. A long while ago I grew so much interested in the likeness between plot and plot that I tabulated a list of two hundred plays, according to their general character. The result was as follows:

|   |    |
|---|----|
| Dramas in which woman goes to man's rooms at midnight.....                  | 37 |
| Dramas in which woman betrays man and then saves him.....                   | 19 |
| Dramas in which wronged woman gives evidence at end of play.....            | 6  |
| Dramas in which man unwittingly falls in love with woman meant for him..... | 9  |
| Dramas in which woman unwittingly falls in love with man meant for her..... | 3  |
| Dramas in which wealth is unexpectedly derived from a mine or a patent..... | 22 |
| Dramas built on the question of "love or duty" .....                        | 24 |

|   |    |
|---|----|
| Dramas built on the question of the fitness of reformed man or woman to marry.... | 16 |
| Dramas in which man or woman reforms the person he or she loves.....              | 3  |
| Farces based on mistaken identity.....  | 31 |
| Farces built around the necessity of man lying to his wife.....                   | 28 |

The total of the table is not two hundred, because several of these pieces had none of the earmarks mentioned, while others had more than one.

Of course, it is well-nigh impossible for any dramatist, no matter how well-meaning, to devise entirely original characters, situations and stories. Just as the fact that there are only so many notes in the scale has been urged as an excuse for composers whose music is reminiscent, so I would insist that there are only so many strings in the heart. There is a limit to the number of situations which can be brought about in real life, and, of course, there is a much more definite limit to the number of these situations which have theatrical value. In certain elemental features all plays must be alike. For example, every play must have what is known as the "dramatic triangle," which means that its plot must be the story of two men and a woman, or of two women and a man. Every play must deal with that one great emotion—love. Once, when I was very young indeed, I experimented in writing a comedy in which nobody was in love. The piece was presented in Washington, and, to the best of my recollection, it lasted two consecutive nights. This convinced me that there might be a line beyond



ALL THESE VARIETIES OF ENTERTAINMENTS HAVE BEEN  
LAID ON THE SHELF



HIS WIFE HAS JUST FALLEN FROM A  
BALLOON

which one could not go in the effort to construct a novel play.

There are a great number of things, however, which are so hackneyed and conventional that it is no longer possible for an author to attempt them. I do not think any manager would buy another play in which the crucial situation was the concealment of the heroine in the apartments of the hero or the villain. From time immemorial this has been the stock episode for the third-act climax in a four-act play, and audiences have begun to expect it, as they expect supper after the last act. Personally, I am free to confess that I would not recommend the purchase of any drama in which the conclusion of this third act did not bring a surprise calculated to make an audience sit up and take notice. No author of to-day would dare begin his work with a conversation between a maid and a butler. Neither would he care to conceal one of his characters behind a screen or to conclude his play with the finding of a bundle of papers. The cigarette is still the hero of the society drama, and it is still true on the stage that the happy conclusion of the love affair between "juvenile" and "ingénue" is coincident with the same conclusion of the love affair between "leading man" and "leading woman." We begin to have heroes who are not too angelically good, however, and villains who have motives more human than the mere desire to be beastly and draw fifty dollars

a week for it. Very slowly and gradually, the perfect man, the high-hatted knave, the wronged girl, the funny Irishman, the naval lieutenant of comic opera, the English butler, and their associates are passing from our midst. Peace to their ashes!

Plays have their epochs, just as books do, and there are fashions in the drama as pronounced as those in dress. Always one successful work of a particular class brings about a host of imitations, and, for a time, it seems as though the public would never tire of that particular kind of entertainment. "The Prisoner of Zenda" was responsible for a hundred romances laid in mythical kingdoms; "Lady Windermere's Fan" brought drawing-room comedy into vogue; "Way Down East" bred a perfect epidemic of pastorals, and "Sherlock Holmes" created a demand for plays concerning criminals. All of these varieties of entertainment, save possibly the last, have been laid on the shelf, and we are now going in vigorously for sugar-coated melodrama and comic opera in long skirts.

The manner in which one author follows the lead of another, as demonstrated above, extends beyond the selection of such important things as stories, and reaches even to titles. Three years ago we couldn't have a name without the word "of" in it. On the billboards were advertised "The White-washing of Julia," "The Maneuvers of Jane," "The Superstitions of Sue," "The Stubbornness of Geraldine," and a score of others. Recently somebody christened a charming sketch "Hop-o'-my-Thumb," and now it seems that we are to have hyphenated titles galore. Up to



HIS FAMILY IS STARVING

date this crop has included "Alice - Sit-by-the-Fire" and "All-of-a - Sudden-Peggy." The choice of names consisting of one article and one noun, as "The Pit" and "The Spenders," has been confined to dramatized novels as yet.

Please do not understand that, in calling attention to these similarities, I intend to accuse anyone of plagiarism. Deliberate theft of incidents from contemporary offerings is always likely to result in lawsuits, and I don't believe that there are left in the old dramas any ideas worth stealing. I used to hear an interesting story of Paul Potter's writing original plays in the Boston public library, but it always seemed to me that his work was much too good to have been filched from any of those ancient chaps whose publishers bound their vulgarity, their leaden dialogue and their uningenious situations in yellow covers. It is very difficult, as I have said, to squeeze new situations from the manners and moods out of which about a hundred dramas have been pressed every year during the past half century. It is especially hard to devise original material in America, where prudish restrictions hedge about the theater, and anything which is deep and vital in life is immediately set down as immoral. American dramatists cannot wring their novel incidents from the emotions; they must profit by such circumstances as the invention of wireless telegraphy or the perfection of the automobile. The telephone and the motor car are speedily becoming bulwarks of the stage in the United States!

The possibility of giving subtle and original treatment to familiar phases of life, together with the attendant oppor-



WRITING "ORIGINAL" PLAYS IN  
A BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

tunity of revealing human nature in the theater, holds forth the chief promise along this line. Clever twisting and turning will make a new episode from an old one, as is best demonstrated in what Beaumont and Fletcher did with Lope de Vega when they adapted "Sancho Ortez" into "The Custom of the Country," and playwrights are learning to turn little things to vital account in the construction of their works. A glance at a photograph nowadays is made to convey all that was indicated in a five-minutes' talk between butler and maid ten years ago. As to the matter of heart interest, that, after all, is the thing that makes for popularity in a drama. Charles Klein, author of "The Music Master," put this matter to me beautifully not long ago in an attempt to prove the advantage of the realistic over the romantic. "Supposing a man comes to you," he remarked, "and says that his wife has just fallen from a balloon. You're not sorry, because you can't understand why his wife should have gone up in a balloon. Let the same man say to you, however, that he is out of a position and that his family is starving, and see how quickly the tears will come into your eyes. So far as modern audiences are concerned, the old dueling, hose-wearing romantic heroes are up in a balloon. We want sorrows and joys we can comprehend."

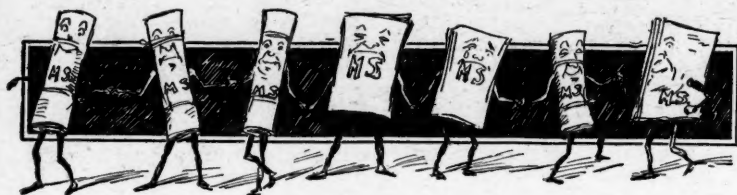
It is this creed which makes the young dramatist an entity worth seeking. If it prove impossible to find him among the thousands who write plays, it is at least worth while to cultivate him when he is discovered among the tens who write promising plays. "By their works ye shall know them" is particularly applicable to the men who will some day succeed Sardou and Pinero. They will bear watching. If I were a producing manager, I should



CUTTING PLAYS TO FIT  
PERSONALITIES

keep in touch with the men whose first efforts, like those of Paul Armstrong and William C. De Mille, indicate the possession of marked ability. I would set them at work, not at the dramatic tailor task of cutting plays to fit personalities, but at realizing their ideals and their ideas. Certainly it is true that this great country is full of material waiting for dramatization, and it must be equally true that it is full of authors capable of accomplishing

the work. They will not be the illiterate glory hunters who deluge theatrical offices with their manuscripts, nor will they be the celebrities whose brains have been pressed dry. It were wise to look for them among the people whose professions draw them into close touch with the real world and the theater; among the newspaper men and the enthusiastic play-lovers; among those who are trying even now to know more about the writing and reading of plays.



### AUTUMN

WITH shy brown eyes she comes again,  
 With hair a sunny silken skein,  
 As full of light as golden-rod;  
 Love in her voice, love in her nod.  
 She treads so softly no one knows  
 The time she comes, the time she goes.

The grass is brown, the leaves begin  
 Their gold and crimson dyes to win.  
 Each cricket sings as loud as ten,  
 To drown the noisy locust, when  
 You come, O maid, to bid us cry  
 To summer sweet a long good-by.

And when you go the leaves are gone;  
 The aster's farewell scent is flown;  
 Poor Cupid puts away his wings,  
 And close to cozy corners' clings.  
 The rude wind ushers, with a shout,  
 The winter in, the autumn out.

There's sadness in her shy brown eyes,  
 Though gay her gown with tawny dyes,  
 Love's in her voice—but telling most  
 Of one who's loved, but loved and lost.  
 She treads so softly no one knows  
 The time she comes, the time she goes.



## The Squelching of Squinch

By William Alfred Thomson

EPHRAIM rested his elbows on the top bar of the barnyard gate, and regarded his collection of prosperous-looking fowls with a contented countenance. Mrs. Ephraim scattered corn among bobbing heads and noisy wings, while belated members of the feathered household darted through the fences, cackling their eagerness to be in time for breakfast.

"That's a purty nice lot," said Ephraim, reflectively. "We ought to git a hundred easy fer them."

"And pay it all to that there Squinch!" snapped Mrs. Ephraim. She tossed the last handful of feed into the sea of feathers and came over to the gate. "A hundred and eighty dollars fer the hundred and forty he lent you three months back! Eph, when I think of it I git that mad I ain't got no patience with you!"

Ephraim scratched his head and elevated his brows with the resigned air of the philosophical husband who has measured the difference between his own and his wife's opinions.

"It don't seem altogether right," he admitted; "but borryin' off Squinch saves the bother of dealin' with lawyers, and the less I see of them the better. Besides, we had luck with these here chickens, and I didn't expect to git no hundred fer the flock this spring. With the eighty we got in the house, and what I git fer these to-morrow, I kin square off Squinch and hev things straightened out till summer."

"That there note's due day after to-morrow," suggested Mrs. Ephraim, her vindictive tone changing to one of anxiety.

"I know," replied her husband; "but I won't hev no trouble in gittin' the cash

fer the pullets. Parker always pays that way, and I'll drive up and see him in the morning."

All Kutz County knew Squire Squinch, and most of it knew him to its sorrow. He was the rural Shylock; the gentleman ready to accommodate farm owners who found themselves pressed for funds, but who fought shy of the technicalities of legitimate borrowing in the city, with cash for a wholesome consideration. He loaned a man, say, one hundred dollars for three months, and took his note for one hundred and twenty-five. When the note fell due, if the unlucky customer had the sum to meet it, Squinch took the cash and called it square. On the suggestion of renewing the loan, which often became necessary in the country where money came in only at such seasons when crops or live stock could be sold, the squire doubled his rate of interest, took a new note for one hundred and fifty dollars and exacted the payment of twenty-five on the old one. In this relentless mill were ground scores, who meekly submitted rather than risk the turmoil of the courts and the sharp practices of lawyers.

Added to his faculty for driving profitable bargains as a banker, Squinch speculated in all sorts of odds and ends, from a horse to an antiquated piano, at the same time plying his trade as justice of the peace and auctioneer. With so many rakes afield, he had accumulated a fortune of comfortable dimensions, and had become a man of consequence and one to be feared.

Like many another successful financier, however, his acknowledged supremacy as a favorite of fortune was by no means an indorsement of his methods, and many were the whispered rumors concerning the fate of horses that were suddenly missing, fowls that strayed away and cows that failed to come home. But as specific charges were wanting, and as rumor never became outcry, the squire went on fattening his balance in the city and multiplying his properties in the country.

Ephraim went up to town early next day. His wife met him at the gate on

his return in the evening, and she read in the weary lines of his face a hitch in the program.

Silently they put up the horse for the night and came back to the kitchen for supper. She waited until Ephraim had attacked his favorite dish of scrapple and fried eggs, and then inquired, impatiently:

"Well? What's wrong now?"

"Tain't much," said the man, gulping down a mouthful, "but——"

"Why, can't you sell the hens?" she broke in, eagerly.

"Oh, yes," he replied, scratching his beard with the handle of his knife and smiling ruefully. "I kin sell 'em all O K, but Parker don't want to pay fer ten days yet. He says he's overstocked, and he don't really need the hens right away. He ain't paying out fer no goods in advance, and I don't blame him, nuther."

"Well, what about Squinch's note tomorrow?"

"That there's just it. Makes it kind o' inconvenient, don't it?"

"Mebbe Squinch'll trust you till the hens is sold."

"Not him; it's goin' to cost us some more money—there ain't no other way. But I'll see what I kin do with him in the morning."

Mrs. Ephraim dropped her knife with an angry clatter as she delivered her final opinion.

"Well, if that there Squinch wants to charge you any more and you let him go ahead, you're more of a lomix than I thought. Eph, I'd sue it through court first; and I'll tell him so, too, when I see him!"

Ephraim called on the squire early next day. The Kutz County usurer was short and squat, with a round and not unkindly countenance and a semblance of heartiness in his manner which passed for the real thing until you had borrowed from him.

"Mornin', Eph; you look like you had money," he suggested, facetiously. "Come to square off?"

His visitor explained his position as graphically as he could, and asked for a renewal of the note at a nominal rate

of interest until he should dispose of the hens.

The squire listened carefully, and the jovial light died from his face, giving place to a look of deepest gloom. He appeared to be suffering as he shook his head sadly and said:

"There ain't no one I'd oblige quick-er'n you, Eph,

but collections is slow and I'm takin' big chances on some of my loans. Them hens of yourn'll fetch the price, fer they're as nice a lot as ever I seen; but you can't count on nothin' in this business but the cash. You know my rule, and I can't make no exception. Give me a new note for two hundred and twenty and pay the forty dollars' interest on the old one. Then I'll renew it fer three months—no less. I'm sorry, but that's the best I kin do."

The protests, threats and pleas which Ephraim entered made no impression on the adamant Squinch. The horror of going to law confronted the unfortunate farmer, and he surrendered.

The squire got back his sunnier air when Ephraim finally drew forth a roll of bills and peeled off eight five-dollar notes.

The papers were adjusted and the banker stowed them away carefully with the money in a huge wallet which he dragged from the rear pocket of his trousers. He patted the purse fondly with a fat hand, remarking, as he did so, by way of an attempt to end a painful experience as cheerfully as possible:

"This here pocketbook is my safe deposit vault, Eph. I don't have no use fer iron safes in this office. Where I go, this wallet goes along, and it sleeps with me, too. There don't no one git this, except they find me dead from appleplexy first."

Ephraim went home sadly and listened to a lecture which did not serve to heighten his opinion of the married state. But he was a true philosopher and bore his cross silently.

He awoke one morning, three days later,

with a strange feeling that more trouble was due on his gloomy horizon. He explained to himself, as he was dressing, that he had got out of bed on the wrong side, until a shrill summons from his wife, who had preceded him downstairs, brought him to his feet in the act of pulling on a boot.

"Eph! Eph!" she cried. "Eph, the hens is stole!"



"This here pocketbook is my safe deposit vault, Eph. I don't have no use fer iron safes in this office."

The hens! His hundred-dollar asset! And he was to have taken them to town next day!

They were "stole," surely and completely. A few wretched stragglers, overlooked by the thief, cackled their loneliness to Ephraim as he stood in the dim light of early morning regarding his plundered coop. Thoughts of Squinch, the Shylock, the new note and his vain plans for the summer tumbled through his brain. He would have shed tears of bitterness but for his wife, who sought that solace first, and fled into the house.

Something drew his attention to the hen-house door. It was a bit of cloth sticking to a nail head along the jamb. He pulled it off and examined it mechanically. The thief in his hurry evidently had caught his trousers, and a good-sized piece had been ripped from the garment. This was what the constable would call a clew, he reflected.

Then he started, stooped and picked up a wallet lying just inside the threshold.

There was something familiar about that big, leather purse, and he opened it eagerly. Within were some papers—promissory notes, receipts and an imposing assemblage of green and yellow bank bills. The latter he counted hurriedly—eight fives, ten twenties and four fifties—four hundred and forty dollars in all.

Half a minute later he stood before his weeping wife in the kitchen. There was a grim smile on his face as he said: "Mom, we made a mistake; the hens ain't stole, after all. We sold 'em."

That was Thursday. Friday morning Squire Squinch got his wallet back. Among the notes remaining inside was this one:

DEAR SQUIRE: i am verry sorry i wasn't around when you come to call wednesday night, but generally speakin' i don't sleap in my chicken coob. i didn't expekt to sell my hens that soon and i wasn't lookin' fer such a good prise. Since you insist on payin' me so liberal i can't do nothin' but except your turms. also much oblied fer returnin' my new note fer two twenty. it was rite naborly in you.

Yours,

EPHRAIM BLATZ.



#### SORRY HE CALLED ATTENTION TO IT.

MRS. CHAPPEIGH—What a peculiar expression your little girl has in her eyes. She appears to be gazing at vacancy.

MRS. FONDMAR—Effie, you must not stare so at the gentleman. It is very rude.



#### NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.

MRS. UPPTOWNE—You horrid burglar! Put down that safe; it contains all my jewels. I'll scream for the police!

RAFFLES—Pray be calm, madam; can't you see you're safe in my arms?



#### PASSES BY.

IRVINGTON MANSKETT—Ticket, sir? Why, you pass the profession, do you not?

THEATRICAL MANAGER—Sure, if I happen to see them first!



#### SHE DID NOT.

FARGORN—Here comes your mother, just as I was going to kiss you. Just my luck!

MISS WILLIN—Do you call that luck?



THE out-of-town girl who finds herself in New York, now that the summer has changed completely into autumn, is a most fortunate young person. She needs to keep her eyes open on arriving, but it is safe to say she doesn't have to be told this. The new fashions alone will make her stare, even as she admires them.

It is the picturesque, this autumn, that is on dress parade—not only in the costume as a whole, but in every detail. Nothing is too trifling to be ignored. The New York girl knows that it is by making the little things count that she herself counts so much, in her own charming personality. Everywhere the out-of-town girl looks she will see the clever embodiment of a clever idea.

There is much that is dazzling about the new fashion novelties, and much that is interesting in the way they are worn. Birds alight on hats in the most unexpected places. Frocks which look as though they were designed purposely for the court beauties who reigned during the time of Louis XVI. are on display as modern fashions, and there is the glitter of gold braid and lace, and the glisten of brilliant crystal buttons. Jewels are worn lavishly, and there is a special vogue for unusual and semiprecious stones.

It is to be a button season, if the eyes of the out-of-town girl do not deceive her. There are buttons everywhere you might expect them, and twice as many where you would never think they possibly could be. They are seen in all sizes, and many are fit to grace the velvet shelves of a cabinet. The larger buttons seem to have the preference this season, though the special fad is to show them in graduated sizes on one frock. Exquisite crystal buttons are among the novelties. These are very flat and large, and have in relief a gold design as their decoration, which is usually of the Louis XVI. or Empire order. Tailored frocks and

coats are frequently trimmed with buttons made of the self-material. They have no setting, but are simply framed in a self-colored cord. Buttons of jade, of gilt and of onyx, as well as many velvet buttons,



A garter purse.



*Something new in umbrella handles.*

are all making themselves conspicuous in the new fashion.

The buttoned sleeve is a novelty which the New York girl likes. It is leg-of-mutton in shape, with the entire forearm buttoned so that it fits snugly. This sleeve looks very attractive in a separate silk waist—one that is made to be worn with a chemisette of the lingerie order. Buttons in graduated sizes may also be used as a trimming for the front of the waist. With the waist in some dark shade of silk, the buttons would look well covered with cloth of gold. It is these striking effects that are the vogue.

Even the umbrella which the very fashionable New York girl is carrying is apt to dazzle the out-of-town girl. And it's no wonder! The latest umbrella handle is of partridge wood, with

a large rock crystal ball at the top. The crystal is not only beautifully engraved, but thickly studded with jewels. Long solid-gold handles are also considered the proper thing, and these invariably are made to open at the top, where they hide away either a tiny puff box and mirror, a coin purse or a vinaigrette. The top is generally round, and bears the owner's monogram. As for the umbrella itself, it is preferably of black silk, and made so that different handles may be adjusted. However, there are New York girls who have no idea of the value of money—and you can't blame them, for they have never been taught—who actually have an umbrella to match every street gown they own.

Feathers are the fashion. And you ought to see the way the New York girl illustrates this fact! Other years, in the fall, she has looked with favor upon the all-feather hat, but this season she has gone a step further, and not only wears a feather hat, but a belt of feathers, and carries an exquisite feather bag. The mounting of the bag and the belt buckle match, and where they are of gold, gun metal or silver, the same metal is used for the hat pin which holds her feather hat in place. The feathers of the peacock and the blue jay are much used for this novel feather set, and so also are the fine, beautifully shaded feathers of the guinea fowl. Of course the out-of-town girl is sure to remark that she never heard of anything so perishable as a feather belt, and, equally of course, the New York girl is sure to retort: "What difference does it make? I would not want it if it lasted too long. And then, too, there are more where this came from."

Even when the out-of-town girl is not thinking of dress, she finds it unexpectedly forced upon her. Let me tell you an instance of it. A particular out-of-town girl was invited, this fall, to a "four-to-seven" affair, which she supposed, of course, was the usual



*The ring glove.*

tea. She knew beforehand that it was given in honor of the engagement of a New York girl, and she was amazed, on arriving, to discover that those present were expressing their congratulations in—what do you think? Stockings, of all things! Not a man was invited, and all the New York girls who were there referred to the affair as a stocking shower. Talk about a stocking exhibit! The Flatiron Building on a windy day has at last been out-rivaled. The out-of-town girl never dreamed of anything like it before. There were all sorts of stockings—exquisite webs, each one seeming finer and more artistic than the last; there

were silk stockings with lace butterflies over the instep, others showing insertions of the finest lace, and some stockings were worked in a charming design in ribbon embroidery. However they varied, they all bore the monogram or the initials of the girl to whom they were given, embroidered in various ways at the top. And such boxes as the stockings came in! Many of them were covered with Japanese silk and others were of moiré silk, and somewhere inside a sachet was cleverly hidden. The girl who is fortunate enough to have a stocking shower given in her honor can scratch off her list the word stockings in preparing her trousseau.

Garters with little silk purses attached are among the novelties which have already appealed to the New York girl. When and where she makes use of the purse she alone knows. The garters are of silk elastic, and the little purse of silk matches them in color. The purse has a flap at the top which buttons over the garter. If the size of the purse were the only thing to consider, one might say it was exclusively for car fare. But, of course, for very obvious reasons it cannot be used for this purpose. Perhaps the New York girl carries a few of her jewels in this little, safely hidden away purse, even if she doesn't refer to it as a jewel bag.

Perhaps the novelty of all others this autumn which has made the out-of-town girl open her eyes wide with astonishment is the remarkable gloves which on one or two occasions she has observed the New York girl wearing. It was not the color of the gloves which attracted her attention; neither, as one might expect, was it the buttons.

Instead, it was the curious way in which the gloves on the last two fingers of each hand were slit. At first glance the out-of-town girl thought the gloves were damaged, that they were ripped or torn, but that was only when she saw them lying in the New York girl's lap. When they were on the hand they told plainly the story not only of their novelty but the purpose for which they had been designed. The gloves



A matched set of feather accessories.

were made solely to display the rings. They are designated in the shops as ring gloves, and are regarded as a most convenient innovation by the ultra-smart New York woman. To show her rings and yet keep her gloves on has been an achievement long dreamed of and hoped for by the New York girl. And this autumn this is just exactly what she can do, and be looked upon as smart and up-to-the-moment in style at the same time. The ring gloves of glacé kid fasten with big pearl stud buttons and come in attractive tints.

A very new idea in rings, also introduced by the inimitable New York girl, is an entirely new sort of a gold signet ring. The ring, instead of displaying the owner's monogram, is set in the design of her birth-month flower. The idea is really a very pretty one, and many of the flowers which belong to the different months look most attractive traced in tiny jewels. April's flower, the daisy, for instance, looks extremely pretty with the petals of wee diamonds and a small topaz used for the golden center. Wherever it is possible the flower is worked in a jewel which corresponds with the natural flower, but when this cannot be done the shape of the flower is formed of diamonds.

An out-of-town girl the other day had the pleasure of showing something to a New York girl which so pleased the latter young person that she

straightway started to work to make one for herself. It was nothing but a case covered with colored linen, but it was made for a purpose quite novel. The out-of-town girl explained that so many times in going through the magazines she found a particular story which specially appealed to her, and was decidedly worth keeping. If she tried to lay aside the magazine with the idea of reading the story again it was sure never to be found when she wanted it. And so she decided to cut the story out and preserve it in a case made expressly for this purpose. In making the case she used four pieces of light-weight cardboard just a trifle larger than the magazine from which the story was clipped, and then she covered the cardboard with linen and overhanded two of the pieces together, not forgetting to catch in ribbons for tying. For the hinges of the case

she criss-crossed ribbon together, sewing securely. She cut out the pages she wished to preserve, leaving as much margin as possible, and bound with a strip of paper, through which she ran



*Trimmed with buttons in graduated sizes.*

a ribbon, sewing it to the binding. New stories from time to time can be treated in the same way. The linen case may be decorated with an embroidered design, if one wishes, or a water color sketch may be used to add to its ornamental effect. These cases for stories may also be made of chambray or silk.

The observing out-of-town girl, who is always asking questions, has learned the following interesting fact: That it is no longer the mode to have your frock or your hat possess an unmistakable air of newness. The gown which has the effect of being part of the wearer is the fashionable gown—the talked-of gown of the moment. Nowadays when a frock is first sent home from the dressmaker's it is no longer guarded with care and carefully protected from getting wrinkled or crushed until the first occasion for wearing it occurs. Instead, it is worn about the house, actually sat in for a purpose, and that purpose is that the material may become adapted to the lines of the individual figure.



*A stocking shower for the prospective bride.*

After this has been accomplished—when the gown seems a real part of the wearer—then, and not until then, is it considered fit to make its debut. That is the art of dressmaking.



#### BEYOND A DOUBT.

DOCTOR—You must take half an hour's exercise before breakfast.

PATIENT—I take more than that now, hunting for my collar buttons!



#### HIS HOPELESS CONDITION.

MRS. GASSERLY (whose husband is ill)—Tell him he must live for my sake, doctor.

DOCTOR DOSEM—Oh, he'll certainly die without that!

# Ruperta

By Sir William Magnay, Bart.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE COUNT AND HIS PRISONERS.

WHEN Countess Minna awoke that morning she had found herself among surroundings which, as she examined them, gave her considerable uneasiness. In her fatigue and the excitement of the night before she had but cursorily noticed the room, merely finding that it was next to the princess', and communicated with it. When she rose in the morning she saw that this door, which had overnight been left open, was shut. When she tried it she found it locked; when she called to her mistress no answer was returned. She ran to the other, the outer, door of her room; that was locked also. A vague alarm seized her. She looked round and shuddered in an excess of fear at the unprepossessing character of the apartment. At night it had looked fairly comfortable; the gray light of morning now brought out its dismal, almost funereal, somberness. The great bed resembled a catafalque; its hangings, like the rest in the room, were black, scarcely relieved by a purple line of device.

She went to the window and threw back the curtains; as she did so almost starting back in dismay. The outlook was upon a sheer wall of hewn rock, as gloomy and depressing as was the room. The place had the aspect of a prison, and it seemed very much as though it were really one as far as she was concerned.

"Worse than Krell," she gasped, as she turned away and began to dress herself. When this was done she tried the doors again, shaking and knocking at them, but without getting any response.

Just as she was working herself into a perfect frenzy of fear and despair, the door suddenly opened, and a maid of somewhat repellent aspect brought in breakfast. This she set down without speaking a word, or, indeed, showing any particular consciousness of the other's presence, and was leaving the room, when Minna sprang after her and asked her anxiously why the door between the rooms had been locked. To this the girl merely shook her head and answered: "I do not know."

"But I wish to see the other lady at once," Minna protested. "Will you either unlock that door or show me the way to her room?"

Again the maid shook her head. "I may not. I know nothing," was her unconvincing reply.



*She started back with a little cry.*

"Then," exclaimed Minna, pushing forward to the door, "I will go myself and find the way. I will not stay—ah!"

She started back with a little cry. At the door stood a man; none other than the count.

He came in with a smile, which did not tend to restore Minna's confidence. The maid went out and the door was shut again.

"I hope you rested well, *fräulein*?"

The set smile gave the lie to the words. Obviously he did not expect to hear of a pleasant night's rest.

"I slept well, count. I was dead tired," she answered, keeping back her trepidation.

"Ah, to be sure. You had a long, fatiguing journey of how many hours—I forget?"

The question was put with just enough insinuation to put the girl on her guard.

"I could not tell you; I lost count of them," she replied, forcing a laugh.

"The lieutenant and his friend have gone off to look after the broken carriage," *Irromar* said.

"Ah!" Minna brightened at the idea of getting away.

"A hopeless errand, I fear."

She tried not to betray the sinking at her heart.

"You can doubtless put us in the way of procuring another carriage," she suggested.

"Perhaps. I am not sure. I have certain doubts as to how far my help should be given. Doubts, pardon me, as to the correctness of the story the lieutenant told me last night. Yes. Now you, *fräulein*, may perhaps find it expedient to declare the truth."

"I can tell you," she replied, "nothing more than you have already heard."

"Nothing nearer the truth?"

"No, indeed."

"You can tell me," he said, very deliberately, "that the lieutenant and *Fräulein von Bertheim*, if that be her name, are not brother and sister."

"I cannot," she returned, evasively.

"You may not?"

"May not?" she laughed, not very suc-

cessfully. "There is no compulsion that I know of."

"There is," he retorted, significantly, "to speak the truth."

In spite of her fears his insistence began to irritate her. "If you know better than I, count, my testimony can scarcely be necessary."

"Perhaps not," he returned, brusquely; "still, I mean to have it."

He had risen, and now stood over her. The sense of the man's immense power seemed to dominate her, but she thought of *Ruperta*, and determined the secret should not be drawn from her.

He moved to the window and flung back the curtain. The wall of rock rose sheer and gray within a few feet, blocking out all view of the sky, and mocking the sight with a poor wedge of daylight, which served but to illuminate its black monotony.

"That is all the outside world you will see till you have told me the truth," *Irromar* said, quietly.

Repressing the shudder which the prospect induced, she turned quickly to him. "Then we are prisoners?"

He smiled. "Scarcely that, as yet. But you may be."

"You will keep us here at your peril, count," she flared out, her indignation getting the better of her fear.

"It may be," he returned, smiling, as at a child's threat. "I will take the risk."

"It may be greater than——" she stopped. In the stress of resentment her tongue was outstripping her judgment.

"Yes?" he asked, with his irritating, probing smile.

"Then this is why I have been locked in my room," she went on, covering the slip with an excess of indignation. "And is *Fräulein von Bertheim* a prisoner too under this hospitable roof?"

"It depends upon you," he answered.

A defiant reply was at her lips, but she thought better, and checked it. Boldness and obstinacy were here manifestly out of place; wit alone could avail. After all, since the count clearly suspected the relationship between *Lud-*

ovic and Ruperta, where was the point in keeping up a deception which was already hardly one? So long as the great secret of their real identities remained unguessed the other did not seem to matter much. Since Minna had hoodwinked Rollmar she had acquired confidence in her native wit. What she wanted now was to get back to Ruperta; this solitary confinement and state of alarm were more than she could bear.

"And if I tell you the truth of what you want to know?" she asked, with a fine show of reluctance.

"Then you will be free. Come, tell me of your companions. They are no more brother and sister than are you and I?"

"No."

"They are lovers?"

"You can see that as well as I."

He tapped his foot impatiently. "Tell me."

"Then—yes."

"Of course; it is clear. They are eloping?"

"Under circumstances of infinite respectability, count," she said, archly.

He laughed. "Ah, yes; of course. Far be it from me to suggest the contrary. Thank you, *fräulein*. That is all I wanted to know, unless there is anything more you wish to add."

"Only a request that, now I have satisfied your curiosity, I may be at liberty to join my friend and prepare for our departure."

"Certainly, when your carriage is ready." With a cunning smile he moved to the door and went out quickly, closing it behind him. When she tried to follow him she found she was again a prisoner.

The count had bolted the door behind him, and now went straight to the room that had been allotted to the princess. A very different apartment it was from poor Minna's; for, whereas that was repulsively dismal and terrifying, Ruperta's lodging was luxuriously furnished, and pleasant in the highest degree. As yet no shadow of a suspicion of her host's intentions had come to her. She was awaiting with some impatience

Minna's appearance to join her half-finished breakfast, when she was told that the count asked permission to pay his respects to her. He came in, another man from him who had just left Minna. He was now the very perfection of grave courtesy; the attentive host, the open-hearted sportsman.

"I had expected the lieutenant and his friend back before this," he observed, after their greeting. "It is long since they went off to inspect the broken carriage."

"You do not think harm can have come to them?" Ruperta suggested, noticing his serious expression.

"That," he replied, "is scarcely possible, since I sent several of my men with them."

She was reassured by his words. "That is well. No doubt they will soon be ready to start."

"You are in great haste to leave us, *fräulein*?"

"Not that, count. But we have a long journey before us."

"Ah, yes. It is sad that the pleasure of one must be the pain of another. You, *fräulein*, in your distress and anxiety, cannot realize the brightness with which this accident, unlucky and yet lucky, has illuminated my rude, lonely existence."

She seemed to think he had expressed himself warmly enough, for she replied, almost coldly: "It is surely your own choice, this rude, lonely life, as you call it. Although I dare say an occasional guest makes an agreeable change."

The blue eyes were fixed on her in a curious admiration. With glorious beauty such as hers, coldness could only be provocative to a man of the count's temperament.

"May I see *Fräulein Minna*?" she asked. "It is surely time we made ready for leaving."

"Scarcely, I hope," he returned, and something in his manner seemed to suggest to her that he might design, she knew not why, to delay their departure. "Please, count," she continued, more insistently, "let me find the *fräulein* or send her to me."

A man came running out of the wood toward the castle.

"Ah, here comes one of my men," the count said. "He evidently brings news. I will see what it is."

He hastened from the room, leaving Ruperta in a vaguely uneasy state of mind. Very soon he returned, and she saw in his face, as somehow she had anticipated, that he had unpleasant news to give her.

"I am placed in an awkward position," he said, in reply to her look of inquiry. "My man, who accompanied the lieutenant and his friend, tells me a story so strange that I hesitate to make it known to you."

"Please tell me at once—everything," Ruperta said, with compressed lips.

He affected to hesitate for a moment, then said: "It appears that the lieutenant and Captain von Ompertz, for some unaccountable reason, have taken their departure without you."

She stared at him for a few moments as though not realizing the news.

"Gone without us?" she said, with quiet incredulity.

He made a grave sign of confirmation. "I fear it is but too true," he maintained, sympathetically. "They have gone under circumstances which leave, I fear, no doubt as to their intention."

The notion was so preposterous that it scarcely moved her.

"I cannot believe it," she said, calmly. But the darker idea of a sinister intent prompting the falsehood began to take shape in her mind.

"Will you hear what my man has to say?" Irromar asked.

"No," she answered, with a cold repression that seemed almost indifference. "At least, not now. I will wait, since there seems yet no chance of our departure."

He bowed. "I shall be but too honored and happy to keep you as my guest," he said, unchecked by her significantly averted face. "Will you pardon my boldness, *fräulein*, if I must tell you that should we unhappily find that your friends have deserted you, you

have found another, a devoted friend, in Karl Irromar?"

She returned no answer, gave no sign even that she heard him, and he judged it wise to leave her.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### AN UNEXPECTED DEVELOPMENT.

Night falling over the dark forest effectually hid Ludovic and Ompertz, who were making their stealthy way toward the trysting place. All through the dragging hours of that weary afternoon they had lain hidden among the rocks, having before them the curtain of a great clump of brushwood. When it was safely dark the two stole out, eager to be about their desperate attempt. Action was imperative; delay intolerable; the danger and distress of the prisoners were bound to increase every moment they remained in that robber's den.

The two men had but half a mile to go from their hiding place to the rendezvous, but the nature of the ground they traversed and the need of extreme caution left little remaining of the half hour after nightfall which was their appointed time. Save for a few dim streaks of moonlight which filtered through the trees, the wood was perplexingly dark as they crept through it. Stealing along like marauding panthers, they arrived at length, without incident or alarm, at the meeting place. No one was there. Standing close to a great tree, they waited for their guide's appearance. Minutes passed without any indication that the tryst was to be kept. At last, when the appointed time was well past, Ludovic whispered to his companion: "Let us go forward. She may be here waiting for us, as we are for her."

Ompertz nodded, and they crept out warily into the path. All was still; ahead of them they could see a dull haze of light rising, evidently from the lighted windows of the castle below. Suddenly Ompertz put out his hand and touched Ludovic, then pointed forward to an object which his trained eye

had detected dimly outlined against the faint light. Surely it was the figure of a woman standing beside the path. So the lady had been waiting for them all the time. Vexed at their shortsighted caution, which had lost so much time, Ludovic went quickly forward. She stood so motionless, that they wondered she did not turn at their approach. As Ludovic came to within a few paces of her, he saw it was she whom they looked for—his hand was raised in the act of salutation, when suddenly, as though shot, he stopped with a great start and a half cry.

"Ompertz! My God! Look!" he cried.

In an instant Ompertz by a quick stride was at his shoulder. The two men peered forward with apprehensive intentness at the girl's figure. Then, as by a common impulse, they turned and looked at each other aghast. Then Ompertz, to whom familiarity with horrors had given a quicker recovery of nerve and power of action, sprang forward to the motionless figure; only to recoil with a deep exclamation of wrath and abhorrence. As he turned and his eyes met Ludovic's, the king saw in them the answer to his gasped question:

"She is dead?"

Ompertz nodded and came close to him, seizing his arm.

"Dead? Yes. Foully murdered for this business. The man is a devil incarnate."

Without another word, for the horror was too appalling for speech, they went a step forward and saw what the deed had been.

The body of the girl was cunningly lashed to the trunk of a young tree which had been cut down to about the height of her head, and so formed a support to keep her in an erect posture.

The attitude was a natural, and from a few paces off the deception was perfect. But now the gray face, strangely handsome, even in its ghastliness, set off in horrible contrast by the rich dress and jewels which, sparkling in the moonlight, mocked the lusterless eyes, was so awful that more than the first glance at it was unendurable. As Ludovic averted his head in an agony of impotent rage and sorrow, Ompertz caught his arm and said in his ear:

"His vengeance will not stop here, sire."

Ludovic roused himself from the horror that deprived him of all thought save one.

"We cannot go," he said, desperately, "after that." He pointed with a shudder to the tragedy. "Now less than ever, since we know——"

He stopped, for Ompertz had made a warning gesture, and now turned his head, listening intently. There was a stealthy rustle in the trees; while they listened in doubt it increased, and seemed to come from all sides. Then suddenly came a low cry of command, followed without pause by a noise as of



*They went a step forward and saw what the deed had been.*

men rushing swiftly and stealthily upon them.

"Look out, sire," Ompertz cried. "It is a trap! We are surrounded."

As he spoke, dark forms appeared running upon them through the trees. With a soldier's readiness to meet and make the best of a surprise, Ompertz had whipped out his pistols and fired two quick shots at the foremost of the advancing figures.

"Follow me, sire," he exclaimed. "We must cut our way through or we are dead men. It is our only chance. Keep your fire for the moment. I fancy I have accounted for two. This is our best way."

As he spoke he sprang forward into the wood over the bodies of the two men whom his shots had brought down. Ludovic followed, sword and pistol in hand. There were angry cries behind them, but for the moment they got a slight start, having broken through the ring of their assailants at the point where Ompertz's shots had made an opening. Keeping arm to arm the two ran on as fast as the thick wood allowed them, dodging the trees which stood in the way of their progress, stumbling, falling, bruising themselves against the trunks which seemed to advance against them in the darkness, yet always, as the shouts told them, keeping ahead of their pursuers. It was a grim hunt, with death a certainty if they were taken.

"Mad fool that I was to let you stay, sire," Ompertz groaned.

"I care nothing for my life now," Ludovic returned, with set teeth; "only to get Ruperta from the clutches of that murdering devil. At least he will buy my death at a price beyond his fancy."

As they kept on, hope came to Ompertz that they might, after all, in that great thick woodland succeed in evading their pursuers. Suddenly there came from all around them, as it seemed, a quick succession of low, signaling cries.

"We are surrounded again," Ludovic said. "Fools that we were to think that we had got clear."

"They have not taken us yet, sire,"

Ompertz replied. "Once out of the wood— Hah! what is that? By St. Hubert, they have lights for the better hunting of us down."

It was true enough. From various points in the circle round them came first a dull glow; then, as the brightness increased, an occasional flash was seen in the narrowing ring of their pursuers, the torches were thrust to and fro.

"At least their lights serve to show us where they are and where they are not," Ompertz observed, with a laugh. "Yonder seems a likely place to break through. Come, sire."

Without a moment's further hesitation they made a dash at a spot where the interval between the lights seemed greatest. Their assailants had evidently not thought them so near; as the two burst upon them out of the darkness, which was intensified beyond the radius of light given by the glaring torches, the count's men gave a great cry of surprise and sprang at them. But before a blow could be struck, two pistol shots rang out, the lights the men held made the aim easy to their own undoing; next instant there were two bodies on the ground, and two torches crackling half extinguished on the wood's spiky carpet. Then came a shout, a hunting cry, only more charged with rage and thirst for blood, followed by a rush as the whole band converged and made for the track of the two who were now running for their lives. The pursuers had the advantage, since they could see their way; the glare of the lights came ever nearer, the savage cries of the man-hunters sounded closer, the fugitives could hear the desperate panting of the men straining every nerve to come up with them, and make a speedy end to the night's work.

Suddenly there came an exclamation from Ompertz; a gasp, it sounded, of grim satisfaction. The scene had suddenly changed so unexpectedly that it seemed like magic. The thick wood had abruptly come to an end, they were in open ground, in comparative light, since the sky showed clear above them.

"Thank God we shall die in the



*Instantly Ludovic turned to see his comrade practically disarmed.*

open," Ompertz ejaculated, as they ran down the sloping approach from the wood. "It is some comfort to get another look at heaven, whether our journey lie that way or the opposite."

The count's men, like beasts of prey, were now tearing after them, their eagerness being probably stimulated by a shrewd idea of the way in which their chief would be likely to recognize their failure.

On the open ground it was soon apparent that there was no chance of distancing the pursuit.

"We must turn and face them," Ludovic said to his companion, as, turning his head, he caught sight of the flash of a blade almost within reach of his head.

"No, no, sire; for Heaven's sake keep on a little longer," the soldier gasped. "We may escape them yet. If only

we can get to the rocks yonder. Ah!"

The foremost of their pursuers, an ill-visaged, swarthy giant, was now within striking distance of Ludovic. Ompertz, running for his life, was yet keeping an eye on the fellow over his shoulder, watching for the moment when the blade would be raised for the stroke. As he spoke the last words he caught the glint of the steel over Ludovic's head. He turned and checked his pace just enough to get a certain aim, then fired, and with a roar the great fellow pitched heels over head. The next man was perhaps ten paces further behind; the fugitives had a renewed start. The rocks for which they were making were now quite near.

"Courage, sire! Keep on at your fastest," Ompertz cried, in his desperate hope. "We may make a stand against them yet. With our pistols we may hold these rocks—ah, no! by the everlasting thunder, they have trapped us, after all!"

His quick eye had seen that, from an opening in the dark hillside, a body of horsemen had suddenly appeared, filing out on the open ground across which the two had nearly made their way. As they emerged from the path they deployed with military smartness, and so formed an almost invincible barrier between the fugitives and the rocks for which they were making.

"We are nicely caught between two fires, now," Ompertz exclaimed, with a groan.

"Never mind; let us fight while we can," Ludovic returned.

Back to back the two doomed men stood, grimly determined to make as many lives as possible pay for their own, since all else but death was out of the question. Ludovic was now utterly possessed by the spirit of blind, despairing recklessness. The sense of the terrible irony of his fate had passed from

his mind. All hope was gone; one after the other his kingdom and his love had been snatched from him, and now fate's shears were already meeting on the thread of his life. So free of the world and all it held dear for him did he feel that he could laugh and enjoy the desperate excitement of that last struggle, where, since he could not win, he could delight in reducing his opponent's gain. From Ompertz behind him came a loud exclamation of triumph, a shout as gaily jubilant as a man might give on a successful stroke at tennis, but it meant that another of the count's ruffians had been accounted for, and the debt which their lives were to pay was growing.

But almost immediately afterward the soldier gave a different cry:

"Ah! I am done for!"

Instantly Ludovic turned to see his comrade practically disarmed; his uplifted hand grasped but the hilt of his shattered sword.

"My beauty! Gone at last, and on these swine," he cried, ruefully.

There was but one sword now to defend two men. Ompertz, with a despairing oath, hurled the sword-hilt full in the face of the man who was about to thrust at him. The fellow's intention was naturally checked by the blow which took him fairly on the mouth, and profiting by the moment's respite, Ompertz made a vigorous spring out of the immediate reach of his assailants, but instead of trying to escape rushed desperately toward the count.

"Count," he cried, throwing out his arms, "kill me as you please, but save him. He is Prince Ludwig of Drax-Beroldstein."

He stopped, for with an exclamation of angry surprise the count had turned from him and ran forward, peering through the semi-darkness at a sight which had suddenly attracted him. For a moment Ompertz supposed that it was Ludovic who was the object of his attention, and he, too, ran back to where he had left him, fearing that he must by now have fallen. To his surprise he found Ludovic standing alone; his assailants had drawn away from him and were, as it seemed, facing, in some

consternation, the mounted troops which had now advanced from the shadow of the rocks into the open. The sudden cessation in the attack was incomprehensible to both men. But, taking the situation as he found it, Ompertz lost no time in snatching a cutlass from one of the dead men, and then sprang to the king's side.

"Are you hurt, sire?"

Before Ludovic could answer, the horsemen were upon them.

"We shall have less chance now than ever," Ompertz muttered, preparing, all the same, to return the expected assault.

But a strange thing happened. The oncoming horsemen halted within a few paces, showing no intention of immediate attack. Then the count's strong voice was heard challenging them, and at the words a ray of hope broke in upon Ompertz's mind.

"What is the matter? What devil's game are you playing here by night?" a sharp voice called out.

"By the god of wonders, they are strangers!" Ompertz ejaculated, in sanguine astonishment.

The count flung back a fierce reply to the inquiry.

"What business is that of yours? Resume your way, and leave what does not concern you."

"Are you Count Irromar?" the same sharp voice demanded.

"I am Count Irromar," came the reply, "and answerable to no man for what happens in my own domain."

"I am not equally sure of that," the other returned.

"I will brook no interference from you or any other man," the count shouted, resentfully. "Will you please to pass on your way? You are off your road here."

Any further rejoinder from the leader of the troop was prevented by a cry of discovery from one of his own men who was nearest to Ludovic and Ompertz.

"Captain! Captain! We are in luck at last. Here are the very men we are seeking!"

"What!" The leader put his horse forward and came up eagerly to where

the two men stood. As he reined up they both recognized him: "Udo Rollmar."

"So I have caught you at last, my dashing lieutenant!" Udo exclaimed, viciously exultant. "Before I hang you on the nearest tree you will tell me——"

"What has become of the princess," Ludovic said. "I will tell you at once. She is a prisoner in that castle."

"Ah, you vile traitor—you——"

Ludovic went up close to his horse's head. "I will tell you something more," he began. Udo's horse made a slight plunge forward and Ludovic put his

hand on the bridle. Udo raised his sword.

"Back, you dog!" he cried, savagely. "Keep your distance, or——"

The other made a gesture of warning. "I am King Ludwig of Drax-Beroldstein," he said, quietly.

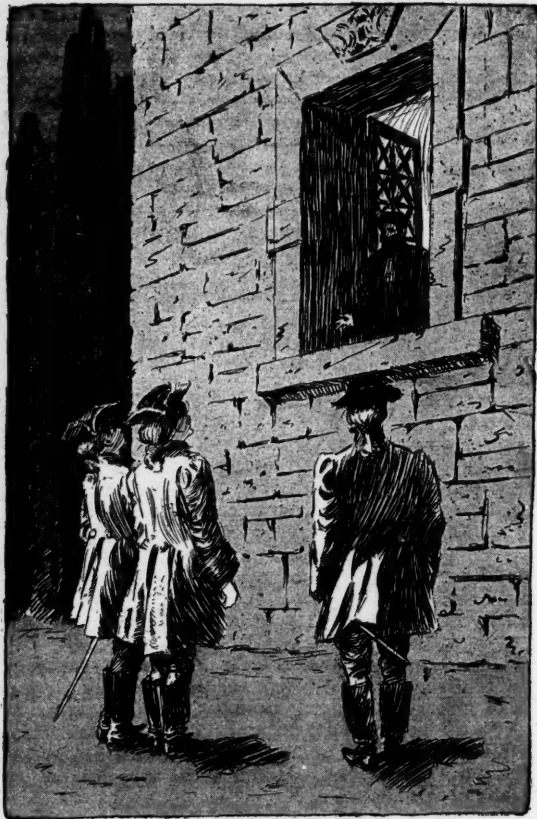
Udo's hand fell, and he stared at Ludovic for some moments as scarcely realizing the announcement. At length he said:

"The King of Drax-Beroldstein's name is Ferdinand."

"Not the rightful king's. I tell you I am he. I came to your court incog-

nito for an obvious reason, to add some romance to your father's matrimonial projects. You comprehend? Now an unfortunate series of accidents has hampered my plans. All that can be explained later. The princess must be our first consideration. That ruffian yonder, Count Irromar, is, as I tell you, keeping her prisoner there."

Udo's face hardly exhibited the satisfaction and respect which might have been expected from the disclosure of Ludovic's identity. A scowl of forced suspicion rested there; manifestly he was not relishing the part fate had cast him for in that romance. His father's sentiments in the business differed, as has been seen, considerably from his own. The feeling uppermost in his mind just then was probably intense regret that he had arrived on the scene in time to interfere in the count's amiable intentions toward



*The count appeared with a face of bland, protesting surprise.*

his rival. But there he was, and the situation was to be accepted as he found it. He could hardly take upon himself to complete the count's work. The chancellor would surely find out any such treachery, and was not the man to spare, in such a case, even his own son. For in spite of the incredulity which he thought proper to assume, something told Captain Udo that this was the veritable Prince Ludovic. The adventure, now that he was given the clew to it, was plausible enough, and it was obvious from his demeanor that the man who stood before him was something more than a lying lieutenant.

"This is all very fine and mysterious," he said, graciously, still affecting a doubt he scarcely felt, "and I do not understand it."

"It is of no consequence," Ludovic returned, with dignity. "You will at least not disbelieve me when I tell you that the Princess Ruperta is in that castle, held prisoner, and, for aught I know, in dire peril. As to who or what I am, that can be determined later. But no time must be lost in rescuing her highness from that villain's clutches."

There was hardly room even to pretend to doubt that statement, and Udo resumed action, nothing loath, perhaps, to play the rescuer and get Ruperta out of the danger into which her lover had brought her. He wheeled his horse and cantered back to the spot whence the count had addressed him, only to find that during his colloquy with Ludovic, the count and most of his party had disappeared.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

#### ROLLMAR'S POLICY.

This maneuver of the count's gave little surprise to Ludovic, although he felt angry with himself for not having foreseen it, and, indeed, in letting Irromar slip away, the chance of speedily rescuing the princess had been lost. Udo Rollmar showed his double discomfiture pretty plainly. However, he did not let his moodiness interfere with his activity. He sent several of his men

in pursuit of the count's party, but with little success. The wooded and rocky approach to the back of the castle hampered the movement of men unfamiliar with the winding paths and concealed passages; consequently the result of the pursuit was the capture of but one man. This fellow laughed defiantly when Udo ordered him to gain admittance for them into the castle as the alternative to his being strung up on the nearest tree.

"Do you mean to show us how to gain entrance to the castle?" Udo demanded, impatiently.

"Not I," the fellow answered. "And you may thank me for refusing to do you that ill service."

Udo raised his hand, as though about to order him to be strung up; then, with a change of intention, he had him bound and attached to one of his troopers.

"It is as well to keep the fellow alive for a while," he said to Ludovic; "we may find a use for him."

The party then made their way round into the narrow valley, and so up to the front of the castle.

Here, with sound of bugle and peremptory hammering at the great door, the master was summoned and entrance demanded. But not a sign of impression was or seemed likely to be made. After a while, however, a grating in the door was uncovered, and a manservant, after blandly inquiring the reason of the summons, intimated that if the leaders of the party would come forward alone, having drawn off their men down into the valley, the count, his master, might be graciously pleased to speak with them from a window. As this seemed the best chance they might expect, Udo ordered down his men, and remained on the highest terrace with Ludovic and Ompertz. For many minutes they stood there cooling their impatience. Presently, however, a light appeared at a window above their heads; it was opened, and at it the count appeared with a face of bland, protesting surprise.

"May I ask the reason of this rude summons?" he inquired. "What do you gentlemen want?"

"We want," Udo answered, "the ladies whom you are keeping prisoners."

The count raised his eyebrows in still further surprise. "Really, gentlemen," he replied, "I am at a loss to understand you. You are making, knowingly or in ignorance, an extraordinary mistake. I know nothing of any ladies in my house."

His affectation of ignorance, while it rather nonplused Captain Rollmar, exasperated Ludovic, to whom it was disagreeably familiar.

"A truce to this nonsense and pretense, count," he cried. "We are not here to discuss whether these ladies are in your keeping or not, but to demand their instant release."

"Were any ladies under the protection of my poor roof," Irromar replied, with maddening calmness, "I should certainly refuse to deliver them over to what I am almost forced to regard as a band of drunken marauders."

"You will rue this insolence before many hours are past," Udo cried, angrily. "So far from being a drunken marauder, I am Captain Udo Rollmar, of his highness Duke Theodor of Waldavia's bodyguard of cavalry. My father is chancellor, Baron Rollmar, and—"

"And your friends?" The words came snapped out with pointed, malicious intent, "and your friends, who have in return for my hospitality murdered my poor servants in cold blood, and attempted my own life—who may they be?"

"I am one," Ludovic retorted, "who possesses the power to have you hanged, and I will not rest till I have done so. Further, let me tell you, the ladies you keep prisoners are of high rank, and you will detain them another hour at your peril."

The count smiled in an enigmatical fashion. "Were the facts as you state them, I should be tempted to ask how ladies of high rank come to be traveling in this wild country in company with a pair of common swashbucklers, if the expression may be allowed me."

This touched Ompertz, who had hitherto stood by chafing in silence. "You

will pay for that, my sweet count, on my own as well as this gentleman's account, if ever I come within striking distance of you."

"It is late," Irromar observed, with his terrible coolness, "and chilly for listening to insane threats and bluster. I have already indulged you too long. I can only repeat that I have no knowledge of the ladies whom you say you seek. Now, captain, I bid you good-night, and if I might venture to add a word of advice, it would be that you will do well to dissociate yourself forthwith from your two disreputable companions. You are a young man, and—what is strange in your father's son—you seem easily gullible. Good-night."

The window was closed with a bang, and the light disappeared. The three men turned and descended to one of the lower terraces, where they held a short consultation. Each was convinced that an attempt with that handful of men to force a way into the stronghold was not to be thought of, and Ludovic, gladly as he would have headed such a forlorn hope, was obliged to bow to its impracticability. The plan quickly decided on was that he and Udo Rollmar should ride back posthaste to inform the chancellor of what had happened, and return with a force sufficient to overcome and compel Count Irromar to surrender. Meanwhile the men already there would remain on the watch under the command of Ompertz.

No sooner was this plan settled than the two, taking the freshest of the horses, started off on their long ride. The day was yet young when they drew bridle before the chancellerie at Waldenthorn, and Udo, ushering his companion into a salon, went to announce to his father the strange result of his quest.

Ludovic had taken, insensible of fatigue, but a few turns of the apartment in his restless impatience when the chancellor came in.

Rollmar's greeting manner was a study: a curious blending of half-doubting deference and slightly contemptuous protest. But his keen scrutiny of the young man—a revising, as it were, under transformed circumstances, of a pre-

vious observation and opinion—seemed to satisfy him. His first words as he bowed, lower than to an equal yet not so profoundly as to an assured sovereign, were characteristic:

"And I, Adrian Rollmar, never even suspected it."

There was a slightly self-reproachful smile at his thin lips as he motioned Ludovic to a seat and stooped before him, keenly revolving this unexpected phase of the situation.

"You have heard, baron, about the princess?" Ludovic asked, rapidly.

Rollmar bowed assent. "A pretty pass your highness has brought your romance to."

"No one," Ludovic replied, "naturally can regret this unlooked-for turn more terribly than I. The matter now is to rescue the princess, and without a moment's unnecessary delay."

To his impatience Rollmar's deliberation was provoking. "Ah! Unfortunately, as we hear, sir, you are not in a position to effect the rescue yourself."

For the moment Ludovic did not take his meaning. "By myself? Assuredly not. You must know this Count Irromar and his stronghold, baron. It will require a considerable force to bring him to capitulate."

Rollmar nodded agreement. "Which your highness cannot provide."

"From Beroldstein? No," Ludovic replied, a little awkwardly. "I fear I have trouble there to face."

"Ah!" The chancellor's ejaculation was expressive, inscrutably so in the suggestion of busy thought lying behind it. "You would have done better, sir, to have looked after your crown and left your love affair in my hands."

"Better, perhaps, for my crown," the prince returned, with as much of a smile as his anxiety would permit. "But with all deference to your skill, baron, not so well in the other matter."

"At least," the chancellor rejoined, "the present situation would have been avoided."

"One can hardly hope to fight against chance," Ludovic said, somewhat impatiently; "of that I have been the

sport lately. My uncle's fatal accident, my cousin's usurpation, and our stumbling into Count Irromar's den, were hardly to be anticipated. But if fate has led me into these hard knocks, it has in other respects marvelously stood my friend, even"—he smiled—"against you, baron."

Rollmar smiled a little dubiously. "Under pardon, sire, your luck can scarcely be said to justify your madness. Romance is, no doubt, a pretty plaything, but too gimcrack for the stern game of statecraft. I am an old man, sire, and you a very young one; let me tell you in confidence, from my experience, that the greater part of my forty years' work has been correcting the mistakes and combating the absurdities of those whom I have served. Happily—for I am tired of it—it does not fall to me to help you to regain what you have lost."

Ludovic rose impatiently. "But it is just for that, baron, I have ridden here posthaste through the night."

"To help you?" The old minister looked uncompromisingly aghast.

"Yes," Ludovic exclaimed, impetuously, "to rescue the princess. While we are talking here—"

Rollmar's expression had changed into a grim smile. "The romantic still uppermost," he said, his contemptuous amusement getting the better of his deference. "But I am not insensible of the criticalness of the princess' position. An armed detachment is already under orders, and I myself start for the Schloss Teufelswald within the hour."

"You, baron?" Ludovic stared in surprise.

"Even I," Rollmar answered, quietly. "This precious Count Irromar whom you have stumbled upon is well known to me, at least by reputation, and is no ordinary man. He unites in himself, as your highness may have discovered, the cunning of the serpent with the ferocity of the wolf. Our troops may oppose the latter quality; it is to meet the former that I propose to myself a disagreeable journey."

"Then," said Ludovic, "we travel together."

"So far," Rollmar replied, a little stiffly, "as the road to Beroldstein is the way to Schloss Teufelswald."

Ludovic paused in his quick stride toward the door and stared at him. "Naturally, baron, I go with you to the Schloss Teufelswald."

Rollmar pursed his lips as he remained standing by the fireplace. "I would advise you, sire, to let the settlement of your position at Beroldstein be your first care. You may with confidence leave the rescue of the princess in our hands."

"Indeed!" Ludovic retorted. "And what think you, would her opinion be of the man who, having brought her into this strait, rode away and left her deliverance to others?"

Rollmar smiled, masking, obviously, his underlying intent. "Women are unreasonable. It need matter little to our princess, once she is free, by whose agency her liberty is gained. More: perhaps, all things considered, it would be as well that you should not appear as her deliverer."

"Why not, pray?" Ludovic demanded, warmly, as an inkling of the other's drift dawned upon him.

Rollmar met him with steady eyes. "If the romance is to come to an end, the sooner it is over the better."

The meaning was plain now. "True," Ludovic returned, with the restraint of a settled determination. "But the romance will end only with our deaths."

Rollmar seemed to accept the words as a challenge.

"Speaking in the name of my master, Duke Theodor," he said, "the question of the alliance between Princess Rupert and yourself is a closed one. It was naturally and necessarily contingent on certain events and circumstances. With the romance of your love affair I have no concern, except to express a passing regret that it should have indirectly upset a promising intention. But your majesty will understand that from his highness Duke Theodor's point of view the proposed alliance was not with Ludwig Hassenburg, but with Ludwig, the heir apparent of Drax-Beroldstein."

"I can well understand that," Ludovic replied, masking the resentment in his heart. "Were I so simple as to expect you to forego your policy for a mere matter of romance, I should confess to a poor knowledge of the world and an incompetence to govern my little share of it. But if you think for a moment that I have given up my crown you make a strange mistake. I mean to assert my rights without delay, and have little fear that when once I have raised my standard in Beroldstein my cousin Ferdinand will be able to stand against me."

Rollmar's face was not an easy one to read, but if at that moment it gave any clew to his thoughts it indicated that he was of a different opinion. But he did not say so. His purpose was to marry the princess to the King of Drax-Beroldstein when once it was quite settled which of the cousins wore the crown firmly on his head. That issue they might fight out between themselves and welcome. As to the result, he was cynically indifferent.

"Very well, sire," he said, calmly, "your spirit is admirable and deserves success. As a sensible man you will hardly blame my master if he, before giving his daughter's hand, waits for the interesting result. Now, it is time I was on my way."

With a reverence he motioned his guest toward the door.

"You will at least let me bear you company, baron," Ludovic asked. "Our ways lie together, and I shall not rest until I know the princess is safe."

"I shall be honored," Rollmar answered; "if your majesty will take some refreshment while I speak a parting word with the duke."

Rollmar was all suavity when he rejoined Ludovic; and at the head of some fourscore men they set out at a smart pace for Teufelswald.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### THE COUNT AND RUPERTA.

A man of Count Irromar's abnormal cunning and insight had little difficulty in guessing something very near the

truth about his captives. They were ladies of rank, Udö Rollmar had told him, and he could quite believe it. Indeed, the information jumped with a shrewd suspicion already in his head, which, however, naturally stopped far short of the real truth. Tracing in his mind the probabilities of the affair, he constructed an elopement, a pursuing party, a sudden uniting of opposite interests resulting in the parley he had held from the window. It all fitted in with absolute exactness; the circumstantial plausibility was so great that he decided he could accept and act upon supposition as certainty. With this intent he next evening presented himself once more before Ruperta. A certain urgent business which claimed him had prevented an earlier interview.

"It is as well that I have kept you safe under my roof, gracious *fräulein*," he began, with almost apologetic deference. "You have thereby escaped, if not danger, at least a disagreeable encounter."

"What may that be, count?" Ruperta asked, with proud resentment.

Her tone suggested that she was prepared to disbelieve whatever he might be going to tell her; but he ignored his unpromising reception.

"Now the strange desertion of Lieutenant von Bertheim and Captain von Ompertz may be accounted for."

"Yes?" Her eyes were fixed on him as though to detect and shrivel up the coming falsehood. But Karl Irromar was no ordinary man, no ordinary wrongdoer, even, and the effect was otherwise.

"Captain Rollmar—have I the name right?—Captain Rollmar has been here."

"Indeed!" Only intense repression of her anxiety could have enabled her to pronounce the word so coldly.

"Yes. He came with no friendly intent, that was certain, and I judged it advisable to keep you under my protection and to refuse him entrance to my house."

"The lieutenant and Captain Ompertz?" she could not resist the question.

"They had evidently fallen in with Captain Rollmar and his party," he replied, darkly. "The result of their meeting, you, gracious lady, may best imagine."

In truth she did not know what to imagine, what to believe.

"I am thankful," he said, insistently, "that I deemed it wise to keep you here under my protection."

His assumption of patronage seemed to provoke her. "Indeed, count," she returned, "your intention may have been kind, but it is not so certain that I stood in need of protection—from more than last night's storm."

"I think," he replied, insinuatingly, "that you would not have cared to meet this Captain Rollmar."

"You might," she rejoined, with spirit, "have given me the chance, instead of keeping me ignorant of his presence."

The count laughed. "The captain has not gone far yet. Shall I send for him?"

The steely blue eyes were on her, lighted with masterful amusement. How she loathed the indignity she could not resent!

"If you are serious you may send for him," she answered, quietly.

For a moment he stood looking at her in silence, in a pause of calculation.

"I shall not send for this Captain Rollmar," he said at length, speaking with marked deliberation, "for two reasons: first because it might subject you to annoyance; and, second, because—forgive me, gracious lady—I could not bear to give you up to another man's keeping." The speech brought no sign of acknowledgment from her. He drew a step closer. "You may understand, *fräulein*, and pardon?" he added, earnestly.

Now she looked him full in the face, and there seemed nothing in her eyes but scorn. "I can at least understand," she replied.

"And not forgive?"

"Forgive!" she echoed, with imperious yet half-amused disdain. "That is scarcely a word to be used between us, count. You pay but a bad compliment to your hospitality if after so short an

acquaintance you find that necessary. I am your guest."

The impatience of one who has known little thwarting got the better of his tact. "My one desire in the world," he declared, with a touch of passion, "is that you shall be much more to me than my guest."

She drew back proudly from his importunity. "And my desire is," she retorted, "to cease to be the guest of one who abuses the position of a host. Tell me, why am I kept here a prisoner?"

He made a gesture of protest. "You are mistaken," he assured her, plausibly. "I have but taken upon myself to keep you here out of the way of the danger which I see, though you may not, is threatening you. That this necessity brings a joy to me is a fact which I dare to hope may not be altogether indifferent to you."

"Under the circumstances," she replied, steadily, "it can scarcely be of great moment to me."

"It may be," he flamed out, "it may be—of the greatest moment."

It was a covert threat, but she ignored it. "May I ask," she said, with a calmness in contrast to his outburst, "as I appear to be in your power"—the words were hateful to her but not to be shirked—"what your purpose is with regard to my detention here?"

"I had hoped," he answered, with a soreness which he could not altogether disguise, "that the question, or, at least, its tone, might have been unnecessary." Then his passion began to rise. "Let me tell you, madame, without further cloaked speeches, that you seek to repulse, to defy—for my reception at your hands points to nothing else—a man whose will is law to himself and to those who cross his path. No one yet, from

the late King Josef downward, has ever successfully defied or resisted my will. I loathe vanity, but you willfully shut your eyes to every object but an unworthy one and compel me to show you myself, a man unlike, certainly, any other man you ever met, you ever could know, a man of a power second to no other one man's in Europe, and, above all, a man who asks nothing

"I love you."

better, could better be, than to lay his power, his heart, his very life at your feet, asking you to return even in a small measure the all-conquering love with which you have inspired him."

With every phrase the passion of his pleading had risen till it reached the very height of insistent fervor. As the climax was reached he put out his arms, but she avoided him with a quick, decisive movement. "No, no!" she exclaimed, in mingled dislike and indignation.



"Be sensible," he entreated. "Why will you not hear me? I love you."

"You talk of love. What can you expect me to understand by that?"

"Nothing," he answered, readily, and, perhaps, for the moment sincerely, "but what is due to your position, to your honor and mine."

She laughed with a touch of satire that was yet provokingly fascinating.

"Tell me," he continued, with a change of tone, "if the question be not offensive, this Lieutenant von Bertheim—he was your lover?"

She made a slight inclination of assent.

"Ah! I think I can read the story. Yes; romance is a fine illusion, but power is finer and it is real. My dearest hope is that you will soon share mine."

Just then there came a gentle knock at the door. Probably aware that the interruption would not have been ventured upon without good cause, the count, with an impatient frown, strode across the room. Outside stood the old major-domo. "What is it, Gomer?"

"A traveler, an old gentleman, is at the door begging hospitality for the night, my lord. He has lost his way."

Irromar thought for a moment, then said: "Let him come in. I will see him before I consent to let him stay. We must be careful, Gomer, just now."

"True, my lord," the old man replied. "But there is little to be feared here."

So with a word of excuse to the princess, Irromar went down into the hall.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### THE FOX IN THE WOLF'S DEN.

On his first glance at the stranger, the count told himself that Gomer was right and there was nothing to be on his guard against in the withered, decrepit-looking old man who, wrapped in a fur-lined traveling cloak, stood before him with a demeanor of apologetic entreaty.

He invited the traveler to sup with him, but before the meal had finished he shrewdly surmised that his guest

was a masquerader. Nor was he greatly surprised when the stranger confessed that he was none other than Baron Rollmar, chancellor of the State of Waldavia.

"I am here," explained the baron, "to set right a misapprehension which doubtless induced you to refuse the request of my son, Captain Rollmar, who paid you a visit yesterday, and asked you to give up two ladies who are under your roof. Those ladies, count, are of high rank. One is Countess Minna von Croy, principal maid-of-honor to Princess Ruperta, of Waldavia, and the other is Princess Ruperta herself."

This news was totally unexpected, but the count merely nodded and waited for the other to continue.

"You will probably deny that the ladies are detained under your roof?" questioned the baron.

"I must, excellency; you are wasting your time——"

"I think I am," he retorted, dryly. "Therefore, let me conclude my errand. Before I left home I set in motion the machinery for the alternative accomplishment of the purpose which brought me here. My reason for coming to you thus quietly and alone was to avoid making the episode public, to obviate an unhappy scandal.

"One word more, count, and only one, since I tire of stretching my patience to the length of your equivocation. Standing here before you and recognizing your personal power over me, I tell you, even though they may be the last words my tongue may ever utter, that unless Princess Ruperta is produced and set free within the hour, this castle of yours shall, by this time to-morrow, be a ruin, and yourself hanged before its walls."

For a moment it seemed as though the contingency Rollmar had suggested might become an accomplished fact, and that provocative old man have the breath strangled out of him by those muscular hands. But from such a fate, perhaps, his host's complex character saved him. After a few moments of ugly hesitation, the count started away and took a turn across the room. Bold, unprincipled dare-devil that he was, he

had yet a strong idea of the importance of his own welfare.

"I scarcely think the impregnability of my house will be put to a test over this business, excellency," he said, with, to all appearance, unruffled frankness. "But to one of your eminent shrewdness and perspicacity I need hardly explain the motives of my action and my caution in admitting it."

As Rollmar's sign of agreement suggested that he had put a rather different construction on the words from that which was intended, the count was fain to explain them.

"I have done myself the honor to retain the princess under my roof from motives of protection."

"Ah!" Rollmar evidently accepted the statement for what it was worth.

"You will allow," Irromar continued, with dogged complacency, "that the circumstances under which her highness came under my roof were, to say the least, extraordinary, and might be held to excuse any ignorance or error on my part."

"Assuredly, count," Rollmar agreed. "The circumstances were, no doubt, peculiar."

"May I ask," the count said, blandly, "since a mutual understanding has been established and before I have the satisfaction of restoring the princess to your guardianship—may I ask who the two men were who formed her escort?"

"Another surprise for you, count, I fancy. Of Captain von Ompertz you know as much as I; the other was a man of some interest just now, namely, Prince Ludwig of Drax-Beroldstein."

"Prince Ludwig? The man who should be king of Drax-Beroldstein?"

The count was indeed surprised, and showed it the more unrestrainedly that there was no reason for its concealment.

"The same. Now the mystery is explained."

"Indeed it is," Irromar replied, thoughtfully. "Had I only known it sooner what trouble and cross-purposes would have been avoided! What

lives spared! Prince Ludwig of Drax-Beroldstein!"

Presently the count spoke again, as he got a better grasp of the situation. "The princess runs away, then, with her intended husband: the one you have provided for her. Ah, doubtless to face the usurper Prince Ferdinand!"

Rollmar's smile deepened with a grim intent. "Ah, that is where the romance appears, romance not provided for in my scheme. I scarcely blame you, count, that you have not yet threaded the maze. It has a deeper winding yet. What if the princess should be ignorant of the fact that her lover is Prince Ludwig?"

"You are surely pleased to joke, baron?"

"So far as my knowledge goes," Rollmar maintained, "she does not know that he is more than Lieutenant-von Bertheim."

"Or perhaps she would not have fallen in love with him?"

"A shrewd deduction, count. When one wishes a woman to go forward it is not a bad plan to draw her back. Now, you see the pretty affair into which chance has thrust you."

Irromar laughed. "My house has indeed been honored in receiving three such illustrious guests—the Princess of Waldavia, the renowned Chancellor von Rollmar and—I hardly know how to describe my third guest—a sovereign prince and yet no sovereign."

His glance at Rollmar was suggestive of a question. The old man drew back the corners of his mouth in a significant smile.

"No sovereign certainly at present," he responded.

The other was not slow at perceiving the hint.

"Have I, then, done you, after all, a service, baron? Does that alter your plans? Or is my question indiscreet?"

Rollmar gave him a curiously indefinable look.

"My plan is an alliance between our princess and the reigning king of Drax-Beroldstein," he said, quietly.

# What Americans Are Thinking

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## It is Wicked to Envy Riches.

TOO much prominence is given to the mere possession of wealth. A certain amount of money is, of course, a necessary thing, as much for the nation as for the individual. But, after all, the service you render is incalculable, because of the very fact that by your lives you show that you believe ideals to be worth sacrifice, and that you are splendidly eager to do nonremunerative work if this work is of good to your fellow men. The chief harm done by the men of swollen fortune to the community is not the harm that the demagogue is apt to depict as springing from the actions of such men, but the fact that their success sets up a false standard, and so serves as a bad example for the rest of us. If we did not ourselves attach an exaggerated importance to the rich man who is distinguished only by his riches, this rich man would have a most insignificant influence over us. It is generally our own fault if he does damage to us, for he damages us chiefly by arousing our envy or by rendering us sour and discontented. In his actual business relations he is much more apt to benefit than harm the rest of us, and though it is eminently right to take whatever steps are necessary in order to prevent the exceptional members of his class from doing harm, it is wicked folly to let ourselves be drawn into any attack upon the man of wealth merely as such. Moreover, such an attack is in itself an exceptionally crooked and ugly tribute to wealth, and, therefore, the proof of an exceptionally ugly and crooked state of mind in the man making the attack. Venomous envy of wealth is simply another form of the spirit which, in one of its manifestations, takes the shape of cringing servility toward wealth, and in another the shape of brutal arrogance on the part of certain men of wealth. Each one of these states of mind, whether it be hatred, servility, or arrogance, is, in reality, closely akin to the other two; for each of them springs from a fantastically twisted and exaggerated idea of the importance of wealth as compared to other things. It is absolutely necessary to earn a certain amount of money; it is a man's first duty to those dependent upon him to earn enough for their support; but after a certain point has been reached, money-making can never stand on the same plane with other and nobler forms of effort.—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

## The Need of Religion is Universal.

MEN are incurably religious. You may cut out the catechism, the liturgy, the Bible from the public schools, but you cannot cut out religion. The higher life in man is greater than any one religion, whether it be Mohammedanism, Buddhism or Christianity. It is not the ignorant, the low-down, or the superstitious that feel the need of religion; but the developing man has the sense of the eternal, and the more he develops the greater is his sense of the invisible and the intangible. In vain does agnosticism tell him it is useless to inquire into these things. Catechisms and sermons may help to inspire religion, but the sermon is, so to speak, only the wire of religion. The dynamo must be in the preacher, the sermon is the wire and the people are to be electrified; and I think we have all, in our time, known of sermons that have failed in their effect because there was no force in the dynamo and the preacher could not transmit that which he had not himself. It may seem shocking to say religion is not teachable, but you all realize it for yourselves. There are many men in Sing Sing prison to-day with a perfect knowledge of the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer.—REV. LYMAN ABBOTT, D. D.

### Graft is Making a Sham of Our Nation's Prosperity.

**G**RAFT is the advanced stage of the craze for unearned money. It is not only the desire to get something for nothing, but it is an attempt to get something in consideration of the grafter's parting with something that really does not belong to him. It is a wrong greater than that of the counterfeiter, who merely makes and passes counterfeit coin. The grafter is a man who robs the counterfeiter, who made the coin; the grafter then passes the spurious coin to the public as genuine. Many men of education, of power, financial and political, seem to develop a two-faced conscience, one for business use and another for the individual life. This is fraud. In a free democratic nation, such as ours, we need men and women who not only will not lie, or steal, or cheat, or bribe, but will make crimes criminal and fraud and graft a disgrace, even though the perpetrators have achieved financial success, even though the wrongdoers live next door, belong to our club, go to our church.—JAMES B. DILL, Corporation Lawyer.

### City Ownership is a Need.

**I** BELIEVE the first aim of every individual should be to spend his energies as usefully as he is able, with the understanding that he who advances his own interests, regardless of his fellows, is neither a useful nor a moral citizen. I also believe that where means of production and distribution of commodities on which the people depend are monopolized by the few, adversely to public interest, public control of such monopoly is essential. I believe public ownership of the postal service is a public advantage, and that ownership of telegraph and railroad service would be similarly desirable. But with this public ownership we need public spirit. Municipal ownership devoid of public spirit would be of questionable value. Government ownership in the hands of unjust people would be a public calamity.—J. G. PHELPS-STOKES, Millionaire Philanthropist.

### Sunday Closing Ridiculous.

**S**UNDAY closing laws for saloons are ridiculous. A Sunday closing law merely represents the moral yearnings of rural communities. It is in no sense the expression of the people's will. The idea may suit these ruralities, but it does not fit in cities. I am of the opinion that there should be two statute books. In one could be incorporated these moral yearnings of the rural communities, while in the other could be placed laws for human beings. The latter would represent the best thought of people in the cities, and adapted to their uses.—WM. TRAVERS JEROME, District Attorney of New York.

### Civic Pride a Curb to the Mischief of Children.

**P**UBLIC sentiment among the young, properly aroused and directed in the schools, is one of the most potent influences in the community upon the side of law and order. In this connection, it might not be amiss to explain to them that they, as children of taxpayers, are the real owners of street lamps, the pavements, the shrubs in the parks and other municipal property, and that the injury to these things is almost the same as useless destruction of personal possession.—W. H. MAXWELL, Superintendent of Schools, New York.

### God Does Not Hear Because of Oft Speaking.

**I** NOW request that the members of my church cease special prayer for the peace of nations; and cease in full faith that God does not hear our prayers only because of oft speaking; but that He will bless all the inhabitants of the earth, and none can stay His hand nor say unto Him, What doest thou? Out of His allness He must bless all with His own truth and love.—REV. MARY BAKER G. EDDY, Leader of the Christian Scientists.

THE LATEST  
FASHIONS

FOR LIMITED  
INCOMES



THERE is so much that is picturesque and fascinating about the new fashions that are on display this fall, that the woman with a limited income must watch out lest she be tempted into ways of extravagance.

It is a season of picture gowns and picture wraps, high-priced and correspondingly lovely materials, and trimmings that it is a pleasure to even look at, if one cannot own.

The arbiters of fashion have proclaimed that the Empire styles are to be the mode. Among the ultra-fashionable, long Empire coats of chiffon-velvet are high in favor, and much old lace and many wonderful jeweled buttons are used as their decoration. Empire gowns are also in demand, with their short-waisted effects emphasized by bands of exquisite ribbon embroidery or glittering sequins.

The Princess gown, which so loudly proclaims that it is made only to be worn by the woman of perfect figure, is also the vogue, and many are the three-piece costumes of corselet skirt, separate waist and short jacket.

Notwithstanding all these costumes, which are picturesque in the extreme, there are many new autumn frocks particularly designed for the woman who can have but few gowns in her wardrobe. There are good style walking skirts, box-plaited or side-plaited, finished at the bottom with a two-inch hem. These skirts escape the ground all the way around, and are worn with either a box coat reaching just below the hips or a fitted jacket, short or

three-quarter length. These jackets are shown with the plain coat sleeve, and it is a pleasure to notice that they possess big, roomy pockets. These walking costumes for everyday wear are made up in the new, soft, two-toned cheviots, the French serges and Venetian cloths; they are also seen in the fashionable shadow plaid worsteds. Very many of these plaited skirts open invisibly in the front under a plait; the back closing seems to be gradually going out of style.

With a costume of this sort it is well to have two or three different waists to wear; one perhaps of French flannel, another of the new light-weight corduroy, and still another of silk or lace. A separate coat of any of the cravenette materials is another useful addition to the autumn wardrobe; if it is cut in a fashionable style, it can serve alike for raincoat and evening wrap.

The skirt for dress occasions, church, calling, theater and at home wear, is the circular model. In length it should touch all the way around. These skirts fit very smoothly over the hips, the fullness at the bottom being held out by a featherbone-stiffened silk petticoat.

The sleeve proves to be the most interesting feature of the new fall blouse. Three-quarter length sleeves finished with lace cuffs are among the latest models. Shirt-waist sleeves are only moderately wide, and have the fullness on the shoulders arranged in flat plaits or French gathers.



No. 5123—Shirred Waist. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures.

No. 5124—Shirred Flounce Skirt. Perforated for walking length. Pattern cut for 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measures.



No. 5091—Fancy Eton. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures.

No. 5082—Box Plaited Skirt. Pattern cut for 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measures.

## SMART STYLES IN NEW WAISTS

**F**ANCY waists are shown in a variety of styles and fabrics that is almost bewildering. The new separate blouses come in all the latest colorings, as well as black and white. This will enable the fashionable woman to follow the "one color scheme," and have the waist match the costume, although it may be made of a lighter material.

The idea of introducing a contrasting colors in white toilettes was apparently not a great success, for the return of the all-white costume is accepted with favor. White now reigns supreme in the realm of dressy gowns, and white waists are in vogue for restaurant dinners or theater wear.

A touch of black is seen on some of the pale blue, green and lavender waists. Tiny revers, narrow chemisettes or bands of black velvet give an air of distinction to the simplest models. The long black gloves worn with elbow sleeves are smart, and far more economical than white hand coverings.

Materials for fancy waists are soft and semi-transparent, lending themselves gracefully to elaborate shirring and tucking. Crêpe de Chine is a favorite fabric, and comes in so many different weaves that it is not easily recognized. Some crêpes have a particularly brilliant luster that contrasts beautifully with the somber velvet trimmings.

Net waists are also fashionable, the term "net" covering a large variety of plain, fancy and figured designs. Hand painted, flowered nets are the loveliest materials imaginable for dress occasions. White grounds are painted with trailing vines of palest green or sprays of forget-me-nots. Lavender nets are partly covered with violets in their different shadings. In the deep girdles and other trimmings of Dresden ribbons, the designs on the net are cleverly reproduced.

For simple waists surplice effects are popular, as they admit of several changes in chemisettes. Waist No. 5126 may be made of light-weight

woolen materials or soft silks and finished in tailored style or elaborately trimmed.

It has a plain French back and fronts that are tucked on the shoulders. The right side laps over the left, and the closing is made invisibly beneath its edge. Full bishop sleeves are completed with straight cuffs. The chemisette is adjustable and fastens at the back.

A more elaborate waist is shown in illustration No. 5138. This style is especially appropriate for crêpe or chiffon materials in silk and wool. The waist is shirred to form a deep girdle, and a fashionable princess effect may be produced by combining it with any style of full skirt. The pattern admits of several variations. The sleeves are full length, but three-quarter or elbow sleeves are also provided for. If a low-neck bodice is desired, the yoke may be omitted.

A seasonable touch of velvet is suggested in waist No. 5132. Here, too, is illustrated the idea of combining several materials effectively. Fancy brocade may be substituted for velvet, or the entire waist made of some dainty figured silk with narrow velvet ribbon trimmings. The mode is, however, especially appropriate for the use of two or three fabrics.

The waist is made with a fitted lining, to which the chemisette is attached. The vest closes in double-breasted style. A shaped rolling collar finishes the neck. Elbow sleeves may be completed with fitted cuffs. The basque portion is also optional.

Buttons of all kinds and sizes are used to trim fancy waists. The tiny velvet ones are applied in clusters of three or five, and adorn cuffs, collars, vests or revers. It is a pretty idea to cover the shirrings on a girdle with rows of small gold buttons. Some of the new lace cuffs fit so closely that they will not slip over the hand, and must be buttoned at the inside seam.



No. 5126—Surplice Waist. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size or 36 inch bust measure,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 21 inches wide or 2 yards of 44 inches wide, with  $\frac{3}{8}$  of a yard of 18 inches wide for chemisette and  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of banding for trimming.

No. 5138—Shirred Yoke Waist. To be made with long or elbow sleeves. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures.

Quantity of material required for medium size or 36 inch bust measure,  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 21 inches wide or 2 yards of 44 inches wide, with  $\frac{3}{8}$  of a yard of all-over lace and  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of banding for trimming.

No. 5132—Fancy Blouse Waist. To be made with or without basque portion. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures.

Quantity of material required for medium size or 36 inch bust measure,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 21 inches wide or  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of all-over lace for chemisette, 2 yards of lace for frills and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of velvet for vest. When long sleeves are used  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a yard of all-over lace will be required.

## FASHIONS FOR LITTLE GIRLS

IT'S the soft fabrics, those that plait and shirr so satisfactorily, that are being used this season for frocks for the schoolgirl and her wee kindergarten sister. These materials are not only soft and pliable, but are firm enough to be serviceable. The new serge is an example, with its silk finish and charming suppleness, while cashmere and Henrietta are among the favorite fabrics.

Mohair is also fashionable, the almost invisible checks, in two tones of blue or brown, being decidedly youthful in appearance. Some have fine silk lines of contrasting color that give a plaid effect, and this tone is usually repeated in collar and belt.

Time was when blue and red were looked upon as the only available colors for everyday wear. Just now, warm shades of brown, bright green, light gray and certain tones of fuchsia are introduced as "children's colors." They may be brightened by flat gold braid,

small gold buttons or fancy band trimming, in which threads of copper, silver and gold are cleverly combined.



No. 5125—Girl's Guimpe Dress. Pattern cut for 6, 8, 10 and 12 year sizes.



No. 5137—Girl's Tucked Dress. Pattern cut for 6, 8, 10 and 12 year sizes.

Bretelle or suspender dresses, which were appropriated by grown folks during the past season, have returned to favor among little women, and are shown in an almost bewildering array of styles. There are all sorts of shoulder trimming on the new dresses; some plain, others with two or three narrow straps caught by bands of ribbon or braid on the shoulders. Suspenders of velvet ribbon, with flat bows in the center, back and front, are a change from those made of the same fabric as the dress.

An attractive school dress, which can be worn with a change of guimpes or shirt-waists, is shown in picture No. 5125. The waist portion is quite simple, made with fronts and backs gath-

ered at the neck. The sleeves are in bishop style. Tucks in the five-gored skirt simulate box plaits that meet at the center, back and front. Broad suspenders are attached to the belt.

Blue and red polka dot challie is used for dress No. 5137, with tucked white silk for the chemisette. In this dress the waist and skirt are joined at the belt, and both open at the left side of front. The lining is separate, and faced to form a shield. If preferred, however, the lining and skirt may be joined and the waist finished with a belt.

Jaunty coats for general wear are quite short and plain, the severe styles



No. 5116—Misses' Fitted Coat. Pattern cut for 12, 14 and 16 year sizes.

being decidedly becoming to girlish figures. Coat No. 5116 may be made of covert, with collar and cuffs of velvet. It is shaped with backs, fronts and under-arm gores. The sleeves are full at the shoulders and narrow at the wrists.

A dainty little party dress is No. 5139. It requires no trimming, the tucks and shirrs providing a pretty finish. The waist and upper part of skirt are in one, shirred at the waist in girdle effect.

Suspender styles in aprons are new and attractive. Illustration No. 5122 shows one of these useful garments with one-piece fronts and a full skirt at the back.



No. 5139—Girl's Shirred Dress. To be made high or low neck. Pattern cut for 6, 8, 10 and 12 year sizes.



No. 5122—Child's Suspender Apron. Pattern cut for 6, 8, 10 and 12 year sizes.

## SMART STYLES IN PRACTICAL COATS

AS the season advances the separate coat comes more and more into prominence. It is really astonishing the variety in which it is shown. It varies from the loose coat worn with a flowered silk skirt, to the loose-fitting reversible cloth coat, which is worn in both rain and shine. There are Eton coats in all sorts of fashionable shapes, with wonderful buttons as their trimming, and there are long coats in Empire style, which are charmingly picturesque.

In addition, there are many smart looking three-quarter length fitted-to-the-figure coats, which are practical for many occasions. The one illustrated on this page in figure No. 5133, though severely plain in style, is extremely smart. It would look well in Maltese gray Kersey cloth, with stitching the same shade, and bone buttons that also match the tint of the gray.

This coat is made with the regulation coat sleeve and is finished with a roll-over collar, and the collar and lapels are in mannish style. In broadcloth or in one of the new soft serges, this coat would look extremely well. The pattern for the garment is perforated for the shorter length. A coat of this style would also look well in corduroy, in some dark shade which would harmonize with many different skirts.

That long coats are fashionable it needs but a stroll through the shops to discover. The newest, perhaps, are in the graceful Empire style, hanging loose and full from a very short yoke, which is frequently outlined with

stitched bands of velvet or cut-out cloth. However, the redingote is much in evidence, and strongly appeals to the woman who cannot include in her wardrobe a whole collection of coats. The model illustrated in figure No. 5030 has much to recommend it to the well-gowned woman. It can be worn, and appropriately, too, on many and varying occasions. It would look well developed in serge, broadcloth or a light-weight Covert cloth. The redingote is made with a blouse portion and skirt, the backs being cut in one, while the fronts are joined beneath the belt. One of its special good style features is that it shows a



No. 5133—Three-quarter Coat. Perforated for shorter length. Pattern cut for 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measures.

panel effect in front, which is particularly liked by the short woman. For an elaborate coat this model would be very lovely in chiffon velvet or satin cloth.

Something very new in a jacket which promises to appear later in the season, is made with a fitted back, but with the front loose. The garment has a basque, which starts from the side seams. It will be seen in velvet and in

satin-finished cloths, and worn very frequently with a skirt in either a darker or lighter tint than the jacket. It is not only the long coats which will carry out the Empire effect this season; many of the shorter garments are shown in this style. They are made with the fullness falling just below the bust, and they have buttoned back revers, and very small coat sleeves, also buttoned, the buttons extending from wrist to elbow.

Then there are the jaunty short Etons, that may be worn with princess skirts and form part of those charming three-piece costumes that are becoming more and more fashionable as the season advances and are warm enough.



No. 5030—Redingote. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures.

## ATTRACTIVE DRESS ACCESSORIES

A FANCY apron, be it ever so small and useless, has a homelike appearance that makes it a most desirable accessory to a home woman's outfit. Aprons suggest all kinds of womanly interests, their size and the materials from which they are made determining in what part of the household they are to do actual service.

The loveliest little aprons imaginable are made of white wash silk with trimmings of lace and ribbon. Brilliantine and albatross may also be used for this purpose, and on these fancy herringbone or feather stitching appears around the edges or as a finish to the convenient pockets.

Two dainty aprons are shown in illustration No. 5105, both styles being supplied under the one number. The pointed one affords an opportunity for elaborate trimming, many yards of lace being required to finish it as illustrated. The apron is made with three points, bands of lace extending from belt to hem, giving the effect of narrow gores. Tiny pockets are applied on each side and finished with narrow lace edging. Frills of lace that trim the points and sides of the apron are surmounted by bands of insertion.

The round apron is more simple to make, but equally as attractive as the other. Sheer white lawn is used for this apron, with Swiss embroidery for trimming. The apron is cut in one



No. 5105—Fancy Aprons. Pattern cut in one size only.

piece and finished at the top with beading, through which ribbon is passed to regulate the waist size. This is rather a novel method of fitting an apron at the waist, but if a belt is preferred, it may be used in place of the ribbon. The regulation hem is omitted on this apron, and a ruffle of lace used to trim the lower edge. The joining is concealed by a band of beading. To this apron may be added a pocket, in which the woman who sews carries scissors, thimble, thread and other articles she requires.

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No. 4491—Woman's Bertha in three different styles. Pattern cut in three sizes—small, medium and large—corresponding to 32, 36 and 40 inch bust measures.

IT is the sleeve that occupies the special attention of the home dress-maker at present. Other parts of the blouse are easily managed, but the sleeve must be modish or a waist will lose that air of distinction which makes it "smart."

Very few of the new sleeves are full length. They terminate at almost any point between elbow and wrist, the three-quarter sleeves receiving more favor than any other length. Some are completed with tight-fitting lingerie cuffs that have the appearance of undersleeves. Others terminate rather abruptly below the elbow, and are edged with narrow bands of velvet, from which depend quaint-looking lace frills. Flaring cuffs are used on outside garments or house gowns, but are apt to crush and lose their shape if worn under a jacket.

Fancy sleeves are worn in all but severely tailored coats. Two charming modes are given in pattern No. 5108, and either would give a distinctive touch to any garment. The shirred model is suitable for soft broadcloth, Henrietta or cashmere, while the sleeve with the cuff may be used for any fabric.

Each sleeve is cut in one piece and arranged over a plain fitted foundation. Both sleeves are three-quarter length, but the patterns also provide for elbow length.

The woman with a limited purse and few gowns knows that the little things in dress count a great deal in the preparation of a fall and winter outfit. Adjustable yokes and berthas are most desirable possessions. Other useful accessories are fancy collars and girdles, which are inexpensive if fashioned at home by a clever needlewoman.

Berthas are seen on some of the latest gowns, giving the fashionable broad-shouldered effect. They frequently serve to modernize one of last season's bodices. The three designs given in pattern No. 4491 afford a wide variety, and are all graceful.

No. 1 is made in handkerchief effect, and falls in deep points, the fullness forming folds on the shoulders.

No. 2 is circular and extended in front, to form stoles. Points on the shoulders give breadth to the figure.

No. 3 is a simple circular bertha, which falls in soft ripples at its lower edge. The upper edge may be finished with a lace beading run through with velvet ribbon.



No. 5108—Fancy Coat Sleeves, in three-quarter or elbow length. Pattern cut in three sizes—small, medium and large—corresponding to 32, 36 and 40 inch bust measures.

## FOR MORNING WEAR

**D**AINTY negligees and breakfast jackets are so essentially feminine that almost any woman who is clever with her needle will spend much time in making these attractive garments. Hand embroidery, fancy feather stitching or tiny French knots used in place of machine stitching will transform the simplest jacket into an attractive negligée.

Soft silk crêpes in Dresden or Pompadour designs are used for the more elaborate boudoir jackets, with lace and broad Louisine ribbon for trimmings. There are also many charming lightweight woolen fabrics that prove most acceptable for cool weather wear. Among these are albatross, wool veiling and plain challie.

Illustration No. 5127 shows a new negligée made with fronts and back that are tucked at their upper edges and attached to the square yoke. The elbow sleeves are quite wide, the fullness being arranged in tucks that form a shoulder cap. This model presents an especially good opportunity for introducing hand sewing. The fine tucks

may be secured by French knots of self color or contrasting shade. Feather stitching is an acceptable finish for the hem, or, if preferred, the knots may be repeated there.



No 5127—Negligee Jacket. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures.

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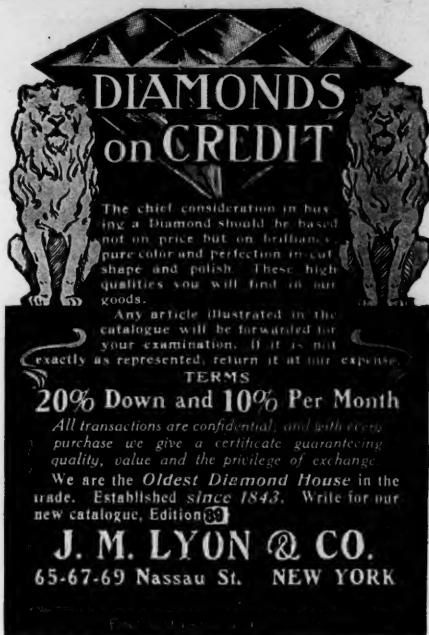
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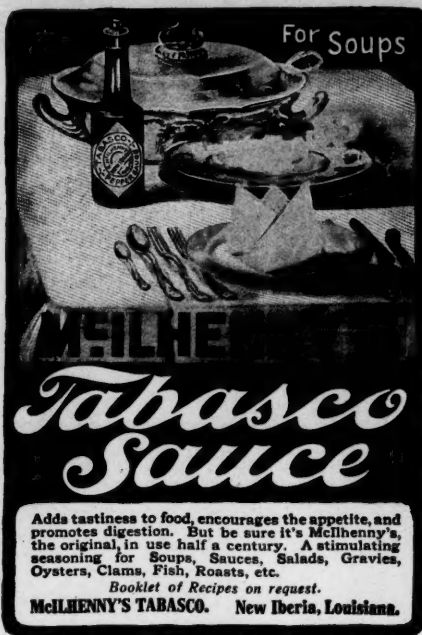
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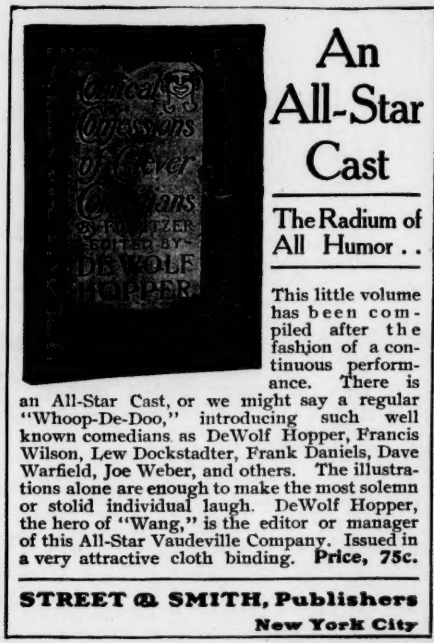
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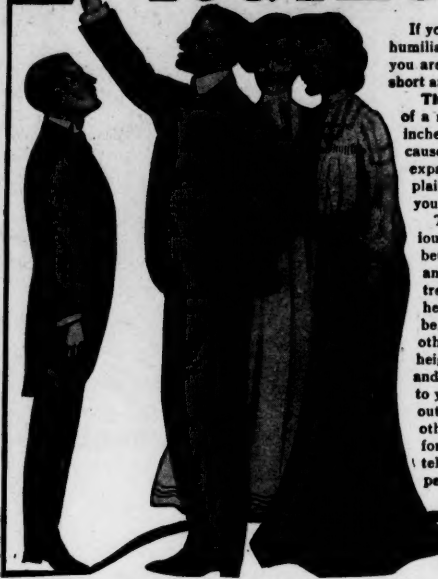
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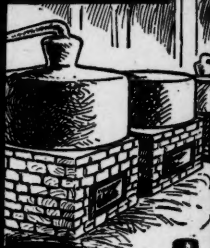
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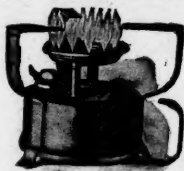


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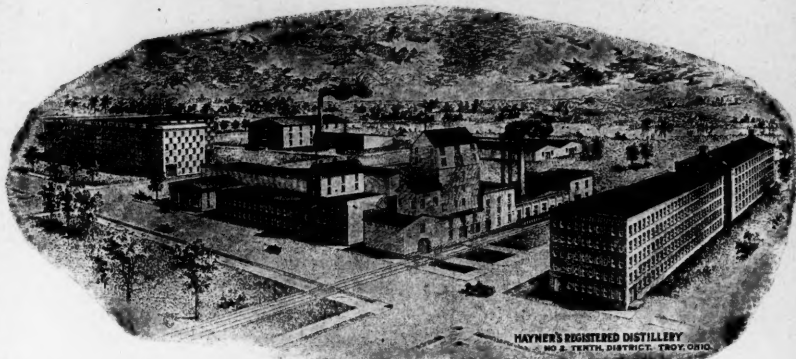
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 Ornamental Designer  
 Illustrator  
 Civil Service  
 Chemist  
 Textile Mill Supt.  
 Electrician  
 Elec. Engineer

Telephone Engineer  
 Elec. Lighting Supt.  
 Mechan. Engineer  
 Surveyor  
 Stationary Engineer  
 Civil Engineer  
 Building Contractor  
 Architect, Draughtsman  
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 Bridge Engineer  
 Foreman Plumber  
 Mining Engineer

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street and No. \_\_\_\_\_  
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